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THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF PRAISE

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my noblest powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life and thought and being last  
Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

. . . With my utmost art  
I will sing Thee,  
And the cream of all my heart  
I will bring Thee.

HERBERT.

✓  
The Golden Chain of Praise



H Y M N S

BY

✓✓  
THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL

*Author of the "Papal Drama," "The Anniversaries," etc.*

"I WILL SING PRAISES UNTO MY GOD WHILE I HAVE  
ANY BEING."—PSALM CXLVI.

SECOND EDITION, GREATLY ENLARGED

London

HODDER AND STOUGHTON  
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MDCCCXCIV

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TO MY DEAREST BROTHER,  
**THE REVEREND J. C. GILL, M.A.,**  
TO WHOSE VIGOROUS AND COMPREHENSIVE INTELLECT  
MY OWN MIND HAS BEEN SO GREATLY INDEBTED ;  
TO WHOSE CRITICAL DISCERNMENT AND CONSUMMATE TASTE  
I HAVE EVER RECURRED TO MY OWN GREAT ADVANTAGE ;  
AND WHOSE UNCHANGING LOVE AND CONSTANT COMPANIONSHIP  
HAVE SO LARGELY MINISTERED TO THE FELICITY OF  
A VERY HAPPY LIFE :  
THESE SACRED SONGS, DEVOTED TO THE UTTERANCE  
OF THAT INWARD AND SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY  
WHEREOF HE IS A POWERFUL AND PERSUASIVE PREACHER,  
ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED



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## PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

THE wellnigh ninety hymns which appear for the first time in this edition are not introduced together or set in chronological order, but are arranged among the others according to the theme, in conformity with the character and title of the book, so as to fit in as links of one unbroken Chain of Praise. While no chronological order is observed, I have affixed the date of composition to each hymn for the sake of friends in England and America interested in such matters. The half-century (1845—1894) which separates the last born from the first born of these strains, a period so fruitful in religious change, has but the more commended to me that conception of Religion as an inward principle, as a moral and spiritual power manifesting its work on the heart by its workings on the life which pervades the latest as it inspired the earliest of these divine songs. I have sought to combine the depth of the seventeenth with the width of the nineteenth century, to blend the spirit of the ancestral Puritans with the loftiest aspirations of our own time.

Seven of the hymns put forth in the First Edition have been withdrawn on account of imperfection of

form or repetition of theme: the others, with very few exceptions, are reproduced just as they first appeared. Here and there a word has been altered, a line has been recast, a couplet or a stanza has been recomposed. In one hymn (No. 216) the alterations are restorations; it reappears as it was originally written, not as it appeared in the First Edition. My aversion from hymn-mangling, always strong, has been strengthened by observation, reflection and experience. A hymn worth anything is the exact and vivid expression of one creative thought, is a living, harmonious whole. Such a living whole cannot be tampered with but to its hurt. A strain inspired by one thought is harmed by the intrusion of another, even if that thought be deep and high. A hymn devoted to the Incarnation is not bettered by the interpolation of the Cross. A song consecrated to the general relations of the soul with God is impaired by the subsequent introduction of some particular doctrine. The life of a hymn lies in its inspiring thought: to complicate and disturb that thought is to enfeeble and spoil the hymn.

If a man cannot deal thus with his own productions, except to their detriment, how grievously must they suffer from the handling of others! The reckless hymn-mangling so widely prevalent is a wrong to the author, to the hymn, and to those who use it.

Resolved as far as in me lies to abate this pernicious practice, I require all collectors who wish for hymns of mine to take them *unaltered* directly from this book, not from other collections; and I withhold their use from



those unwilling to accept this condition, conceding, however, a moderate liberty of omission.

I conclude this Preface on my seventy-fifth birthday with the earnest hope and prayer that these divine songs, the outcome of the aspiration and inspiration of half a century, will minister to the maintenance and furtherance of that deep, broad, pure spiritual Christianity, the unfolding and upholding whereof are the loftiest business of the Teutonic race, the utterance whereof is a glorious office of the English tongue.

SHIRLEY HOUSE, GROVE PARK, KENT,

*February 10th, 1894.*



## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

EVERY true hymn is a religious poem, though every religious poem is not a hymn. Sacred Song forms a province of the wider realm of Sacred Poetry, subject of course to the general laws of the whole country, but having those laws modified and limited by rules and customs peculiar to itself. Yet while debarred from the liberty and luxury proper to other kinds of verse, while bound to keep at a distance from very ornate poetry, the hymn cannot be too far removed from prose. It may easily be too figurative; it cannot be too glowing and imaginative. Hymns are not meant to be theological statements, expositions of doctrine or enunciations of precepts; they are utterances of the soul in its manifold moods of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, love, wonder and aspiration. A hymn should not consist of comments on a text or of remarks on an experience; but of a central and creative thought, shaping for itself melodious utterance, and with every detail subordinated to its clear and harmonious presentation. Herein a true hymn takes rank as a poem; but it is a poem that has to be sung,

and should exhibit all the qualities and limitations of a good song—liveliness and intensity of feeling, directness, clearness and vividness of utterance, strength, sweetness and simplicity of diction and melody of rhythm : excessive subtlety and excessive ornament should be alike avoided. Hymns are meant and made to be sung : the best and most glorious hymns cannot be more exactly defined than as Divine Love-Songs.

Divine Song then has its laws and limitations : it does not spurn the bonds of Art, but it draws its life and power from Divine Inspiration. Sacred strains are bound to exhibit the same literary excellence essential to noble secular strains. The tenderness, pathos and melody which go to make an excellent earthly love-song are still more admirable in a heavenly love-song. The fire and force which kindle us in a grand war-song still more uplift our hearts in the song of the Christian warrior. But the most exact knowledge of the properties of Sacred Song, combined with the fullest command of happy diction and melodious numbers, cannot avail to the production of a potent hymn without “devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.”

With these conceptions of what a hymn ought to be, the following hymns have been written. It is not for me to say how far these conceptions have been realised ; but I dare affirm of almost all these compositions that they are songs and not merely religious poems. They were

made and meant to be sung, and will readily lend themselves to music. In fact, music has had something to do with the making of some of them. Certain tunes have so filled and possessed me during the composition of a few among these hymns, as in some measure to dictate the sentiment, rhythm and pauses. The name of the tune has been prefixed to each hymn in which it may claim any parental interest.

Hymns are utterances of the religious affections, not theological statements or doctrinal expositions. But religious affections are the offspring of religious convictions : emotion is born of truth received into the heart. • The soul utters praise because it is full of love and wonder ; the soul loves and wonders because it believes. All true hymns have grown out of a deep and true theology. The "Te Deum" was praised by Luther as a good symbol not less than as a perfect hymn. Though utterly undidactic, it recognises every fundamental objective truth of Christianity—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Vicarious Redemption, the Resurrection, the Ascension and the Second Coming : but it presents these truths poetically, not dogmatically ; to the adoring gaze of faith and love, not to the discriminating survey of the intellect. It is after the fashion of the "Te Deum" that all great Christian truths are presented in great Christian hymns. They appear there not as doctrines, far less as dogmas : but as great objective facts uplifting the heart and the imagination ; or as truths received into the soul and transformed into experience. Every potent manifestation of Christianity has a witness of its greatness in the multitude of

noble hymns to which it has given birth. The Reformation has won from Germany thousands of sacred songs; Puritanism has found melodious utterance in the hymns of Watts; Methodism rejoices in the strains of Charles Wesley. To Evangelicalism belong the hymns of Cowper, Newton and Toplady; to Anglicanism appertain the religious poems of Herbert and Keble. The theology of the following hymns is the theology of the "Te Deum," the theology common to most Protestant Churches, the theology common to Luther, Gerhardt and Tersteegen, to Watts, Wesley and Heber.

The spiritual experience of more than twenty years is recorded in these sacred songs. Though spread over so long a period, they are now given to the world for the first time, with the exception of about thirty which have appeared partly in collections and partly among "The Anniversaries" (poems published ten years ago). Often and earnestly solicited by friends both in England and America to collect and publish my hymns, I am not sorry that I have withholden them until now, when the outbreak of carnal and corrupt religion, particularly in the direction of hymn-writing, may impart especial timeliness and value to this endeavour after the melodious utterance of inward and spiritual religion in its depth and breadth, as possessing and gladdening the heart, as appropriating and ennobling the outer life, both individual and national. I trust that these hymns will not unworthily maintain that Protestant Succession of English Sacred Song, so magnificently commenced by Watts, so well sustained by Addison, so gloriously continued by Charles and John Wesley, so

worthily supported by Doddridge, Toplady, Cowper and Heber, and so nobly upholden by Montgomery.

In the title which I have chosen for this book, I have sought to express the power of Sacred Song in bestowing unity and harmony upon life,—a power which I have myself experienced, which I have set forth in more than one of these hymns, and which I have endeavoured to exemplify in their arrangement. With, I trust, an ample diversity of subjects, there are no divisions ; the transition from one theme of praise to another is almost imperceptibly effected ; one strain leads on to another ; each song is connected in thought both with the foregoer and the aftercomer ; each hymn forms a link in one unbroken Chain of Praise.

An early lover and an early writer of hymns, I have in putting forth these divine songs fulfilled the aspiration and accomplished the endeavour of a life. The exceeding delight of their production is of course an incommunicable joy. May they be made of some avail for the strengthening and gladdening of other souls, through the grace of the Divine Quickener and Gladdener.

#### ERRATA.

Hymn 18, verse 4, line 2, *for* "torch" *read* "track."

Hymn 47, verse 1, line 2, *for* "all" *read* "as."

Hymn 81, title, *for* "charge" *read* "changes."



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Song of the Soul ... ..	1
Meet Worship ... ..	3
The New Song ... ..	4
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord" ... ..	6
Linked Praise ... ..	8
The Joy of Praise ... ..	10
The Need and the Joy of Song ... ..	12
"Ever at Work and ever at Rest" ... ..	14
Joy in the Works of God ... ..	15
Delight in God's Law ... ..	16
Spirit-cheer ... ..	18
The Divine Imparter ... ..	19
God for us ... ..	20
God with us ... ..	21
God in us ... ..	23
God for us, with us, in us ... ..	24
The Lord of Hosts ... ..	25
The King of Glory ... ..	26
The Living God ... ..	28
The Well of Life ... ..	29
First Fair and Almighty ... ..	30
Joy in the Glory of God ... ..	31
Unconscious and Conscious Praise ... ..	32
Joy in the Presence of God ... ..	34
"Most Hidden and Most Manifest" ... ..	36

	PAGE
The Open Secret ... ..	38
God glorious in His Works ... ..	39
God most glorious in His Word ... ..	40
Worship in Solitude ... ..	42
Worship in the Assembly ... ..	43
Worship everywhere ... ..	45
The Ever Open Temple ... ..	46
Sunday ... ..	47
The Lord's Day ... ..	49
The Lord's Day Evening ... ..	50
The Presence of God in His People ... ..	52
Their Praise His Abode ... ..	53
Their Praise His Inspiration ... ..	54
The Power of God in His People ... ..	55
Spiritual Worship ... ..	56
The Sabbath on Earth and in Heaven ... ..	58
Unsullied Worship ... ..	59
Inward Religion ... ..	61
Reality in Worship ... ..	63
Praise perfected by Holiness ... ..	64
Angelic Helpers ... ..	65
Angelic Lowliness and Loftiness ... ..	68
The Celestial Seeker ... ..	69
The Heavenly Lover ... ..	71
Divine Love ... ..	72
The Debt of Love... ..	73
Transcendent Love ... ..	74
"Kiss the Son" ... ..	75
"Lord, to whom shall we go?" ... ..	76
Our Double Kindred to Emmanuel ... ..	78
The Exchange of Places ... ..	80
The Unity of Christ and His People ... ..	81
Most Lofty and Most Lowly ... ..	83
The Bitter-sweet Cross ... ..	84

# Contents.

xix

	PAGE
The Satisfied Sufferer ... ..	85
Easter Sunday ... ..	87
"I am the Resurrection and the Life" ... ..	88
Sweet Surprises ... ..	89
Spring-time and Easter-tide ... ..	90
Joy in the Ascended Saviour ... ..	92
The Threefold Feast ... ..	94
The Lord's Table ... ..	95
The Lord's Supper ... ..	96
The Symbolical Supper ... ..	98
The Service of Memory ... ..	99
The Elder Brother ... ..	101
The Only Mediator ... ..	102
The Only Priest ... ..	104
The Forerunner ... ..	105
One Flock, one Shepherd—	
Unity not Uniformity } ... ..	107
True, Living Unity } ... ..	108
Visible, Eternal Unity } ... ..	110
"The Name above every name" ... ..	110
The Triumph of Christ ... ..	112
"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever" ... ..	114
The Church and her Changes ... ..	116
Christendom ... ..	118
"Come, Lord Jesus" ... ..	120
The Fifth Monarchy ... ..	122
The Reign of Christ ... ..	123
"King of kings and Lord of lords" ... ..	125
Christ our Cæsar ... ..	126
The Glory of the Latter Days ... ..	127
From Strength to Strength ... ..	129
England's Hymn ... ..	131
Hymn of the English Tongue ... ..	132
The Good Old Cause ... ..	134

	PAGE
The Good Old Cause in Affliction ... ..	136
The Good Old Cause Triumphant ... ..	137
The Hymn of the Waldenses ... ..	139
The Pilgrim Fathers ... ..	141
The Thanksgiving Song of Protestant Britain ... ..	143
The Spanish Armada, 1588 ... ..	145
1588 and 1688 ... ..	148
1888 ... ..	149
Luther's Birthday ... ..	151
The Freeman of Christ ... ..	153
The Fall of Babylon ... ..	154
Hallelujah ... ..	156
National and Spiritual Renewal ... ..	157
The Holy Spirit ... ..	159
The Spirit's Best Gifts ... ..	160
The Fellowship of the Holy Spirit ... ..	161
The Witness of the Spirit ... ..	162
"The Earnest of the Spirit" ... ..	164
"Grieve not the Holy Spirit" ... ..	165
Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost ... ..	166
The Spirit's Dealings with the Heart ... ..	168
Pervading Inspiration ... ..	170
The Helpful Spirit ... ..	171
The Divine Hallower ... ..	173
The Joy of the Holy Ghost ... ..	174
A Breathing after the Holy Spirit ... ..	175
The Quelling and Quickening Spirit ... ..	176
Daily Renewal ... ..	177
The Enlivening and Enlightening Spirit ... ..	179
The Heavenly Dove ... ..	181
The Divine Renewer ... ..	182
The Unchanging Renewer ... ..	184
Things New and Old ... ..	185
Divine Novelties ... ..	186

# Contents.

xxi

	PAGE
The Temples of the Holy Ghost ... ..	188
Oneness with God ... ..	189
Spiritual Refreshment ... ..	190
"Quench not the Spirit" ... ..	191
"Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me" ... ..	192
The Warfare with Sin ... ..	194
The Memory of Sin ... ..	195
The Prodigal's Return ... ..	197
The Pilgrim's Prayer ... ..	198
"Increase our Faith" ... ..	199
"Lead us not into Temptation" ... ..	201
Spiritual Ups and Downs ... ..	202
God's Open and Hidden Face ... ..	203
Complaint and Aspiration ... ..	205
"I am Thine, save me" ... ..	206
The Halting Aspirant ... ..	208
Divine Discontent ... ..	209
Duty Difficult and Delightful ... ..	210
Divine Ascension ... ..	211
Longing after God ... ..	213
The Divine Master-builder ... ..	214
Refreshment after Toil ... ..	216
Assurance in Trouble ... ..	218
Trust in Man our Snare ... ..	220
Trust in God our Stay ... ..	221
The Want and the Worth of Faith ... ..	223
The Broken and Renewed Covenant ... ..	224
The Worth of Time ... ..	226
The Voice of Time ... ..	227
The Voice of Time in History ... ..	228
New Year Hymn ... ..	230
The New Year and the New Life ... ..	231
Morning Hymn ... ..	233
Evening Hymn ... ..	234

	PAGE
Holy Even-tide ... ..	235
Sunward Gazing ... ..	236
"In Thy Light we shall see Light"	238
The Joy of Spring ... ..	239
A Vernal Rebuke ... ..	241
Summer Without and Within ... ..	243
The Hymn of Youth ... ..	244
The Song of Seventy ... ..	246
Eternal Youth ... ..	248
The Hymn of the Heart .. ..	250
Lord, I love Thee ... ..	251
Early Love ... ..	253
Lowly Love ... ..	254
Restraining Fear ... ..	255
Inspiring Love ... ..	256
The Holy League of Love and Fear ... ..	258
Full Love ... ..	259
Life, Light, and Love (as Blessings of Man) ... ..	261
Life, Light, and Love (as Gifts of God) ... ..	262
Love and Praise ... ..	264
Grace and Gratitude ... ..	265
Lowly Ambition ... ..	266
Sweet Subjection ... ..	268
The Glory of Infirmary ... ..	269
"Not My will but Thine be done" ... ..	271
Alone with the Father ... ..	272
The World Overcome ... ..	273
The Soul Sustained ... ..	274
Godly Sorrow ... ..	276
Sorrow under the Eye of God ... ..	277
"Pray without ceasing" ... ..	278
The Walk with God ... ..	279
Conference with God ... ..	281
Divine Teaching ... ..	282

# Contents.

xxiii

	PAGE
Faithful Utterance	284
The True Servant	286
The Great Taskmaster	287
Abiding Work	288
The Lord's Battle	290
The Lord's Helpers	291
Light-bearers	293
We are seeking the Lord	294
"Ye are a Royal Priesthood"	296
The Cloud of Witnesses	297
"Looking off unto Jesus"	299
"More than Conquerors"	300
The People of God	302
"Of the Household of God"	304
In the World, not of it	305
Christ's Blessed Ones	306
"Partakers of His Holiness"	308
"The Glorious Liberty of the Children of God"	309
The Exchange of Gifts	310
Abiding with God	312
The Unbroken Ascent of Faith	313
My God	315
Grace	316
"The Peace that passeth all Understanding"	317
The Everlasting Arms	319
Eternal Love	320
Free Grace	322
Electing Love	323
Holy Diligence	325
"Make Thy Chosen People joyful"	327
"Rejoice evermore"	328
The Divine Gladdener	330
Joy under the Eye of God	331
"I will play before the Lord"	332

	PAGE
The Endless Stream of Praise ... ..	334
The Golden Chain of Praise ... ..	335
The Family in Heaven and Earth .. ...	337
Thanks for the Departed ... ..	338
"Our Citizenship is in Heaven" ... ..	340
The Final Victory ... ..	342
The Mourner's Heaven ... ..	344
Love yearning for Reunion ... ..	345
Within the Veil ... ..	347
Shining Ones ... ..	348
The Spirits of Just Men made perfect ... ..	350
Heaven our Holy Land ... ..	351
The Debt of Heaven to Earth ... ..	353
The Witness of Earth to Heaven ... ..	355
New Jerusalem ... ..	356
Christ our Heaven ... ..	359
Our Everlasting Portion ... ..	360
"In My Father's House are Many Mansions" ... ..	361
The Celestial City ... ..	363
The Better Land ... ..	365
The Vision Beatific ... ..	366
Mirrored Glory ... ..	368



I.

*THE SONG OF THE SOUL.*

FAINT not along the heavenly road,  
Thou Pilgrim Soul of mine ;  
Still, still be gladsome in thy God,  
Still sing thy song divine !  
A weary race thou hast to run ;  
Dim shineth the far goal :  
But shall not Heaven at last be won ?  
Pursue thy song, my Soul !

A dreary desert dost thou trace,  
And quaff a bitter bowl ?  
The desert make thy Holy Place :  
Sing as thou drinkest, Soul !  
Or walkest thou 'neath smiling skies,  
A garden all the road ?  
Sing, Soul, and make thy paradise  
The Paradise of God !

Hath the strong world uprisen in wrath  
Against thee, Soul of mine ?  
Do deadly foes beset thy path  
And battle with thee join ?

*The Golden Chain*

Right on thee do the tempests beat,  
Right on the billows roll?  
Make answer with thy music sweet:  
Sing, and o'ercome, my Soul.

Is't sweetness that thou dwellest in,  
Thine own each precious thing?  
From gracious creatures dost thou win  
Most tender cherishing?  
Doth life for thee, bright Soul, for thee  
Its glory all unroll?  
Oh, take thy pleasure holily!  
Sing to thy Lord, my Soul!

And hast thou sinned, and dost thou low  
In shame and sadness lie?  
For that glad singing, doth thy woe  
Send forth the bitter cry?  
Look up: behold that open Heaven,  
That Lamb for sinners slain!  
No more! no more! O Soul forgiven,  
Thine own glad song again!

And in the joy of victory,  
When some strong sin lies dead,  
When He the Lord hath risen in thee,  
And with thee triumphèd;  
When the glad Spirit's voice divine  
Through thy stirred deeps doth roll,  
O! glows there such a joy as thine?  
Swells such a song, my Soul?

When over thy best lovers gone  
Thou weepest mournfully;  
When He, the God of grace, hath drawn  
Thy gracious ones on high;

No mirth He asks of thee, no smile ;  
Meetly the tears down roll ;  
But flows not on His grace the while ?  
Renew thy song, my Soul !

And when thy voice is falling fast  
Down to the hush of death,  
On, on, sweet Singer, to the last !  
Divine thy latest breath.  
Thou wouldst not part, thou wouldst not win  
Without a song the goal :  
Can thy voice nothing ? sing within !  
Still, still thy song, my Soul !

A moment—and thou praisest Him  
Nor voiceless nor alone :  
Thou singest with the Seraphim :  
Thou singest near the throne.  
Hark ! without stint or stay from thee  
The music forth doth roll ;  
O sweet to all eternity  
Thy glad, glad song, my Soul !

1847.

II.

*“ O worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness.”*

HOW, Lord, shall vows of ours be sweet ?  
O, how should souls immortal meet ?  
How lose themselves in heaven awhile ?  
How win Thine own eternal smile ?

Come beautiful, as souls should be !  
Come beautiful for God to see !

Come holy-fair, come heavenly-bright,  
And give the All-seeing Eye delight !

Come souls ! thus glorious soar and sing ;  
The Lord's own beauty with you bring !  
Ye merciful ! from you how sweet  
The service of the Mercy-Seat !

Ye upright ! be not faint of tongue ;  
The faithful Lord will love your song.  
O pure of heart ! how meetly ye  
Aspire to praise His purity !

Ye loving, of large souls and free,  
Whose hours run on forgivingly !  
You chief the God of Love will hear,—  
Your own the Incessant Pardoner !

Yet better songs, ye godly, raise !  
More nobly live ; more sweetly praise !  
Till Heaven's high endless strains express  
The height of heavenly holiness.

1845.

## III.

*“ O sing unto the Lord a new song.”*

LORD ! from these trembling souls of ours  
New songs dost Thou require ?  
May our dull lips, our faltering powers  
In such a strain conspire ?

May pilgrims on this weary road  
Keep their first joy unspent,  
And bearers of this daily load  
Still a new song present ?

Yes, from Thy grace so marvellous  
This wonder, Lord, may flow :  
Breathe Thy renewing fire on us !  
Our lips must catch the glow.

As down Thy quickening grace is poured  
So will Thy people sing ;  
New songs to their renewing Lord  
Renewèd hearts will bring.

Sweet comes Thy morning love to them  
As ne'er bestowed before ;  
And glad ascends their evening hymn  
As when it first did soar.

New songs that tenderest Father bless  
Who sparèd not His Son ;  
New songs His endless love address  
Who chose them for His own.

They sing as though the Ransomer  
Their ransom just had paid ;  
They sing as when the Comforter  
His first sweet visit made.

From strength to strength their way they take ;  
From song to song they soar ;  
New Births of Grace their wonder wake ;  
New praises forth they pour.

In Heaven to endless joy they rise :  
Still a new song they sing ;  
Still grows on their enamoured eyes  
The glory of their King.

More near they draw, more bright they shine ;  
 They sing more glad, more strong ;  
 New, new that endless joy divine,—  
 New, new that endless song !

1859.

## IV.

*“HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD.”*

FATHER, glorious with all splendour,  
 But with holiness most bright !  
 Son, in whom all sweet and tender  
 Dwelt on earth that blessed light !  
 Spirit, through whose grace the sweetness  
 Into sinful souls is poured !  
 In this strain what mighty meetness,  
*“Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !”*

Holy One, who sin abhorrest,  
 Awful sin-consuming flame !  
 Holy One, our sin who borest,  
 Through our sin whose passion came !  
 Holy One, who takest sorrow  
 When we touch the thing abhorred !  
 Dare our lips this dread strain borrow,  
*“Holy, Holy, Holy Lord” ?*

Father, Thine own Son who gavest  
 For the overthrow of sin !  
 Lamb of God, who sinners savest,  
 Through whose blood our peace we win !  
 Dove Divine, who yearnest ever  
 Till our sin-bound souls have soared !  
 Give us grace this strain to endeavour,  
*“Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !”*

Father, Thine Elect who lovest  
With an everlasting love !  
Saviour, who the bar removest  
From the holy home above !  
Spirit, daily meetness bringing  
For the glory there upstored !  
List to Thy glad people singing,  
“ Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! ”

In this strain what fulness dwelleth !  
How it makes the Godhead known !  
Of Thy deepest deep it telleth,  
Everlasting Three in One !  
Fullest praise Thy saints thus bring Thee,  
Meetliest thus art Thou adored ;  
This the song they ever sing Thee,  
“ Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! ”

Lord ! with sin-bound souls Thou bearest,  
Struggling towards this strain divine ;  
Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest  
That thrice-awful name of Thine.  
But Thou listenest, O how sweetly !  
When from holy lips outpoured,  
Rings through Heaven this strain full meetly,  
“ Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! ”

Shall we, Lord, meet voices never  
Bring to that eternal hymn ?  
Hallow us to help the endeavour  
Of Thy pure-lipped Seraphim !  
Hark ! their own high strain we bring Thee ;  
Listen to the full accord !  
Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,  
“ Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! ”

## V.

*LINKED PRAISE.*

*"Come magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."*

YE of the Father loved,  
Ye of the Saviour sought,  
Whose sins He hath removed,  
Whose raiment He hath wrought ;  
Ye who have known  
The Spirit's might ;  
On whom hath shone  
The Spirit's light ;

Ye people of the Lord  
Who in His love abide ;  
Your treasure do not hoard,  
Your gladness do not hide !  
Together bring  
Your costly store !  
Together sing !  
Together soar !

Glad heart, repeat to heart  
The story of thy peace :  
Each dear delight impart !  
Each dear delight increase !  
Thy foes o'erthrown,  
Thy sins forgiven,  
Thy darkness gone,  
Thy fetters riven !



Tell of that saving hour ;  
Tell of His smiling face !  
Tell of His quickening power ;  
Tell of His strengthening grace !  
Souls loved so well,  
Come near ! come near !  
O hear and tell !  
O tell and hear !

In love together meet ;  
For joy together sing ;  
With mingled voices greet  
Each triumph of your King ;  
The Lord's dear praise  
Together speak ;  
The Lord's right ways  
Together seek !

In linkèd praise and prayer  
Your Heaven on earth begin :  
Together glimpses fair  
Of hastening glory win :  
From strength to strength  
Together go !  
In Heaven at length  
Together glow !

With all the heirs of grace  
There speak the Saving Name ;  
With all the ransomed race  
Give glory to the Lamb !  
Your King of light  
Together see  
In all His might  
And majesty !

Fix your enamoured eyes :  
Lift your exulting tongues !  
Mingle your endless joys :  
Mingle your endless songs !  
Together sing,  
Together soar,  
While smiles your King  
For evermore !

1863.

## VI.

*THE JOY OF PRAISE.*

THE harmonies above,  
How gloriously they ring !  
The endless song of love,  
How well the angels sing !  
What flame can catch  
The seraphs' fire ?  
The heavenly quire  
What strains can match ?

The holy songs of earth,  
How sweetly, too, they swell !  
As here God's praise rings forth  
What joy unspeakable !  
As organs blow,  
As voices blend,  
As souls ascend,  
As spirits glow !

What rapture reigns around  
As strains divine forth roll,  
As mighty streams of sound  
Uplift the glowing soul !  
They task her powers ;  
She strongly pants,  
She sweetly faints,  
She grandly soars.

When Art hath subtly wrought,  
When Love hath strongly stirred,  
When Feeling and when Thought  
Their fulness have conferred :  
When words of might  
With music meet  
Yield wedlock sweet  
And dear delight :

Melodious, tender, strong,  
The hymn its fulness brings,  
Upon the mighty song  
The happy soul upsprings.  
Her bonds are riven ;  
Far flies she forth ;  
How dim is earth,  
How near is Heaven !

Still on the wings of song,  
Glad souls, be borne aloft,  
Enjoy the sweetness long,  
Renew the rapture oft !  
Do cares oppress ?  
Do griefs arise ?  
This solace prize,  
This brightness bless !

Throughout the mortal years,  
The song divine upraise !  
Along the Vale of Tears  
Renew the joy of praise.  
Then sing and soar  
Where bliss doth dwell,  
Where song doth swell  
For evermore.

1893.

## VII.

*THE NEED AND THE JOY OF SONG.*

OUR lives, dear Lord, may bless Thee,  
Our work may worship be ;  
Yet must our lips address thee,  
Yet must we sing to Thee.  
The love which Thou inspirest  
Must glow upon the tongue,  
The gladness Thou upstirrest  
Must overflow in song.

Thy folk with Thee are fillèd,  
Thy life within them dwells ;  
The life must be revealèd,  
The song spontaneous swells.  
Whate'er the good that bringeth  
Joy to the godly soul,  
Unto her God she singeth,  
Her tuneful chants forth roll.

Sometimes the song ascendeth  
While still the task proceeds ;  
The song the task commendeth,  
The lay the labour speeds.

How ring those cheerful voices !  
How strive those toiling hands !  
Still the full heart rejoices,  
As the long work expands.

But is the work too earnest  
For song therewith to blend ?  
But when the strife is sternest  
May cheerful strains ascend ?  
How gladly the soul singeth  
When the hard task is done !  
How loud the rapture ringeth  
When the sore fight is won !

If here 'midst sin and sadness  
Thy people, Lord, will sing,  
If here sweet strains of gladness  
From stricken souls forth ring :  
Must not the blissful regions  
Perpetual song inspire ?  
Must not the angelic legions  
Yield a "full-voicèd quire" ?<sup>1</sup>

There fitting tasks supernal  
Employ the Heavenly Host :  
Of the blest year eternal  
No moment will be lost ;  
But boundless Love will never  
Withhold its thankful voice ;  
And endless Bliss will ever  
In endless song rejoice.

1890.

<sup>1</sup> "To the full-voiced quire below."—*Il Penseroso*.

## VIII.

*"Semper Agens et semper Quietus."**"Ever at work and ever at rest."*

AUGUSTINE.

THOU workest on, Eternal God ;  
 No weariness doth Thee oppress ;  
 Yet hast Thou ever Thine abode  
 In awful deeps of quietness.

O endless rest divine that ne'er  
 Stayeth Thy still creating might !  
 O ceaseless work that may not stir  
 The stillness of the Infinite !

Alas ! we toil, then weary grow,  
 We mourn repose a passing guest :  
 Alas, our fire that burneth low,  
 Our halting work, our broken rest !

Ah ! vainly do our spirits yearn  
 In peace to dwell, at work to be ?  
 May we not to our Father turn ?  
 May we not, Lord, abide in Thee ?

May not the weary weaklings grow  
 Strong in His strength who fainteth never ?  
 May not the restless mourners know  
 Of His repose who resteth ever ?

For us, dear Lord, those eagle-wings ;  
 Thy fellow-workers weary not ;  
 And ours the Heavenly Dove that brings  
 The peace divine which passeth thought.

IX.

JOY IN THE WORKS OF GOD.

*“Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work ; I  
will triumph in the works of Thy hands.”*

NOT, Lord, its own dear joys alone  
This heart to rapture raise ;  
The grace which seemeth most my own,  
Employs not all my praise.

Each wonder of Thy hand still makes  
My gladness sweet and strong ;  
The glory of my God still wakes  
The glory of my song.

I walk amidst Thy beauty forth :  
My joy Thy praise declares ;  
I bless Thee with Thy blooming earth,  
I drink Thy vernal airs.

Those old, eternal hills of Thine,  
What mighty cheer they breathe !  
What fulness of delight divine  
Thy solemn stars bequeath !

When cheer and strength my soul doth lack,  
Thy glory makes me whole :  
Amidst Thy summer I win back  
The summer of my soul.

How bright Thy footsteps through all Time,  
Thy wonders from of yore !  
I follow with a joy sublime :  
My rapture runneth o'er.

I mingle with Thy men of might ;  
 My soul is lifted up :  
 In Thy meek martyrs I delight ;  
 How sweet my bitter cup !

Not only, in Thy blessèd Son,  
 My Saviour dear I see,  
 Nor in Thy Gospel greet alone  
 Thy wondrous grace to me :

In the Redemption I delight  
 That glorifies Thy name ;  
 Thy First Born Son, Thine Image Bright  
 Enamoured I proclaim.

Lord ! still will I triumphant greet  
 Each wonder of Thy grace ;  
 But then my joy will be complete  
 When I behold Thy face.

1852.

## X.

*DELIGHT IN GOD'S LAW.*

*"Thy statutes have been my song."*

FULL many a smile, full many a song  
 Makes glad my portion here ;  
 Lord ! all my strains to Thee belong :  
 Thou sendest all my cheer.

But O my God ! my songs divine  
 Are sweetest far to me ;  
 My singing robes most glorious shine,  
 Put on, dear Lord, for Thee.



Joy ! joy ! when Thou the theme dost lend,  
When Thou the song dost make !  
How sweet Thy gifts on Thee to spend,  
Thy glory home to take !

I sing because Thy works are fair :  
Thy glory makes me glad ;  
The garments bright of praise I wear,  
For Thou art brightly clad.

Full triumph doth my soul possess,  
Because Thy ways are right :  
The glory of Thy righteousness  
Maketh my dear delight.

How great the judgments Thou hast wrought !  
How tremblingly I sing !  
How good the statutes Thou hast taught !  
How glad the song I bring !

The beauty of Thy holiness  
Uplifts this strain of mine :  
And when Thy paths my footsteps press  
My song becomes divine.

But, Lord, when will all mournfulness  
Even from this song remove ?  
I sing the statutes I transgress ;  
I break the law I love.

O help me better to obey,  
More gloriously to sing !  
The pilgrim that best keeps Thy way  
The sweetest song will bring.

## XI.

*SPIRIT-CHEER.*

*"Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."*

CAN spirit-cheer more sweetness yield  
Than longing lips from honey draw ?  
Can souls with livelier joy be filled  
In keeping of Thy holy law ?

Yes, Lord, such high delights attend  
The souls that with Thy love o'erflow ;  
Such longings doth Thy Spirit lend ;  
Such banquets doth Thy grace bestow.

The joys that to those feasts belong,  
They wax not faint, they may not die :  
Each pure delight becomes more strong,  
More lasting for its purity.

This earth so fair, this sky so bright,  
This vernal bloom, this summer glow,  
They still inspire, they still delight,  
Nor tire with time, with youth nor go.

But O the joys, Eternal God,  
From fellowship with Thee that spring !  
The brightness by Thy smile bestowed,  
The gladness Thy right statutes bring :

The glory of Thy perfect law,  
The sweetness of Thy perfect love,  
The blest repose of holy awe,  
The trust serene that nought may move—

The glow of the upsoaring soul,  
The beckoning of the Heavenly Host—  
The life in God, so strong, so full,  
The gladness of the Holy Ghost !

O sweetness more than honey sweet  
That winneth still, that cloyeth never,  
That yields the soul a feast complete  
Yet leaves her sweetly longing ever !

1890.

XII.

*THE DIVINE IMPARTER.*

LORD ! Thou delightest meetly  
In Thine own glory bright :  
Thou may'st abide full sweetly  
In Thine exceeding might :  
No straitness Thee compelleth  
Forth from Thy joy to come ;  
With Thee all fulness dwelleth :  
The Lord may stay at home.

But O ! Thy strength is tender :  
Thou art all Love and Light ;  
Thou puttest forth Thy splendour  
That we may grow more bright ;  
Abroad Thy greatness goeth,  
Thy people strong to make ;  
Around Thy sweetness floweth,  
Thy people's song to wake.

Thou, whom all fulness filleth,  
 Wouldst fill our souls with Thee :  
 The Blissful Presence willeth  
 That bliss our own to be :  
 The Holy Spirit mourneth  
 Until we cease from sin :  
 The Lord of glory yearneth  
 For us to dwell therein.

1856.

## XIII.

*GOD FOR US.*

WHEREFORE faint and fearful ever,  
 Do we yet our fears belie ?  
 Oft sore stricken, still endeavour,  
 Oft brought low, still look on high ?  
     God is for us ;  
 God our Helper still is nigh.

He who suns and worlds upholdeth  
     Lends us His upholding hand ;  
 He the ages who unfoldeth  
     Doth our times and ways command.  
     God is for us ;  
 In His strength and stay we stand.

He who sage and seer instructed  
     Will not keep from us His lore ;  
 Who those ancient saints conducted  
     Hath not given His guiding o'er.  
     God is for us,  
 Helpful now as heretofore.

Hard the fight with flesh and devil ;  
Dread the might of inbred sin ;  
How can we encounter evil  
Strong without and strong within ?  
God is for us ;  
He will help and we shall win.

'Gainst oppression forth He sends us,  
His the cause of Truth and Right ;  
With His own great host He blends us,  
Lendeth us of His own might.  
God is for us,  
Brings to happy end the fight.

Do we seem forlorn, forsaken ?  
Do we mourn our dwindling powers ?  
Not our all what Time hath taken—  
Not our all what Death devours ;  
God is for us ;  
His almighty strength is ours.

Onward, upward, doth He beckon ;  
Onward, upward, would we press ;  
As His own our burdens reckon,  
As our own His strength possess.  
God is for us ;  
God, our Helper, still we bless.

1880.

## XIV.

*GOD WITH US.*

NOT only, Lord, a Helper true  
For us wouldst Thou appear ;  
Thou hast become our Brother too ;  
Thou hast been with us here.

Not only wouldst Thou help and heal  
Our weakness and our woe ;  
That very sadness Thou didst feel,  
That very weakness know.

With us Thou didst in Thy dear Son  
Through all our lot abide,  
No burden miss, no sorrow shun,  
Each care, each toil divide.

Our various warfare Thou didst wage,  
With us to battle go ;  
Yes, Leader of the host, engage  
Each foremost, fellest foe.

Dear Son of God, Thou didst not shrink  
Our utmost hap to try ;  
With us in death's cold arms to sink,  
In earth's dark bed to lie ;

With us in all our depth of woe,  
In all Thy height of love ;  
Our own through all the way below,  
Nor less our own above.

Our earthly darkness Thou didst lend  
Of Thine own heavenly light,  
And with our mortal weakness blend  
Thine own immortal might.

Whate'er the path our feet explore,  
Still are we holpen thus ;  
Hath not the Lord been here before,  
Here, in the deeps with us ?

xv.

*GOD IN US.*

FOR us the Lord doth mightily,  
With us hath made abode ;  
Yet would He come more near, would be  
Our own Indwelling God.

Yes, Lord, Thou wouldst fulfil Thy grace,  
Thyself wouldst wholly give ;  
Within us set a dwelling-place,  
Within us work and live !

In all Thy power wouldst Thou descend,  
A home in us to win ;  
And then, its meanness to commend,  
Bring all Thy glory in ;—

Thy peace, Thy joy, Thy holiness,  
Thy life, Thy love, Thy light ;  
In us Thy beauty wouldst express,  
In us unfold Thy might.

Yes, in our spirits' inmost shrine  
Sweet Spirit ! wouldst Thou dwell ;  
Wouldst there give forth Thy lore Divine,  
There set Thine oracle.

Lord ! askest Thou our souls in vain  
To yield Thee an abode ?  
Would not we humbly entertain  
Our own indwelling God ?

May not our life the beams commend  
 Of Thine inshining light ;  
 Yes, some faint, lowly witness lend  
 To Thine indwelling might ?  
 1886.

## XVI.

*GOD FOR US, WITH US, IN US.*

VARIOUSLY our God would win us,  
 Fast our fainting souls would hold ;  
 For us, with us, and within us,  
 Lord, Thy grace how manifold !  
 Loftier height to height succeedeth ;  
 Deeper deeps we still explore ;  
 Wonder on to wonder leadeth ;  
 Much seems most, yet most hath more.

Who may be a fit forth-teller  
 Of these heights and deeps divine ?  
 Helper, Brother and Indweller,  
 Who can speak that love of Thine ?  
 Wondrously Thyself Thou knittest  
 To the fulness of our need ;  
 Wondrously our souls admittest  
 On Thine own full store to feed.

From above our footsteps guiding,  
 Sharer of our house of clay,  
 In our inmost souls abiding,  
 Still with us the Lord doth stay.  
 All our life Thine own Thou makest ;  
 All our need dost Thou fulfil ;  
 All our love and wonder wakest,  
 For us, with us, in us still.



XVII.

*THE LORD OF HOSTS.*

NO more may souls of worth  
The Lord of Hosts adore ?  
May glowing lips sing forth  
The glorious name no more ?  
In loftiest mood  
Still seems it meet  
Therewith to greet  
Our loving God ?

Yes, Heavenly Father, well  
The name befits Thee now ;  
In Thee all love doth dwell,  
Yet Lord of Hosts art Thou ;  
Still comes from Thee  
Victorious might ;  
Thy folk still fight ;  
Thy foes still flee.

The bloodless war with Wrong,—  
Thou minglest, Lord, therein ;  
Thy people still prolong  
The sinless fight with sin.  
The sons of peace  
Thy host compose ;  
Confound Thy foes,  
Thy realm increase.

As saints their gifts disclose,  
As godly souls abound,  
Thy host more numerous grows,  
Thy name more great doth sound.

*The Golden Chain*

The Lord of Hosts  
 More widely sways,  
 More voices praise  
 The Lord of Hosts.

As godly souls depart,  
 As saints forsake the earth,  
 Still Lord of Hosts Thou art ;  
 Thy name still ringeth forth.  
 The Heavenly Host  
 More large doth grow,  
 More bright doth glow,  
 More bliss doth boast.

O Lord of Hosts, impel  
 Our souls their best to bring !  
 Give us Thy host to swell !  
 Give us Thy name to sing !—  
 Below, above  
 To join that throng—  
 To swell that song  
 Below, above !

1893.

## XVIII.

*THE KING OF GLORY.*

*“ The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.”*

AS on green hill-tops Day divinely dawns,  
 As noontide sunshine streams through woodlands fair,  
 As eve's soft brightness rests on flowery lawns  
 We gaze and see the King of Glory there.

Beneath the midnight blue, the starry realm  
We send our wondering souls aloft, abroad :  
Those thronging worlds and suns our thoughts o'erwhelm  
But fill us with the glory of our God.

Amidst the torrent's roar, the tempest's wrath,  
Up pine-clad mountains, on to snow-crowned peaks,  
We follow on the King of Glory's path,  
We listen as the King of Glory speaks.

Yet more augustly doth His pathway shine  
Along the gleaming torch of spirits bright ;  
Yet more sublimely sounds that Voice Divine,  
As deep-souled prophets utter words of might.

The saints who Heaven's own air have breathed on earth,  
The heroes who for Truth and Right have striven,  
He biddeth them uprise, He leads them forth ;  
Yes, gathers here below the host of Heaven.

From Him they take their strength and draw their light,  
Through them He sweetens, brightens earth's sad story ;  
They show His presence, they declare His might ;  
The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

Strong in His people still doth He appear,  
Through Him, with Him, for Him the fight they win :  
The Lord of Hosts is still victorious here,  
And still the King of Glory cometh in.

Up, faithful souls ! with that array be blent !  
Its warfare here, its triumph there partake !  
Below, above that valiant host augment—  
The King of Glory yet more glorious make !

Look how that host its shining ranks extends ;  
 How each new-comer Heaven new light doth bring !  
 In you He shines ; with yours His bliss He blends ;  
 The Lord of Hosts, He is the glorious King.  
 1881.

## XIX.

*THE LIVING GOD.*

NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,  
 Thy wonders to past ages shown,  
     Make our glad spirits glow !  
 Our eyes behold Thy works of might ;  
 On us full beam Thy wonders bright ;  
     The Living God we know.

We joy, not only to be told  
 How with Thy saints and seers of old  
     Thou madest sweet abode.  
 We of Thy presence bright can tell ;  
 Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell,  
     We feel the Living God.

Within, Thy presence music makes ;  
 Forth from our lips the rapture breaks ;  
     A strain divine we raise ;  
 Thou sendest down this heavenly fire,  
 This very song Thou dost inspire ;  
     The Living God we praise.

Thou settest us each task divine.  
 We bless that helping hand of Thine,  
     That strength by Thee bestowed.  
 Thou minglest in the glorious fight ;  
 Thine own the cause ! Thine own the might !  
     We serve the Living God.

Ah ! soon we droop ; ah ! soon we tire ;  
Our fainting souls new strength require,  
    Again would quickened be ;  
We ask no priest ; we seek no shrine ;  
To Thee we come for life divine,  
    Thou Living God, to Thee.

O more than satisfy our need !  
Our most divine desires exceed,  
    Our daily Quickener be !  
Thou Living God, possess us still !  
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,  
    Our blessed life in Thee !

1874.

xx.

*THE WELL OF LIFE.*

*"With Thee is the well of life."*

LOOK not before, look not behind,  
    Ye who would truly live ;  
Not far to seek, not hard to find  
    The Well that life doth give.

In Thee, Thou everlasting God,  
    The Well of Life doth lie ;  
From Thee its water streams abroad,  
    From Thee, the ever Nigh.

Ye fainting pilgrims who would win  
    Fresh strength along the road,  
Life from the Well of Life drink in—  
    Life from the Living God !

In quest of peace, in quest of cheer,  
 Abroad ye need not roam  
 With the full Well of Life so near,  
 With your own Lord at home.

Are ye with care and toil oppressed?  
 Drink and cast off your load!  
 The nighest well is virtuousest,<sup>1</sup>  
 The Well of Life with God.

Quaff not a slight, a short supply,  
 Deep, gladsome drinkers be!  
 The Well of Life is never dry,  
 Is ever full and free.

Yet inlier, Living Waters, spring—  
 Within us rise and swell!  
 Dwell in us, Lord, and with Thee bring  
 Life's overflowing Well.

1892.

## XXI.

*FIRST FAIR AND ALMIGHTY.*

*"Pulcherrime et Fortissime."*

AUGUSTINE.

HIGH up the eternal hills among,  
 Amidst the storm, along the shore,  
 Beneath the countless starry throng  
 Thy might, Almighty, I adore.

<sup>1</sup> "Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."—*Paradise Lost*, viii. 550.

In noon's full blaze, at dawn's soft blush,  
When eve its sweetest smile doth wear,  
In fulness of May's bloom and flush  
Thy beauty I discern, First Fair.

O strength that suns and worlds employ !  
O glory making angels bright !  
Yet may I say, the Lord my joy ;  
Yet may I say, the Lord my might.

Thou liftest up this fainting heart ;  
Thou beamest on this yearning soul ;  
For me, great God, Thou mighty art ;  
For me, First Fair, art beautiful.

I hide behind my Heavenly Shield ;  
I glow beneath my Sun Divine ;  
Mine still of Thine own might to wield—  
Mine still with Thine own beams to shine.

1855.

XXII.

*JOY IN THE GLORY OF GOD.*

"The glories that compose Thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest."

WATTS.

MY God ! I do not flee from Thee  
Because Thou awful art ;  
Thy glories, Lord, oppress not me,  
Nor make afraid my heart.

Father, Redeemer, Quickener mine,  
What joy Thy glories yield !  
That majesty, that might of Thine  
I count my Sun and Shield.

Who but Thyself, All-glorious Guest,  
 Joy to this sad soul brings ?  
 And where may this poor changeling rest  
 But 'neath the Eternal Wings ?

O whither dares this sinner press,  
 But, Holy One, to Thee ?  
 And what but Thine Almightyness  
 This weakling's help may be ?

I tremble, and Thou mak'st me bold :  
 I weep ; smiles come from Thee :  
 I faint, and Thy strong arms enfold :  
 I die ; Thou quickenest me.

My weakness Thy dear succour gains ;  
 That weakness, Lord, I love :  
 Yes, sweet the frailty that constrains  
 My soul to look above !

O if I find mine earthly rest  
 In Thee, my glorious God,  
 How will Thy glory make me blest  
 In Thine own bright abode !

1849.

## XXIII.

*" All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy  
 saints shall bless Thee."*

LORD, what harmonious praise doth break  
 From all Thy works abroad !  
 What good Thy happy creatures speak  
 Of their all-gracious God !



How gloriously Thy sun beams forth  
The glory of Thy name !  
How sweetly Thy fair, blooming earth  
Doth the First Fair proclaim !

How mightily the eternal hills  
Thy faithfulness upraise !  
How well each tuneful bird fulfils  
Its pleasure and Thy praise !

Well pleasèd, Lord, Thou listenèst  
As Thy creation sings ;  
But O ! those songs delight Thee best  
Thy new-creation brings.

Ye souls, whom your own Lord hath led  
From grace to grace along,  
Ye chosen, ransomed, hallowèd,  
What song can match your song ?

Melodious tell your wondrous tale,  
Each happy bird outsing :  
More blissful than the nightingale,  
His ecstasy outring !

Sing of the Father, who of old  
His love upon you set,  
And for His glory manifold  
Your spirits did beget !

Sing of the Son, your flesh who wore,  
Your vale of tears who sought ;  
Sing of His grace, your sins who bore,  
Your righteousness who wrought !

Sing of the mighty Quickener  
Your souls who maketh new ;  
Be glad in the dear Comforter  
Who dwelleth here with you !

Adore the patience infinite  
That beareth with you still,  
And in the faithful Lord delight  
Who shall His work fulfil !

Yes, sing Him a celestial song,  
A song that shall not die,  
That still shall wax more sweet, more strong,  
Through all eternity !

My God ! may such a strain be poured  
From this poor heart to Thee ?  
May all Thy happy creatures, Lord,  
Be thus outsung by me ?

O ! help me here to give Thee praise  
Thy glad birds may not bring,  
And there the very song to raise  
Thy blessèd angels sing.

1862.

## XXIV.

*JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.*

LORD ! Thy presence dear delighteth,  
While Thine earth is our abode ;  
Heaven our pilgrim steps inviteth :  
Yet Thy glory fills the road ;  
Yet we sweetly  
Journey on with Thee, our God.

If we love this beaming Nature,  
'Tis that there our God doth shine ;  
In each gracious, glorious creature,  
Lord, we love those beams of Thine :  
Earth hath won Thee,  
Her best glory is divine.

Sweetly rests the Smile Eternal  
Full upon the Vale of Tears ;  
Glory from the Throne Supernal  
In the wilderness appears ;  
Once Thou knewest  
Earthly house and mortal years.

Round about us waits Thy splendour ;  
Ah dull-eyed and groping we !  
Thou dost woo us, bright and tender ;  
Why are we not won to Thee ?  
Lord ! we will not ;  
Full of Thee we will not be !

Ah ! Thy brightest dimly hail Thee ;  
Oft Thy presence doth remove :  
Earthborn mists too often veil Thee,  
Sin is strong to hide Thy love.  
Yet it shineth,  
Yet we bless the light above !

Happy Heaven, wherethrough it streameth  
Bathing saints and seraphim !  
Blissful souls whereon it beameth,  
Never distant, never dim !  
Glows the vision  
In each glowing heart and hymn.

Fully there the Lord appeareth,  
 Fully there those glad eyes gaze ;  
 Not one cloud the glory weareth,  
 Yet they woo the awful blaze,  
     Sunward soaring  
 Through the happy, heavenly days.

Vision of strange joy prolific,  
 Vision full of the First Fair,  
 Holy Vision Beatific !  
 May our eyes the glory share ?  
     Holy Spirit !  
 Hallow us this bliss to bear !

1849.

## XXV.

*"Secretissime et Præsentissime."*  
*"Most Hidden and Most Manifest."*

AUGUSTINE.

O HEIGHT that doth all height excel  
 Where the Almighty doth abide !  
 O awful depth unsearchable  
 Wherein the Eternal One doth hide !

O dreadful glory that doth make  
 Thick darkness round the Heavenly Throne,  
 Through which no angel-eye may break,  
 Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone !

Our fainting souls the quest give o'er,  
 Their weary wings no longer try :  
 His dwelling we may not explore,  
 We may not on His glory pry.

What secret place, what distant star  
Is like, dread Lord, to Thine abode?  
Why dwellest Thou from us so far?  
We yearn for Thee, Thou Hidden God.

Vain searchers! but we need not mourn:  
We need not stretch our weary wings;  
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;  
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.

The glory no man may abide  
Doth visit us, a gracious guest;  
Thou whom "excess of light" doth hide  
Here shinest sweetly manifest.

But sweetest, Lord, dost Thou appear  
In the dear Saviour's smiling face:  
The Heavenly Majesty draws near  
And offers us its soft embrace.

To us, vain searchers after God,  
To us the Holy Ghost doth come;  
From us Thou hidest Thine abode;  
But Thou wilt make our souls Thy home.

O Glory that no eye may bear!  
O Presence Bright, our souls' sweet guest!  
O Farthest off, O ever Near!  
Most Hidden and Most Manifest!

## XXVI.

*THE OPEN SECRET.*

*“Open Thou mine eyes to behold wondrous things out of  
Thy law.”*

LORD ! to Thy works so grand, so fair,  
Glad, wondering looks our young eyes raise ;  
The glorious garments Thou dost wear  
Delight our weak, unsteadfast gaze.

But every day the glory grows  
On our exploring, lingering eyes ;  
More bright, more fair the beauty shows ;  
More marvellous the wonders rise.

Thy words of grace our soft souls please ;  
Thy words of awe we trembling hear ;  
Yes, glorious sound the promises  
Unto our childhood's yielding ear.

But to the fulness of their sound  
We may not then our ears resign ;  
We lightly tread the Holy Ground,  
Nor gaze into those deeps divine.

On our dim vision, Spirit sweet,  
Thine own all-piercing brightness pour ;  
Celestial Guide, direct our feet  
The region meetly to explore !

Give us each Birth of Grace to hail,  
Each wonder of the Word to bless ;  
And to their innermost unveil  
The glory of the promises !

List, soul, what sweet, strange things unheard  
To thy rapt ear each promise saith !  
Lo ! in the ocean of the Word  
Deep after bright deep openeth.

Each day, revealing Spirit, show  
Some marvel new, some glory bright,  
And in the unfolded Word bestow  
Fulness of wonder and delight !

1855.

## XXVII.

*GOD GLORIOUS IN HIS WORKS.*

IS not my spirit filled with Thine  
Amidst Thy beauty, Lord ?  
Are not Thy visits there divine,  
Thy glory there outpoured ?

How full the life divine I breathe  
These gladsome streams along,  
Amidst these vales, those stars beneath,  
The eternal hills among !

Hast Thou not put Thy glory there  
For me to make it mine,  
Yes, shed Thy beauty everywhere  
In this glad heart to shine ?

No sense of mine partakes Thy cheer  
Without a nobler guest ;  
No pleasure waits on eye or ear  
But, Lord, my soul is blest.

Yes, every fair, bright thing I see  
 My soul some brightness brings ;  
 I hear the outer harmony :  
 Within a sweeter springs.

Nor glad air breatheth, but I win  
 A quickening more divine ;  
 My spirit drinks Thy fulness in ;  
 Thy Spirit breathes in mine.

Behold Thy temple, where my heart  
 Runs o'er in prayer and song,  
 Where oft I seek my Lord apart,  
 And oft Thy praise prolong.

But O ! not thus, not yet, not here  
 Doth Thy best brightness come :  
 Thy Word hath still diviner cheer ;  
 More bliss Thy Heavenly Home.

Yet here its light and beauty grow ;  
 Here endless gifts are given :  
 Yes, all the glory won below  
 Shall glorify our Heaven.

1846-66.

XXVIII.

*GOD MOST GLORIOUS IN HIS WORD.*

O BEAMING sun ! O solemn stars !  
 Glad streams and hills sublime !  
 O blooming earth ! O balmy airs !  
 O myriad voicèd chime !



Ye make me glad, ye lift me high,  
Ye publish the First Fair,  
The Mighty One ye magnify,  
His glory ye declare.

But not from you His truth and grace  
My longing soul may know ;  
Ye bring me not to His embrace ;  
My God ye cannot show.

Ye cannot make the Father known  
Who chose me in His grace,  
Nor show His glory as it shone  
In mine own Saviour's face.

The glorious tale ye cannot tell  
Of sweet Incarnate Love ;  
O ! not among these bowers doth dwell  
The Holy, Heavenly Dove.

No beam from these bright azure skies  
Can pierce this darkened heart ;  
No voice among earth's harmonies  
Can bid my sins depart.

The mountain-tops I gladsome hail ;  
The air blows pure and free ;  
But where is the soul-healing gale  
That breathes from Calvary ?

Full many a healing plant doth grow  
In many an earthly field ;  
But from what blessed tree may flow  
That balm the Cross doth yield ?

Ye stars that beckon as ye burn,  
And bid me upward come,  
No, not from you the way I learn  
To mine Eternal Home.

Lord ! set my heart upon Thy Word,  
Thy treasure most divine ;  
There all this truth and grace are stored ;  
Make all this glory mine !

1855.

## XXIX.

*WORSHIP IN SOLITUDE.*

ALONE with Thee, with Thee alone,  
I breathe the heavenly air ;  
Lord ! what sweet wonders hast Thou shown  
Thy lonely worshipper !

Thou takest this rapt soul apart  
Into Thy secret place ;  
Thou keepest for this yearning heart  
The fulness of Thy grace.

For these blest eyes Thou openest  
Full many a deep divine ;  
In these glad ears Thou whisperest  
Some secret sweet of Thine.

Alone my gracious Lord I hail  
In the sweet strife of prayer ;  
Alone I wrestle and prevail :  
Alone I hold Thee there.

Alone o'erflows this gladsome heart  
In many a thankful song :  
What triumph breaks, what raptures start  
From this unaided tongue !

Beneath some tree, beside some spring  
I find a place of prayer ;  
Upon some mountain-top I sing  
And build a Bethel there.

The solitude how populous !  
My Lord doth full appear ;  
The silence how melodious !  
My Lord alone I hear.

O Lord, my God, mine All, mine Own,  
Still grant these visits sweet !  
Still meet Thy seeker all alone !  
These blessed hours repeat !

1856.

xxx.

*WORSHIP IN THE ASSEMBLY.*

*" I will give Thee thanks in the great congregation ; I  
will praise Thee among much people."*

BRIGHT Thy presence when it breaketh,  
Lord, on some rapt soul apart ;  
Sweet Thy Spirit when it speaketh  
Peace unto some lonely heart ;  
Blest the raptures  
From unaided lips that start.

But more bright Thy presence dwelleth  
In a waiting, burning throng ;  
Yet more sweet the rapture swelleth  
Of a many-voicèd song :  
More divinely  
Glow each soul glad souls among.

What a mighty prayer Love bringeth  
When true hearts together yearn !  
What a fragrant fire upspringeth  
When glad lips together burn !  
Bright their journey,  
Heavenward who together turn.

Wouldst Thou not, forgiving Father,  
By Thy children circled be ?  
Wouldst Thou not, sweet Saviour, gather  
Two or three to wait on Thee ?  
Holy Spirit :  
Lov'st Thou not a company ?

Not alone each angel waiteth ;  
Not apart each seraph sings ;  
Lo ! the Heavenly Host dilateth,  
Circling bright the King of Kings :  
List ! the rapture  
From ten thousand voices rings.

With that radiant Throng Supernal  
Grant me, Lord, to shine for Thee ;  
With that Harmony Eternal  
Blend my song eternally !  
Let me love Thee  
Dearer still in company.

XXXI.

*THE TRAVELLER'S SONG ; OR, WORSHIP  
EVERYWHERE.*

*“ How can we not sing the Lord's song in every land ? ”*

NOT ours the song that needs must soar  
From some set spot, some solemn shrine ;  
No hallowed hill, no sacred shore  
Commends our prayers to Grace Divine.

We go not forth to leave behind  
Some special presence of our God ;  
We go not forth some spot to find  
Wherein His grace makes chief abode.

Where'er we rove, with Him we go,  
Where'er we rest, with Him we dwell ;  
From land to land with Him we glow :  
From land to land of Him we tell.

From His one realm we ne'er remove ;  
All regions to our God belong :  
No bound shuts in the Father's love,  
No bound confines the children's song.

Our prayers ascend where'er we climb ;  
Where'er we gaze our souls aspire.  
Upon some mountain-top sublime  
Our hearts send up the Holy Fire.

We sit some gladsome stream beside :  
Our souls are glad ; our God is nigh ;  
Melodiously the voices glide ;  
Our song streams forth in company.

Thy children, Lord, with Thee speed forth,  
 Nor e'er let go their Father's hand—  
 At home with Thee o'er all the earth—  
 Thy worshippers in every land.

1881.

## XXXII.

*THE EVER OPEN TEMPLE.*

*"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek  
 after—that I may dwell in the house of the Lord  
 all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the  
 Lord, and enquire in His Temple."*

VAIN, Lord, Thy servant's strong desire  
 Still in Thy house to stay,  
 Still in Thy temple to enquire,  
 Thy beauty to survey.

But not in vain that yearning dear  
 Thy seekers now repeat ;  
 To us our God is ever near,  
 With us would ever meet.

At home, abroad, apart, in throngs,  
 Of Thee we may enquire ;  
 In lonely prayer, in linkèd songs  
 To Thee we may aspire.

"Where'er we rest, where'er we rove,"  
 Still we may dwell with Thee,  
 In godly fear, in holy love,  
 As in Thy sanctuary.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest."

This blooming earth, this beaming sky,  
This universe so fair,  
The Temple of Thy Majesty,  
Enfolds us everywhere.

At dawn's soft blush, in noon's full blaze,  
'Midst eve's rich, wondrous glow,  
Upon Thy beauty, Lord, we gaze,  
Within Thy Temple bow.

The fragrancy of prayer is blent  
With flowery odours sweet ;  
The nightingale's full ravishment  
Our own glad songs repeat.

'Tis well in temples made with hands  
Sometimes to greet our God ;  
This Temple always open stands ;  
'Tis His, 'tis our abode.

1886.

XXXIII.

*SUNDAY.*

LORD, how the world Thou dost o'ercome,  
And make its glories Thine !  
Among the spoils of heathendom,  
Not least doth Sunday shine.

The day whereon our sires adored  
The brightness of the sun,  
For us how sweetly was it stored !  
By Thee how meetly won !

Glad thankful throngs their vows still pay,  
The Lord of Light still bless ;  
The Sun is still adored to-day—  
The Sun of Righteousness.

Yes, dearer, deeper thanks ascend,  
True Sun of souls, to Thee,  
Who makest Sin's thick darkness end  
And Death's dread shadows flee.

Are not Thy people sons of light,  
Glad children of the day ?  
Each grace of theirs, so humbly bright,  
Is't not Thine own faint ray ?

Each day they hail their Sun Divine,  
Thy warmth, Thy brightness, bless :  
But dost Thou not on Sunday shine  
With special gloriousness ?

Thy glory shines away their cares,  
Their linkèd joy prolongs ;  
Thy fervour breatheth in their prayers,  
And burneth in their songs.

And when on Thine own blessed day  
That lesser sun beams bright,  
And blends his tributary ray  
With Thy transcendent light :

With joy Thy people look on him,  
With dearer joy on Thee,  
And feel his utmost splendour dim  
Beside Thy radiancy.



Beam on, sweet Sun ! more glad, more dear,  
Make this Thy day divine,  
Until the everlasting year  
One blissful Sunday shine.

1885.

XXXIV.

*THE LORD'S DAY.*

*" This is the day the Lord hath made."*

UPRISEN Lord ! this day is Thine  
Above all other days ;  
Thou makest all its hours divine :  
Thou makest all its praise.

It tells of Thy victorious strife  
With sin and death and hell :  
Of blissful hope, of endless life,  
The happy day doth tell.

It beams with the undying light  
Of Thy glad rising morn :  
From Thy pervading Presence Bright  
Its peace, its joy are drawn.

That Presence makes us glad and strong,  
The mourning Twain which cheered ;  
As when Thy fearful ones among  
Bliss-bringing it appeared.

Yes, surely by the Spirit blest  
Thy people on were borne  
To set their day of joy and rest  
Upon Thy rising morn.

With reverent love they cherishèd,  
With duteous care arrayed  
The day their Lord had hallowèd,  
The day their Lord had made.

On this our hallowed day we seek  
The rest by Israel won :  
We make our heathen fathers speak  
The glory of our Sun.

But our own Lord uprisen makes  
The life of the Lord's Day,  
His work it tells, His name it takes,  
His fulness doth display.

Our Sabbath yieldeth us sweet rest :  
Our Sunday bright doth shine ;  
But fullest, sweetest, holiest, best  
The Lord's own Day Divine.

1893.

xxxv.

*THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.*

FAREWELL, delightful day,  
Day of divine delight !  
We hailed thy gladsome morning ray,  
We bless thine evening bright.

Hath not the Lord been sought ?  
Hath not our King been near ?  
Hath not His grace new wonders wrought ?  
Hath not His house been dear ?

Have not we given Him there  
Our passions and our powers ?  
Has not the joy of mingled prayer,  
Of mingled praise been ours ?

Have not we, King of grace,  
Together soared above,  
Together seen Thy smiling face,  
Together told Thy love ?

Hath not a mighty power  
Unto our prayers been given ?  
Hath not the Holy Ghost once more  
Brought down the fire from Heaven ?

From souls divinely glad  
Have not glad songs upsoared ?  
Have not our hearts and voices made  
Sweet music to our Lord ?

Was it not sweet to talk  
Of Thy dear love at home ?  
Yes, sweet abroad with Thee to walk  
And back with Thee to come ?

Dear Lord ! the day was bright  
Because the day was Thine ;  
This full, this manifold delight,  
Was it not all divine ?

Repeat the gladness here !  
Fulfil the bliss above !  
Thy day, the everlasting year,  
The eternal joy, Thy love.

## XXXVI.

*THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN HIS  
PEOPLE.*

*"Ye are a spiritual house."*

LORD GOD ! of old who wentest  
Where'er the ark removed,  
Who Thine own presence lentest  
To Sion's hill beloved ;  
Who in the cloud didst render  
Thine Israel's camp divine,  
And in the fiery splendour  
Amidst her host didst shine !

Where now is seen Thy glory ?  
Where makest Thou abode ?  
Where now on earth doth tarry  
The Presence of our God ?  
For still Thine arm Thou showest :  
For still Thou dost appear :  
Thy presence Thou bestowest  
Still in Thy temple here.

Where'er Thy saints confess Thee  
With lifted hearts and hands,  
Where'er Thy people bless Thee,  
There, there Thy temple stands.  
Thy presence thence they carry,  
Thy presence thither bring ;  
Thou stayest where they tarry,  
Still with them goes their King.

Thou dwellest, Heavenly Father,  
 Where Thine own children meet ;  
 Where His redeemèd gather,  
 The Saviour there they greet.  
 Where linkèd souls are yearning  
 The Spirit yearneth there ;  
 Where hearts and lips are burning  
 He breathes the praise and prayer.  
 Lord, come and with us tarry !  
 Lord, come and with us go !  
 Be this Thy sanctuary !  
 Thy presence here bestow !  
 Here spread Thy consecration,  
 Here spend Thine utmost grace ;  
 Our souls Thy habitation,  
 Our songs Thy dwelling-place.

1868.

XXXVII.

*“ O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.”*

DEAR Saviour, how completely  
 Thy people Thee possess !  
 Thou dwellest in them sweetly ;  
 Their Guest, their Guide they bless !  
 Thy peace, Thy joy Thou givest :  
 Thy strength to them belongs :  
 In all their life Thou livest ;  
 Thou dwellest in their songs.  
 The joy of Thine inbringing  
 Must needs outpoured be ;  
 They break forth into singing,  
 For they are full of Thee.

That rapture Thou awakest :  
 Thou sendest down that fire :  
 That melody Thou makest,  
 That throng Thou dost inspire.

Deep in those hearts Thou dwellest,  
 Forth from those hearts dost go :  
 In that full strain Thou swellest,  
 On those glad lips dost glow.  
 Thine Israel as she singeth  
 Builds thee a mansion fair :  
 Thy glory down she bringeth  
 To find a dwelling there.

Lord ! may this trembling singer  
 Build Thee a house divine ?  
 Will Thy bright Presence linger  
 In this glad strain of mine ?  
 If in this soul so sweetly  
 Thou makest Thine abode,  
 Will not Thy glory meetly  
 Dwell in this song, my God ?

1868.

## XXXVIII.

*“ Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth  
 Thy praise.”*

SPEAK to me, Lord, and I will speak ;  
 Sing in me, Lord, and I will sing :  
 Thy glory from my mouth shall break,  
 Thy music back to Thee I bring.

How can my soul Thy glory learn  
Unless Thy very grace inspire ?  
How can my lips divinely burn,  
And not descend the Heavenly Fire ?

Lie open, soul ! be strangely blest !  
The Lord of Glory would come in ;  
On glowing lips ! this glorious Guest  
Goes forth another soul to win.

Why is my soul so often dull ?  
Ah ! wherefore are my lips so dumb ?  
I will not of my God be full,  
I will not let His glory come.

When, Lord, shall all Thy grace inspire,  
And all my heart present the song ?  
For ever mine Thy Heavenly Fire,  
For ever Thine my glowing tongue.

1849.

XXXIX.

*THE POWER OF GOD IN HIS PEOPLE.*

ALMIGHTY, whose might in true souls appears,  
Whose power in Thy folk, whose praise never faints,  
Astir in Thy heroes, sublime in Thy seers,  
Aglow in Thy sages, at home in Thy saints !

Thy seekers of old, what nearness they found !  
Thy servants of yore, what wonders they wrought !  
How sweet to those listeners Thy biddings did sound !  
What tasks were fulfilled ! what offerings were brought ?

In vain doth our need Thy coming invite ?  
 From us wilt Thou keep Thy Presence Divine ?  
 Appear in Thy strength and array us with might !  
 Break forth in Thy brightness and give us to shine !  
 Thou camest to them, to us Thou wilt come ;  
 Thou spakest through them, through us Thou wilt  
 speak :  
 Still, still with His people the Lord is at home ;  
 Still, still on His people His glory will break.  
 Still, still art Thou pleased Thy truth to unfold,  
 New life on each age, new light to outpour ;  
 Our souls brighter beams of Thy light may behold ;  
 Our souls fuller deeps of Thy grace may explore.  
 Thy might may be ours, our work may be Thine ;  
 Through us may Thy grace its wonders prolong ;  
 By us mayst Thou 'stablish Thy counsels divine  
 And still as of old in Thy people be strong.  
 1887.

## XL.

*SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.*

*" God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship  
 Him in spirit and in truth."*

YE children of the Father,  
 For whom the Son did die,  
 Close, close around Him gather ;  
 Ye cannot come too nigh.  
 Draw near by Him invited,  
 Made bold by His own might,  
 By His own smile delighted,  
 With His own presence bright !



No carnal worship render,  
Thrust back the intruding priest !  
Your Father makes the splendour ;  
Your Master spreads the feast.  
No pomp, no perfume proffer,  
No graceless gaud and glare ;  
Your hearts' own incense offer !  
Your Lord's own raiment wear !

Himself, Himself He sought you :  
Yourselves the Saviour seek !  
With His own blood He bought you :  
Yourselves your raptures speak !  
Ye hold of His bestowing  
The Spirit and the Word ;  
With hearts and voices glowing  
Make music to your Lord !

Throw every power and passion  
Into each song, each prayer ;  
Bring a free, full oblation !  
Let all your strength be there !  
With utmost rapture greet Him,  
Your inmost souls outpour !  
Spirit to Spirit meet Him ;  
Within the veil adore !

Thou openest, Lord ! we enter ;  
Thou callest ; lo ! we come :  
Within the veil we venture  
And find our Lord at home.  
Each a white garment weareth  
Made white in Thine own blood :  
Each a rich offering beareth,  
A heart renewed by God.

Thine own redeemed adore Thee,  
 Themselves Thy precious things :  
 Thy people bow before Thee,  
 A race of priests and kings.  
 Here nigh to Thee we tarry ;  
 Here close we wait on Thee :  
 And when we go to glory,  
 'Twill be Thy face to see.

1867.

## XLI.

*THE SABBATH ON EARTH AND  
 IN HEAVEN.*

WOULD not Thy people, Lord,  
 Each day in Thee be glad,  
 Each day with Thine own strength be stirred,  
 Each day in praise be clad ?

But are they now and here  
 Not clothèd in their best ?  
 Yes, overflows not their full cheer  
 On the "sweet day of rest" ?<sup>1</sup>

Doth not the Sabbath air  
 A strengthening fragrance bring ?  
 Amidst the general praise and prayer  
 Take not their souls strong wing ?

When souls together pray,  
 Hath not the prayer most might ?  
 When linkèd hearts His coming stay,  
 Comes not the King most bright ?

<sup>1</sup> I trust that every one will be reminded here of Watts' lovely Lord's Day Hymn, "Welcome, sweet day of rest."

When gladsome voices join,  
Is not the song most sweet ?  
When glowing hearts their joy combine,  
Is not the joy complete ?

Not yet : for who can speak  
The sweetness of the song,  
When "Glory to the Lamb !" shall break  
From all the white-robed throng :

When all the heirs of grace  
Their endless bliss shall blend,  
And 'neath the shining of His face  
The Eternal Sabbath spend ?

1864.

XLII.

*UNSULLIED WORSHIP.*

*"Behold the Lamb of God."*

HOW great the joy of bloodless rites,  
Of worship without stain,  
Of prayer and praise whereon alights  
No spot from victim slain !

Thy seekers, Lord, no more draw nigh  
To altars dropping gore :  
Unsullied prayers ascend on high,  
Unsaddened songs upsoar.

No more in dealing strokes abhorred  
Thy ministers have part ;  
But sweetly wield the Spirit's sword  
And wound the stubborn heart.

Unblent with dying pains and cries  
The sinner's cry ascends ;  
No dreadful pomp of sacrifice  
The thankful throng commends.

The grace each sinful suppliant wins,  
Doth cost Thy house no stain ;  
His darling lusts, his bosom-sins  
The only victims slain.

The broken hearts Thy people bring,  
To hearts renewèd rise :  
More costly grows the offering,  
More sweet the sacrifice.

A lively offering they present,  
A living flame they raise ;  
With all they bring to Thee is blent  
The sacrifice of praise.

O Lamb of God, whose bloodshedding  
Such various grace hath wrought !  
This dear deliverance Thou didst bring ;  
This bliss by Thee was brought.

The stroke that fell on Thee hath stayed  
The stroke from bird and beast ;  
Thy self-oblation hath unmade  
The altar and the priest.

To Thee we owe these happy rites,  
This worship free and fair,  
These manifold, unstained delights  
Of linkèd praise and prayer.

As still we seek the Heavenly King  
In fulness of access,  
Through Thee we pray, through Thee we sing !  
The Lamb of God we bless.

1886.

XLIII.

*INWARD RELIGION.*

FROM what a depth to what a height  
Our fathers their full souls outpoured !  
How strong their wings, how long their flight,  
Those soaring seekers of the Lord !

How nigh they came to Thee ! how full  
With Thee, Most High, was their abode !  
They found Thee in their inmost soul ;  
They loved to be alone with God.

They sought Thee at the hour of prime,  
They turned at sunrise to their Sun,  
They stinted not their Lord for time,  
But bade the Presence Bright shine on.

With Thee no loneliness they knew :  
At home with their own Lord they felt ;  
How close, how sweet the converse grew !  
What fulness in that Presence dwelt !

That Presence Bright for us how dim !  
That sacred time how brief with us !  
We cannot stay alone with Him ;  
We cannot hold communion thus.

Ah ! not for our dull, shrinking gaze  
Their vision of the Things Unseen !  
Enough for us the tapers' blaze,  
The ritual pomp, the altar's sheen !

The slightness of our souls' affairs  
Slight conference with God requires ;  
We mount on no Heaven-scaling prayers,  
We breathe no infinite desires.

We know not how the Lord to seek,  
But leave the priest that quest divine ;  
Unused, unskilled with God to speak,  
To him that glory we resign.

To us that glory, Lord, restore !  
Restrain this quest of Thee abroad !  
Uplift our souls again to soar  
On their own wings to their own God.

Thou, whom our fathers found so nigh,  
Into our inmost souls return !  
In us rebuild Thy sanctuary :  
Within us beam ! within us burn !

In us Thine own again show forth  
The fulness of that Presence Bright,  
The fulness of that inward mirth,  
The fulness of that inward might !

XLIV.

REALITY IN WORSHIP.

*"Let knowledge lead the song."*

WATTS, PSALM XLVII.

THE prayers, the songs we bring Thee, Lord,  
Do our hearts give them forth ?  
The raptures by our lips outpoured,  
Have they an inward birth ?

We would not heedless utterers be  
Of longings not our own :  
We would not idly sing to Thee  
Of wants and joys unknown.

While clinging here we would not press  
For instant heavenward flight,  
Nor weariness of earth profess  
When earth doth most delight.

As suffering saints we would not sing  
While worldly weal doth last,  
Nor full of body-cheer forth ring  
The praise of Lenten fast.

May self-discerning souls ascend  
On soul-revealing songs !  
May truth and life each strain commend  
To heedful hearts and tongues !

To us the wisdom from above,  
Heart-searching God, impart !  
Teach us the lore of Thine own love,  
The lore of our own heart !

Reveal the grace we should desire,  
 The heights we may attain !  
 Then bid enlightened souls aspire !  
 Then prompt the aspiring strain !

1891.

## XLV.

*PRAISE PERFECTED BY HOLINESS.*

ST. DAVID'S,

*"My lips shall utter praise, when Thou hast taught me  
 Thy statutes."*

O ! WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear praise  
 But tremble on my tongue ?  
 Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise  
 A full, triumphant song ?

How can this heart divinely glow,  
 So ready to transgress ?  
 Thy broken law doth dull me so ;  
 My sins Thy praise oppress.

O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn !  
 Keep in Thy ways my feet ;  
 Then shall my lips divinely burn ;  
 Then shall my songs be sweet.

Each sin I cast away shall make  
 My soul more strong to soar ;  
 Each work I do for Thee shall wake  
 A strain divine the more.



My voice shall more delight Thine ear,  
The more I wait on Thee :  
Thy service bring my song more near  
The angelic harmony.

O ! wherefore swells so sweet above  
The everlasting hymn ?  
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,  
Those tuneful Seraphim !

When, Lord, shall perfect holiness  
Make this poor voice divine ?  
And all harmonious Heaven confess  
No sweeter song than mine ?

1849.

XLVI.

*ANGELIC HELPERS.*

ANGELS bright, in strength excelling,  
On your Lord who dimly gaze,  
Of His glory still be telling !  
Spend your strength upon His praise !  
Tuneful Angels !  
Sweetly sing your sweet amaze !

In your own glad home, bright legions,  
Joy ye give no less than take ;  
How ye bless the blissful regions,  
Fairer the fair mansions make !  
Gracious Angels !  
Works of grace ye ne'er forsake.

Faint the glow of Fields Elysian  
To the bliss wherein ye dwell :  
Yours the Beatific Vision !  
Yours the Light Ineffable !  
Happy Angels !  
Who your myriad joys can tell ?  
But to serve your Lord is sweetest ;  
Your best joys those tasks of His ;  
Bowing low, ye stand completest ;  
Glorious bear His messages.  
Lowly Angels !  
Thence your name and thence your bliss.  
“ Prime in splendour,” prompt in duty,<sup>1</sup>  
Loftiest, lowliest lot ye blend ;  
Girt with strength, arrayed in beauty,  
On His errands glad ye wend.  
Swift-winged Angels !  
On His people ye attend.  
Earth allures the Heavenly Dwellers ;  
Still ye link your life with ours :  
Of glad tidings gladsome tellers,  
May we win you from Heaven’s bowers ?  
Helpful Angels !  
May our needs employ your powers ?  
Ye who to the Throne Eternal  
Helpless little ones do bear ;  
Ye who ’midst the Bliss Supernal  
For our weakest sweetly care :  
Guardian Angels !  
Ye for us are strong and fair.

<sup>1</sup> “ Among the Prime in splendour.”—*Paradise Regained*, b. i.,  
v. 413.

When the hosts of Hell assail us,  
To our rescue ye descend ;  
When our weak defences fail us,  
Your diviner strength ye lend.  
Guardian Angels  
Of the strife make happy end.

Down ye bring the heavenly splendour  
Where earth's thickest gloom appears :  
Lighter and less sad ye render  
Human woes and human fears ;  
Tearless Angels !  
Yet ye seek the Vale of Tears.

Never may ye weep ; O ! never  
Angel-hearts let sorrow in ;  
Happy aye, since holy ever ;  
Full of bliss, since void of sin ;  
Holy Angels !  
May we e'er your pureness win ?

If perchance we faint and tremble  
When our time draws near to die,  
Angels, for our help assemble !  
Whisper sweetly of your sky.  
Waiting Angels !  
Help our trembling souls on high !

There the sweet stream of your pity  
Falls into your sea of love ;  
Ours the same Celestial City—  
Ours the same bright thrones above !  
Fellow-Angels !  
Ours on errands like to move ;

Ours to share your gracious splendour,  
 Ours to share your tasks divine ;  
 Ours angelic help to render,  
 Ours angelic songs to join.  
 Fellow-Angels !  
 Ours to serve, to sing, to shine.

1849.

## XLVII.

*ANGELIC LOWLINESS AND LOFTINESS.*

OF Angels do we not divinely deem  
 All holiest, happiest, as most bright, most strong ?  
 Doth not all pureness in their splendour beam,  
 All sweetness, greatness to their name belong ?  
 With excellence angelic we commend  
 All human things most precious and most high,  
 Each loveliest face angelic beauty lend,  
 Each holiest soul angelic purity.  
 Yet, Angels bright, yet, Angels pure and fair,  
 To whom such might and majesty are given,  
 What rank, what office doth your name declare ?  
 What are you but the messengers of Heaven ?  
 That pettiest post, that humblest task of ours  
 Denotes the radiant People of the Sky :  
 " Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers," <sup>1</sup>  
 This is your duty, this your dignity.  
 In bearing messages your wings ye prove ;  
 Not for yourselves ye journey ; ye are sent,  
 In man's behalf upon God's errands move,  
 For Him, for us divinely diligent.

<sup>1</sup> *Paradise Lost*, x. 459.

The lowliest, loftiest of all lives ye live,  
 The lowliest, loftiest of all names ye bear ;  
 Angelic help, angelic service give,  
 Angelic bliss, angelic glory share.

What beams ye wear ! what wondering love ye win !  
 What wingèd thoughts your radiant wings pursue !  
 Yet we may here the angelic life begin,  
 God's messages may bear, His biddings do.

Shall we at last be perfected as ye,  
 Auxiliari Shining Ones, Obedient Powers ?  
 Will ours at length the angelic fulness be,  
 The service sweet, the blissful radiance ours ?  
 1894.

XLVIII.

THE CELESTIAL SEEKER.

*" Quærens cùm nihil desit tibi."*

*" O Seeker, who lackest nothing."*

AUGUSTINE.

AH ! mightily we weaklings crave :  
 Ah ! meetly may we sinners seek :  
 But, Lord of all, what wouldst Thou have ?  
 Wherein, Almighty, art Thou weak ?

Of glory Thou hast boundless store :  
 With bliss o'erflowing art Thou blest :  
 And yet Thou yearnest evermore ;  
 Yet makest Thou eternal quest.

O Father, whence these yearnings dear ?  
What longings wouldst Thou fain fulfil ?  
What sought the Lord of Glory here ?  
What seekest Thou, sweet Spirit, still ?

Thou lack'st no lustre, Lord of Light ;  
But art Thou not the Lord of Love ?  
Thou fain wouldst share the mansions bright ;  
Thou fain wouldst fill Thy home above.

These mortal sins, these mortal tears  
Almost the heavenly glory dim :  
And earth's sad tones divide Thine ears  
With harpings sweet of Seraphim.

Yes, Lord of Glory, Thou wouldst make  
Love unto heirs of dust and sin ;  
Thou wouldst Thy Kingly State forsake  
And die such hearts as ours to win.

Yes, ever the sweet Spirit yearns ;  
In gracious quest the Dove doth come :  
Stay, sinful soul ! the Spirit mourns :  
Mount ! His kind wings will bear thee home.

Strange Seeker Thou who nought dost want !  
Strange laggards we who all things need !  
Lend of Thyself, dear Lord, and grant  
These slothful seekers better speed !

XLIX.

THE HEAVENLY LOVER.

*"Amas nee æstuas."*

*"Thou lovest, but with no tumultuous love."*

AUGUSTINE.

ALAS ! with troubled tenderness  
We mortal lovers yearn :  
The more of love our hearts possess  
The more we pant and mourn.

Its sweetest hour a sadness keeps :  
The rapture bringeth pain :  
Our deeps of love are stormy deeps :  
We plunge for peace in vain.

But O ! no pang, no ecstasy  
The Heavenly Lover knows :  
In Love's own fire abideth He :  
Yet He serenely glows.

Thou yearnest, Lord, our souls to bless ;  
Yet ne'er Thy bliss doth cease ;  
O fulness of Thy tenderness :  
O fulness of Thy peace !

What endless stillness doth it keep,  
That endless love of Thine !  
How wondrous calm, how wondrous deep  
Flows on the stream divine !

Ah, Lord ! must love with us remain  
So stormy and so brief,  
So sadly sweet, so blind and vain,  
So mixed with fear and grief ?

Shall our wild, fleeting love ne'er grow  
More like, dear Lord, to Thine,  
Nor learn the even, endless flow  
Of holy Love Divine ?

When, Heavenly Lover, shall we learn  
This sweet, strange lore of Thee,  
Still with the flame of love to burn  
And still at peace to be ?

1856.

L.

*DIVINE LOVE.*

*"Not that we loved Him, but that He loved us."*

O ! NOT upon our waiting eyes,  
Lord, did the heavenly lustre break ;  
Not to our love's beseeching cries  
Did Love Divine slow answer make.

We made no haste to seek Thy face ;  
Thy angels found no listening ear ;  
We did not urge Thy lingering grace  
Nor win Thy distant glory near.

O no ! Thy voice was first to speak,  
Thy glory, Lord, was swift to come ;  
Thy love made gracious haste to seek  
And sweetly urge the wanderers home.



The Heavenly Glory would descend  
Ere angel-wings to us were given ;  
And Love Divine would earthward bend  
To make our souls in love with Heaven.

O ! if with holy fire we burn,  
'Tis from the flame celestial caught ;  
Yes ! heavenward now we sometimes yearn  
Since Heaven our souls so sweetly sought.

1849.

LI.

*THE DEBT OF LOVE.*

*" If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."*

AND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take ?  
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens bear ?  
Didst Thou for love of us forsake  
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air ?

O ! could our weakness move Thy might ?  
Our misery make us sought of Thee ?  
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright ?  
Our sins win down Thy purity ?

Were these our charms ? was this Thy love ?  
Was this our prevalence of prayer ?  
Was it in Sin and Dust to move  
This love divine, this heavenly care ?

O ! then shall dust 'gain't dust wax proud ?  
Shall sin be fiercely wroth with sin ?  
Must frailty never be allowed  
Of fellow-frailty grace to win ?

We who so tenderly were sought,  
 Shall we not joyful seekers be,  
 And to Thy feet divinely brought,  
 Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee ?

Celestial Seeker ! send us forth !  
 Almighty Lover ! teach us love !  
 When shall we yearn to help our Earth  
 As yearned the Holy One above ?

1849.

## LII.

*TRANSCENDENT LOVE.*

*" To know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge."*

O LOVE Divine that passeth thought !  
 Yet on that love our thoughts would dwell :  
 O Grace our strains that maketh nought !  
 Yet o'er that grace our songs would swell.

For us the Lord forsook that throne ;  
 For us the Sinless bore that cross ;  
 O most sublime when most our own !  
 O sweetest when most marvellous !

Those deeps of grace, our thoughts that drown,  
 Yet make our sure abiding-place ;  
 Strange glory that our minds bows down !  
 Sweet portion that our souls embrace !

The more of His dear love we learn,  
 We feel it more all thought excel ;  
 The more His glory we discern,  
 More glorious grows Emmanuel.

Joy, joy, that we may ne'er explore  
His height, His depth, His all of love !  
O full our feast for evermore,—  
Our task, our song below, above !

Blest lore we ne'er may wholly learn !  
Sweet tale we ne'er may meetly tell !  
For ever our rapt souls shall yearn ;  
For ever our glad songs shall swell.

1855.

## LIII.

*“ KISS THE SON.”*

BEHOLD the Everlasting Son,  
The Father's Darling and Delight ;  
Behold Him on His heavenly throne  
Above the brightest angel bright !  
  
Behold how Heaven on Earth doth shine ;  
Behold how God with man doth dwell ;  
Behold our own that Son Divine,  
Our Brother, our Emmanuel !  
  
Behold Him in our flesh arrayed ;  
Behold Him stricken in our stead ;  
Behold our sins upon Him laid :  
Behold Him in our darksome bed !  
  
Behold Him in His home above,  
Back to His Father's bosom borne,  
Our Intercessor full of love,  
Who still for sinful souls doth yearn !

O sinful souls, draw near and gaze ;  
Gaze and adore, behold, be won !  
With lowly love, with sweet amaze  
Embrace your Saviour in the Son.

Not from those arms outstretchèd turn,  
Nor bid that yearning heart remove ;  
O ! think not of His beauty scorn  
Nor turn to wrath His tender love.

Still to the Son more closely cling :  
Still in His grace more dearly grow ;  
Till to His home your love ye bring,  
Till in that home His love ye know :

Till eyes of full delight ye raise  
To the full glory of His face,  
For ever that enamoured gaze,  
For ever that untired embrace !

1863.

## LIV.

*“ Lord, to whom shall we go ? ”*

SAVIOUR ! needs the world no longer  
To rejoice beneath Thy light ?  
Have we lovers sweeter, stronger ?  
Beams for us a sun more bright ?  
Are we weary  
Of Thy mercy and Thy might ?

Mighty Lord so high above us !  
Loving brother all our own !  
Who will help us, who will love us,  
Like to Thee who all hast known—  
Who hast provèd  
Darksome grave and heavenly throne ?

Who so gentle to the sinners  
As the soul that never fell ?  
Who so strong to make us winners  
Of the height He won so well ?  
Alway Victor !  
Make Thine own invincible !

From the Cross hath gone the glory ?  
Seems it less divinely borne ?  
Sweetest day of man's sad story  
Shineth not that Rising Morn ?  
Heavenly Dweller !  
Leave ! O leave not Earth forlorn !

Unarrayed in Thy divineness,  
Souls and worlds are incomplete ;  
Spirits bright put on their fineness  
Sitting lowly at Thy feet ;  
O our Glory !  
Groweth not Thy smile more sweet ?

Yesterday doth tribute render  
To the brightness of Thy sway ;  
O ! the holy, happy splendour  
That Thou pourest on to-day !  
Must it vanish ?  
Hast Thou given Thine all away ?

Endless Lover ! never, never  
 Wilt Thou cease to save and shine ;  
 Yesterday, To-day, For Ever,  
 All the ages, Lord, are Thine !  
 Come and bless them—  
 Come and make them more divine.

1847.

LV.

*OUR DOUBLE KINDRED TO EMMANUEL.*

*"The second man was the Lord from Heaven."*

*"As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also  
 bear the image of the Heavenly."*

O ! MEAN may seem this house of clay,  
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;  
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,  
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear ;  
 This watch the Lord did keep ;  
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear ;  
 These tears the Lord did weep.

This world the Master overcame,  
 This death the Lord did die ;  
 He bore our sins, He took our shame,  
 In our dark bed did lie.

O vale of tears no longer sad,  
 Wherein the Lord did dwell !  
 O happy robe of flesh that clad  
 Our own Emmanuel !

Our very frailty brings us near  
Unto the Lord of Heaven ;  
To every grief, to every tear  
Such glory strange is given.

But not this fleshly robe alone  
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;  
Not only in the tear and groan  
Shall the dear kindred be.

Our own will be Thy Life Divine,  
Thine image we shall bear ;  
With Thine own glory we shall shine,  
In Thine own bliss shall share.

Thou to our woe who down did'st come,  
Who one with us would'st be,  
Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,  
Wilt make us one with Thee.

O mighty grace, our life to live,  
To make our earth divine !  
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,  
And lift our life to Thine !

Yes, strange the gifts and marvellous  
By Thee received and given !  
Thou tookest woe and death for us,  
Thou givest us Thy Heaven.

## LVI.

*THE EXCHANGE OF PLACES.*

*"He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."*

O MYSTERY of Love Divine

That thought and thanks o'erpowers !  
Lord Jesus ! was our portion Thine,  
And is Thy portion ours ?

Emmanuel ! did'st Thou take our place  
To set us in Thine own ?  
Did'st Thou our low estate embrace  
To lift us to Thy throne ?

Did'st Thou fulfil each righteous deed,  
God's perfect will express,  
That we the unfaithful ones might plead  
Thy perfect faithfulness ?

Did'st Thou endure the desert drear  
And know the Tempter's wile,  
That we might taste the heavenly cheer  
And win the Father's smile ?

On Thy pure soul did dread and gloom  
In that drear garden rise ?  
Are ours the brightness and the bloom  
Of Thine own Paradise ?

Were utmost shame and wrath outpoured  
Upon Thy holy head ?  
Are crowns of heavenly glory stored  
For us Thy ransomed ?



For Thee the Father's hidden face?  
For Thee the bitter cry?  
For us the Father's endless grace,  
The song of victory?

Did'st Thou expire upon the tree  
And sojourn in the tomb  
That endless life our lot might be,  
And everlasting bloom?

Our load of sin and misery  
Did'st Thou the Sinless bear?  
Thy spotless robe of purity  
Do we the sinners wear?

Lord Jesus! is it even so?  
Have we been lovèd thus?  
What love can we on Thee bestow  
Who hast exchanged with us?

Thou, who our very place did'st take,  
Dwell in our very heart!  
Thou, who Thy portion ours dost make,  
Thyself, Thyself impart!

1864.

LVII.

*THE UNITY OF CHRIST AND HIS PEOPLE.*

LORD! in Thy people dost Thou dwell,  
And do they dwell in Thee?  
O blessedness unspeakable!  
O wondrous unity!

One with Thee, all Thy life they know,  
And all Thou hast possess ;  
In Thee they underwent all woe  
And wrought all righteousness.

In Thee the world they vanquishèd,  
The Tempter they defied ;  
Upon Thy cross they sufferèd  
And in Thy death they died.

When Thou wast stricken, on them fell  
The wrath, the woe, the shame ;  
When Thou o'ercamest death and hell,  
In Thee they overcame.

They rose upon Thy rising day,  
With Thee to Heaven did soar ;  
Thou livest evermore, and they  
Shall live for evermore.

One with them still Thou walkest here  
And all their life dost know ;  
When they are glad Thou makest cheer ;  
Thou weapest in their woe.

When from the world they suffer wrong,  
'Gainst Thee the wrong is done ;  
When strength and joy to them belong,  
By Thee the praise is won.

When Satan tempts Thy people sore,  
Again he tempteth Thee :  
And when he flees from them, once more  
Thou makest him to flee.

In every gift and grace of theirs  
Thy beauty, Lord, doth shine ;  
Their faithfulness Thine own declares ;  
Their righteousness is Thine.

When Thou for judgment shalt appear,  
They shall appear with Thee ;  
When all the world its doom shall hear,  
Thy voice their voice shall be.

When Thou Thy kingdom shalt obtain  
And put Thy glory on,  
Thine endless reign shall be their reign ;  
The King and they are one.

Lord Jesus ! grant me all this grace !  
Abide, be one with me ;  
Give me to dwell in Thine embrace,  
For ever one with Thee !

1864.

LVIII.

*MOST LOFTY AND MOST LOWLY.*

REJOICE in your king, ye people of God,  
So humble, so high, so mighty, so meek :  
Rejoice in Heaven's glory that sought an abode  
Where Life was most lowly, where Earth was most weak.

Rejoice in the King by rulers disowned !  
The Victor salute who won through all loss !  
King of kings, Lord of lords, behold Him enthroned  
Who lay in the manger, who died on the Cross !

For all hath He lived, for all hath He died ;  
 But yours was His lot, ye lowly and meek :  
 To you He belongèd, with you would abide ;  
 In you He delighted, of you praise did speak !

Ye throngèd His court, ye furnished His train ;  
 His servants from you, His champions He chose ;  
 Ye fought 'neath His banner, ye wrought for His reign :  
 In priests and in princes ye vanquished His foes.

Now princes adore, now priests set Him forth :  
 But yours is He most, but yours is He still :  
 The dwelling in Heaven, the stooping to earth  
 His glory compose, your advancement fulfil.

Repeat the glad news by Angels first told !  
 Repeat the glad news to shepherds first brought !  
 From singers how glorious Heaven's music forth rolled !  
 How lowly the listeners Heaven's music that caught !

His height, His descent exult to unfold—  
 Ring forth the delight, the awe of His name !  
 King of kings, Lord of lords, your Brother behold !  
 King of kings, Lord of lords, your Saviour proclaim !

CHRISTMAS, 1890.

LIX.

*THE BITTER-SWEET CROSS.*

*"With His stripes we are healed."*

THOU, who didst suffer and didst save,  
 Thou, who didst die and didst redeem,  
 Attendant tears Thy sorrows crave ;  
 Triumphant smiles Thy grace besem.

Grief, joy together make abode ;  
 Our sighs, our songs together rise :  
 Alas ! Thou bleedest, Lamb of God ;  
 But O ! we bless our sacrifice.

We mourn Thy cross, so dread, so drear,  
 But in our refuge-place delight ;  
 We weep beside Thy sepulchre :  
 But O ! our treasure-house how bright !

Ah loathèd sins the Lord that smote !  
 Ah gifts that cost the Lord so dear !  
 What joy to be divinely sought !  
 What glory to be brought so near !

Woe, woe that Thou wast wounded sore !  
 Joy, joy that we are healèd quite !  
 That sacred blood runs dreadly o'er ;  
 How glorious gleam our garments white !

O Man of Sorrows, Lord of Love,  
 To Thee our grief, our joy belongs ;  
 Thy cross our saddest tears doth move ;  
 Thy cross doth win our sweetest songs.

1844.

LX.

*" He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be  
 satisfied."*

DEAR Lord ! Thou art not sorry  
 That Thou didst bear our load :  
 The shame hath brought Thee glory :  
 The woe hath joy bestowed.

Thy travail sore forth bringeth  
A people for Thy praise :  
A people from Thee springeth  
And maketh glad Thy gaze.

From every tongue and nation  
Thou countest up Thy gain,  
Rich fruit of Thine oblation,  
Dear purchase of Thy pain.  
Still souls Thou welcome makest  
Born of Thy travail sore ;  
And still new spoil Thou takest  
And still Thy joy is more.

Thy people who can reckon ?  
Thy glory who can tell ?  
For each Thou wast sore stricken :  
Thy triumph each doth swell.  
As each more holy groweth,  
Thou of Thy pain doth see ;  
In each Thy sorrow showeth  
More sweet eternally.

Shall I no sweetness borrow,  
Lord, from Thy bitter bowl ?  
Wilt Thou not of Thy sorrow  
See in this sinful soul ?  
Wilt Thou be glad and glorious  
And have no joy in me ?  
Wilt Thou march on victorious  
Nor my dear Conqueror be ?

Lord ! let my new creation  
Thy bitter pains requite ;  
Lord ! let my full salvation  
Thy yearning love delight.

Amidst the throng supernal,  
Redeemer, smile on me,  
And in my bliss eternal  
Of Thy sore travail see.

1866.

LXI.

EASTER SUNDAY.

*“Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.”*

NOT ours to breathe that early air,  
Not ours that fragrant store to bring,  
And at the open sepulchre  
To find the angel's radiant wing.

Not ours sad Mary's tears to weep  
O'er the stolen treasure of that grave ;  
Not ours that mournful watch to keep—  
Not ours that vanished form to crave.

Not for our eyes the vision bright  
Of that dear form beheld once more ;  
Those tones our ears may not delight,  
Nor hands of ours those wounds explore.

Yet shineth full on our glad eyes  
The lustre of that wondrous morn :  
For us the Lord of life doth rise ;  
Our Lord, our Lover is new-born.

Yes, ours the gain without the loss !  
The glory ours without the gloom !  
Nought but our refuge-place that Cross—  
Nought but our treasure-house that Tomb.

The grief that streamed from Mary's eyes  
Our settled spirits may not move ;  
Yet with her joy our gladness vies  
To greet the Master whom we love.

We meet, no fearful throng by night ;  
We dread no tidings dolorous ;  
Yet shines 'midst us the Saviour bright,  
Yet speaketh He sweet peace to us.

No lips of ours the news gainsay,  
No witness do our hands require ;  
O sure and sweet the hold we lay  
Upon the Lord of our desire !

We envy not the eyes that saw,  
Since God hath given our souls to see ;  
O souls thrice-blessed, that could draw  
Thy latest blessing, Lord, from Thee !

We sweetly store those words divine,  
And lowly wait and trustful love,  
Till bright on us Thy face shall shine,  
And ours shall be Thy smile above.

1843.

## LXII.

*" I am the Resurrection and the Life."*

DOTH the Heavenly Country seem  
For our darkened souls too bright ?  
Faintly doth the glory gleam  
On our sin-beclouded sight ?  
Do we at sad distance stand  
From the sweet Celestial Land ?



Saviour, take away our sin !  
Saviour, bid our darkness flee !  
Let the Heavenly Glory in—  
Bring the Better Land with Thee !  
Full upon our longing eyes  
Bid the Realms of Light arise !

When we feel Thy quickening power  
Then we know we shall not die ;  
With the glory of that hour  
Opens our eternity.  
Then we hail that empty tomb,  
Then we greet that fadeless bloom.

Thou hast risen : Thine own must rise !  
Thou art Light : Thine own must shine !  
Nevermore the Saviour dies ;  
Ours must be the Life Divine !  
Where Thou art, Thine own must be :  
Still Thy saints partake with Thee.

1846.

LXIII.

*SWEET SURPRISES.*

*(Easter Sunday.)*

THEY sought Thy tomb, Thou Saviour sweet,  
Those early seekers true and sad ;  
But Thou, their Living Lord, did'st meet  
And make Thy mourning lovers glad.

The friends as on their way they went  
With troubled faces, talked of Thee ;  
When Thou did'st suddenly present  
Thy comfort and Thy company.

They met in fear, they met by night,  
Those shrinking servants, Lord, of Thine ;  
When sudden shone Thy presence bright  
And sounded sweet Thy Voice Divine.

Thou who thus sweetly did'st surprise,  
Dost Thou not still Thy seekers bless,  
And still to loving weeping eyes  
Appear in sudden gloriousness ?

Dost Thou not in their sorest need  
Thy fainting servants still renew ?  
And still their dearest hope exceed  
And still their best desire outdo ?

To us Thy tremblers, Lord, appear ;  
With us Thy weary pilgrims walk !  
Delight our banquets with Thy cheer  
And lift to heights divine our talk !

On us in sudden brightness break,  
For us repeat each sweet surprise ;  
Our hearts will burn when Thou dost speak,  
Our earth-bound souls with Thee will rise.

1865.

## LXIV.

*SPRING-TIME AND EASTER-TIDE.*

DID not Thy rising, Saviour sweet,  
Bring gladsome Spring more cheer ?  
Did not Thine own new life repeat  
The new life of the year ?

That garden fair, those angels bright,  
That stone just rolled away,  
Took sweetness from the dawning light  
Of that blest vernal day.

How gladly the renewèd earth  
Greeted her risen Lord !  
What vernal bloom, what vernal mirth  
O'er all His path were poured !

Spring breathed around as on their walk  
He met the mourning Twain,  
And blent her music with the talk  
That made them glad again.

Spring smiled on field, on glade, on grove  
By the familiar Lake,  
When with those three demands of love  
To Simon's heart He spake.

Spring full about that hill did glow  
Wherefrom He soared to Heaven :  
His latest look on things below  
To vernal earth was given.

Still beams on us that smile divine  
As smiling Spring we greet ;  
Dear Lord ! those lingering steps of Thine  
Make vernal earth more sweet.

The happy birds their voices lend  
 To help our joy in Thee :  
 How well the early flowers commend  
 Thy name's full fragrancy !

As Nature bursts her tomb we sing  
 Thy triumph over death ;  
 And nurse the immortal hope as Spring  
 Breathes her glad, quickening breath.

From Earth renewèd we ascend  
 To our uprisen King ;  
 And all the joy of Easter blend  
 With all the joy of Spring.

1881.

## LXV.

*JOY IN THE ASCENDED SAVIOUR.*

*"It is expedient for you that I go away."*

TO glory back Thou goest,  
 Who down to woe did'st come ;  
 Again the joy Thou knowest  
 Of Thy celestial home.  
 O Son of God, not sparèd  
 By Thine own Sire Divine,  
 Again His throne is sharèd,  
 Again His bliss is Thine.

Dear Lord ! Thy people borrow  
 Their glory from Thy shame :  
 Because of Thy sharp sorrow  
 Eternal joy we claim.

Thy bitter cross and passion  
We needs must dearly greet :  
Thy one complete oblation  
Must needs be wondrous sweet.

But, Saviour, shall Thy sadness  
Alone our songs employ ?  
Thy glory and Thy gladness,  
Shall they not bring us joy ?  
Shall we not triumph meetly  
With our triumphant King ;  
Thy sweetness welcome sweetly,  
Thy bliss enraptured sing ?

For us Thou camest hither ;  
Our load Thou here did'st bear :  
For us Thou wentest thither,  
For us Thou reignest there.  
Yet for Thine exaltation  
Would we in praise be clad ;  
To Thee we sing " Salvation ;"  
Thy glory makes us glad.

Shall we not, Lord ascended,  
One day to Thee ascend ?  
Will not our bliss be blended  
With Thine that hath no end ?  
For ever and for ever  
We shall Thy glory see ;  
For ever and for ever  
We shall be glad with Thee.

## LXVI.

*THE THREEFOLD FEAST.*

*“As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye show forth the Lord’s death till He come.”*

TELL of your Redeemer’s passion,  
Ye who feel His banquet sweet :  
Triumph in His one oblation,  
In His sacrifice complete !  
Of your Saviour mindful be ;  
Keep the Feast of Memory !

At the banquet He provideth  
To the Eternal Priest draw near ;  
Tell how sweetly He abideth  
In the souls He held so dear :  
With your living Lord be one,  
Keep the Feast of Union !

Keep the feast with gladsome yearning  
For your King to come again ;  
Tell the world He is returning !  
Tell how glorious He will reign !  
Lift each eye and lift each voice,  
At the Feast of Hope rejoice !

Gladsome render this dear duty  
To the Bridegroom tarrying yet,  
Till He come in all His beauty,  
Till the marriage-feast be set,  
Till your eyes behold His face,  
Till ye rest in His embrace !

LXVII.

*THE LORD'S TABLE.*

WE bow before no altar ;  
    Before no priest we bend :  
No souls that faint and falter,  
    No shrinking eyes we lend :  
We watch no transformation  
    By fellow-weakling wrought ;  
We wait no consecration  
    By fellow-sinner brought.

We sit around a table,  
    We banquet at a board  
With guests innumerable  
    Invited by one Lord.  
The bidding sweet Love speaketh  
    In thankful ears glad sounds ;  
Love the blest banquet seeketh  
    And Love the board surrounds.

The bread, the wine round goeth ;  
    What gladsome guests are there !  
What cheer the feast bestoweth !  
    What grace the signs declare !  
The fulness of each token  
    Love sweetly wondering learns ;  
Beholds that body broken,  
    That precious blood discerns.

But not alone with gladness  
    These grateful guests o'erflow ;  
Alas, dear Lord, Thy sadness,  
    Thy deeps of love and woe !

The bread that vigour lendeth,  
 The wine that bringeth cheer,  
 Thy stricken soul commendeth,  
 Declares Thy darkness drear.

Our great Redeemer woos us  
 To a triumphant strain :  
 That dumb, meek Lamb subdues us  
 And melts our hearts again.  
 Now rapture and now sadness  
 Each tender soul doth steep ;  
 Love gloweth now with gladness,  
 Now wondering tears doth weep.

Thy guests may not be able  
 Unmingled cheer to make ;  
 Yet they surround a table,  
 Yet of a feast partake.  
 The joy exceeds the sorrow,  
 The song o'erpowers the sigh ;  
 While Hope new life doth borrow  
 From tender Memory.

1881.

## LXVIII.

*THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

*"When the even was come, He sat down with the twelve."*

DOTH not the soul with most delight  
 Her Lord an evening visit pay ?  
 Doth not sweet even-tide invite  
 Her close approach, her longest stay ?



Yet hast Thou not new sweetness shed,  
Redeemer, on this season sweet?  
Was not that board at evening spread?  
Did not those guests at evening meet?

At even-tide those hands of Thine  
The blessed bread and wine bestowed:  
At even-tide those lips divine  
In sweet, sublime discourse o'erflowed.

Was not the feast at eve ordained?  
Was not a sacred Supper set?  
Should not the Supper be maintained?  
Why should Thy guests Thy time forget?

Should not Thy people feel it sweet  
With Thee in all things to abide;  
Thy banquet and Thy hour repeat;  
Yes, sup with Thee at even-tide?

Doth not the sameness of the hour  
The sweetness of the feast augment?  
Is not a more prevailing power  
Unto the sacred Supper lent?

Do not our hearts more deeply yearn,  
More sweetly mingle song and sigh,  
More tenderly their Lord discern,  
By link of evening brought more nigh?

Thy people would draw near their Lord,  
With Thee in all things would abide:  
What joy to sit beside Thy board  
As Thou didst sit at even-tide!

## LXIX.

*THE SYMBOLICAL SUPPER.*

NO gazers dazed, no tremblers faint  
We meet around Thy board ;  
Each glowing guest, each happy saint  
Brings Thee his fulness, Lord.

Our loftiest powers we here employ,  
Our noblest passions blend ;  
Our kindled souls the feast enjoy ;  
Our thoughts the feast commend.

Lo ! Faith and Reason meet and kiss  
At Memory's blessed board :  
How blest their sway ! how full our bliss !  
How mind and heart accord !

The signs, how simple and how sweet !  
Their lore how plain, how full !  
What lively help, what service meet  
The senses lend the soul !

How sweetly doth this broken bread,  
This wine outpoured forth tell  
That body broken, that blood shed,  
That love unspeakable !

And as Thy guests hereof partake,  
What cheer their spirits prove !  
How rich a banquet Faith doth make !  
How full a feast hath Love !

They may not life on souls confer,  
This unchanged wine and bread ;  
The love they speak, the thought they stir  
Whereby our souls are fed.

No prostrate minds are hither brought ;  
No prostrate forms we lend :  
The fulness of uplifted thought,  
Of deepened love we blend.

The signs, the substance we discern,  
And learn their heavenly lore :  
As Memory bids, we sweetly yearn ;  
As Hope, we strongly soar.

1890-3.

LXX.

*THE SERVICE OF MEMORY.*

*"Do this in remembrance of Me."*

MINE own Redeemer ! dost Thou ask  
This heart to dwell on Thee ?  
Hast Thou bequeathed a gracious task  
To this glad memory ?

Wouldst Thou Thy preciousness commend  
Unto this dwelling-place,  
And with its various treasures blend  
The treasure of Thy grace ?

Yes, Saviour, in its deepest deep  
Thou shalt be sweetly stored ;  
Its noblest mansion will I keep  
To entertain my Lord.

*The Golden Chain*

I eat the bread, I drink the wine ;  
My heart is full of Thee ;  
Joyful I keep Thy feast divine,  
The feast of Memory.

But not alone on Thy sweet day,  
Or round Thy blessed board,  
Doth Memory her glad service pay,  
And linger o'er her Lord.

Each day she welcomes her high Guest,  
Each day on Thee attends ;  
Her lowliest task, her loftiest quest  
With thoughts of Thee she blends.

She gathers all her shining stores  
To lay them at Thy feet ;  
And as the ages she explores  
She still her Lord doth greet.

How dutiful this ministrant !  
How sweet her service here !  
But there her help I shall not want  
To bring the Saviour near.

Will not the glory of Thy face  
Mine endless banquet be,  
And blissful vision take the place  
Of happy Memory ?

LXXI.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

*"The First Born among many brethren."*

O THOU, the Father's only Son,  
Art Thou indeed the First Born too?  
Thou partner of the eternal throne,  
Hast Thou with earthly ties to do?

Dost Thou, bright Lord of angels bright,  
Count up Thy spreading kindred here?  
Celestial King! dost Thou delight  
Here in Thy many brethren dear?

Yes, Lord, our brother sure Thou art,  
We know Thee of our very kin;  
We know Thee by that wounded heart,  
That robe of flesh, that load of sin.

And dost Thou not Thy brethren know  
By each dear gift and grace of Thine?  
Thine image dost Thou not bestow,  
That peace past thought, that love divine?

Are we such brethren, First Born Son?  
May we be sharers, Lord, with Thee?  
O! then Thy Father is our own;  
The Father loveth us in Thee.

Thy robes we wear, Thy rights we claim,  
We walk Thy ways, we share Thy grace:  
We name the Elder Brother's name  
And feel the Father's dear embrace.

Thy brethren meet with cares and woes,  
 Yet in the First Born still are blest :  
 We faint, our weakness to repose  
 Upon the Elder Brother's breast.

Oft, oft the younger brethren stray :  
 But not in vain the First Born pleads :  
 Again we walk the heavenly way  
 And follow where the First Born leads.

Too brightly shine those angels bright ?  
 Ah ! strangely fair those heavenly bowers ?  
 Eternal Father ! beams Thy light  
 Too glorious for these eyes of ours ?

The Elder Brother meets us there ;  
 We needs must feel at home with Him ;  
 At home amidst the Mansions Fair,  
 At home amidst the Seraphim !

Akin to Him, presented thus,  
 We needs must dear and welcome be :  
 O Father ! Thou wilt smile on us,  
 The First Born bringeth us to Thee.

1867.

## LXXII.

*THE ONLY MEDIATOR.*

*"There is one Mediator between God and man, the man  
 Christ Jesus."*

OFFERER of the one oblation,  
 Who alone the work hast wrought !  
 Bringer of the great salvation,  
 Who alone the joy hast brought !

Sinless Saviour ! only to Thee  
May the sinful soul repair ;  
Priest Eternal ! only through Thee  
May ascend the sinner's prayer.

Yet will men Thy glory darken ;  
Yet will men Thy comfort leave,  
Unto lying prophets hearken,  
Unto helpless helpers cleave ;  
In Thy spoils array transgressors,  
Sinful saviours join with Thee,  
And for powerless intercessors  
Claim Thy might and majesty.

For no sinning saints we leave Thee,  
Lift no virgin to Thy throne !  
Only Saviour ! we receive Thee  
For our all as for our own :  
We rejoice in Thy completeness ;  
We Thy finished work proclaim,  
And uplift alone the sweetness  
Of that only Saving Name.

Thou alone our souls contentest,  
Who alone didst bear our sin,  
Who alone our prayers presentest,  
Who alone our Heaven dost win ;  
There we share the angels' duty,  
There the Father's smile partake,  
Radiant only in Thy beauty,  
Welcome only for Thy sake.

## LXXIII.

*THE ONLY PRIEST.*

*"We have a great High Priest who has passed into the  
Heavens, Jesus the Son of God."*

BRIGHT the eye of Israel beamèd  
When her Priest atonement made,  
When the gorgeous vesture gleamèd,  
When the solemn prayer was prayed :  
Rapt her waiting  
While within the veil he stayed.

For a while the joy might tarry ;  
For an hour the glory shone ;  
From the earthly sanctuary  
Soon the mortal priest was gone :  
Weak the blessing  
By the sinful weakling won.

O our ransom's rich completeness  
By the sinless Saviour wrought !  
O our joy's abiding sweetness  
By the Heavenly Lover brought !  
O the glory  
Of our Priest who dieth not !

Still He dwelleth, bright He beameth  
In the inmost realm above ;  
Yet through all the glory streameth  
Down the fulness of His love ;  
From His Father,  
From His folk He will not move.



Everywhere we greet the splendour  
Of our endless Priest Divine ;  
Meetly, Lord, our gifts we render  
Sprinkled with that blood of Thine ;  
In Thy raiment,  
In those strange white robes we shine.

Have Thy lovers earthward yearnèd ?  
Still the Heavenly Lover pleads ;  
Have we from Thy warfare turnèd ?  
Still the Saviour intercedes :  
Wax we weary ?  
Still our own Forerunner leads.

O our sole Redeemer ever !  
O our only, only Priest !  
Son of God ! be parted never  
From Thy lowliest and Thy least !  
Ours Thy glory—  
Ours the fulness of Thy feast.

1855.

## LXXIV.

*THE FORERUNNER.*

HOW closely do Thy people cling,  
Thou only Priest, to Thee !  
Beside the glory of their King  
How mean earth's majesty !

Sweet Saviour, how the balm they bless  
Wherewith Thy cross is rife,  
And yearn less faintly to express  
Their great Exemplar's life !

Amidst the conflict they rejoice  
Their Captain's eye to meet ;  
They gather from their Teacher's voice  
All lore sublime and sweet.

But not less dear, not less divine  
Their great Forerunner Thou :  
Along the road Thy footsteps shine  
Whereon they travel now.

Where'er they tread, where'er they climb,  
Still hast Thou gone before :  
In darksome deeps, on heights sublime  
Thy pathway they explore.

Hath not the way with Thee been sweet ?  
What bliss the goal to share,  
To pass within the veil and meet  
Their own Forerunner there !

But not *before* Thy folk alone  
Hast Thou gone up on high ;  
*For* them the Lord hath upward gone  
For whom He came to die.

For them the great Forerunner waits,  
For them a home doth win :  
He openeth wide the pearly gates ;  
He lets His pilgrims in.

Their own Forerunner's smile they share,  
Their own Forerunner's bliss :  
Thrice-blessed souls for ever there  
Where their Forerunner is !

Lord ! shall we thus thrice blessed be,  
For ever Thine as now ?  
Thy lowly after-comers we,  
Our own Forerunner Thou.

1893.

LXXV.

UNITY NOT UNIFORMITY.

*"There shall be one flock, one Shepherd," perverted after  
the Vulgate in most English versions into "one fold."*

O ! NEVER from that Voice Divine  
Did sweeter utterance break ;  
Yet, Lord, a word that was not Thine  
Its sweetness doth unmake.

The Shepherd yearned not for one fold ;  
Not of one fold He spoke :  
One flock the Shepherd would behold,  
His lips foretold one flock.

Yet men have set His word at nought,  
The Shepherd have gainsaid.  
Pontiffs and priests one fold have taught,  
One strict enclosure made ;

The sheep have smitten who forbore  
Therein to be enrolled ;  
Have dealt the flock oppression sore  
In honour of the fold.

No rigid rites, no creed exact  
May the one flock combine ;  
No hedge its pasture may contract,  
No pales its range confine.

Where'er the Shepherd's name is sweet,  
Where'er He guards and guides,  
Where'er glad souls His bidding greet,  
There, there the flock abides.

To sheep within one fold enclosed  
He bounds not His delight ;  
One flock, of many folds composed,  
One Shepherd doth unite.

May we among Thy sheep be told  
Whatever name we bear :  
Lord, grant us grace, whate'er our fold,  
With Thy one flock to share.

1886.

## LXXVI.

*TRUE, LIVING UNITY.*

THOU dost not, Lord, Thy folk forsake ;  
The flock is one in Thee :  
From the one Shepherd it doth take  
Its blessed unity.

To many folds belong Thy sheep,  
On many pastures grow ;  
One Shepherd still the flock doth keep,  
Doth oneness still bestow.

They browse on rugged mountains bare,  
In meadows fair they feed ;  
One Shepherd watcheth everywhere,  
One flock doth tend and lead.

In many far-off lands they dwell,  
They come of many a stock ;  
One Shepherd knows them all full well,  
In Him they make one flock.

In vain do centuries divide,  
In vain do ages run ;  
Still, still the Shepherd doth abide,  
Still, still the flock is one.

In vain discordant fashions part,  
In vain are varying rites ;  
His sheep all share the Shepherd's heart,  
One Shepherd still unites.

In various worship they rejoice,  
Diverging ways approve ;  
Yet sweet to all one Shepherd's voice,  
Yet all one Shepherd love.

His sweetness doth their hearts entwine,  
His love their wonder wake ;  
His glory doth their joy combine,  
In Him one flock they make.

Yes, here where rents and barriers teem,  
Where souls each other shun,  
Yes, here the Shepherd is supreme ;  
Yes, here the flock is one.

## LXXVII.

*VISIBLE, ETERNAL UNITY.*

THE barriers will not always stay,  
The rents will all be gone ;  
The many folds will pass away,  
The flock be seen as one.

To the Good Shepherd's fold above  
The sheep will all repair ;  
His beams of grace, their looks of love  
The oneness will declare.

Souls sundered here with sweet surprise  
Their kinship will discern,  
The fair, full flock will recognise,  
The Shepherd's love will learn.

That love will every tongue forth tell,  
Will every act repeat,  
The oneness will be visible,  
Eternal and complete.

One flock, for ever one, behold,  
Beneath one Shepherd's eye,  
Gathered at last into one fold,  
The unbounded realm on high.

1886.

## LXXVIII.

*"The Name above every name."*

WITH what delight we name the name  
Of some heroic soul !  
We glow as the deep voice of Fame  
Its glory forth doth roll.

We store the worth whereof it tells,  
The wealth wherewith it teems ;  
We bless the might therein that dwells,  
The light therefrom that beams.

But O ! " the glories that compose " <sup>1</sup>  
The Name above all names !  
The unbounded rapture it bestows,  
The unbounded sway it claims !

It rings in the sad sinner's ear  
The joy of pardoned sin :  
Aspiring saints its summons hear,  
And heights more heavenly win.

At that dread sound the oppressor quakes,  
And sets his bondman free ;  
At that sweet sound the slave awakes  
To life and liberty.

'Tis thundered forth : earth's pillars bow,  
Wide-ruling monarchs bend.  
'Tis whispered : stricken mourners glow  
And lowly souls ascend.

It runs, it rings the ages through ;  
It towers across Time's track ;  
The years before look on thereto ;  
The after-years look back.

<sup>1</sup> "The glories that compose Thy Name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest."

It helps the meek who suffer wrong  
More patiently to bear ;  
It quickens valiant souls and strong  
More mightily to dare.

From closing lips it falters forth  
Ere spirits heavenward fly ;  
It stirs their last faint breath on earth,  
Their first glad song on high.

O Name all other names above !  
So wondrous, high, and sweet,  
That seals the lips of Awe, that Love  
For ever would repeat !

Yes, Love its boundless joy proclaims,  
Its endless strain prolongs,  
Rings forth the Name above all names  
In song above all songs.

1889.

## LXXIX.

*" Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine enemies  
Thy footstool."*

THOU tarriest with the Father,  
Dear Son of His delight,  
Till all the spoils Thou gather  
Of Thy well-foughten fight ;  
Thou stayest in His glory  
Till all Thy foes lie low,  
And angels sing the story  
Of their full overthrow.



Ah ! foemen still deny Thee,  
Still Thy dear truth gainsay ;  
Ah ! rebels still defy Thee,  
Still spurn Thy blessed sway.  
Yet shall the last, the greatest,  
Be brought beneath Thy yoke ;  
The while Thou yonder waitest  
And watchest o'er Thy folk.

Thou pleadest, Priest Eternal,  
Thou pleadest for Thine own ;  
They bless the grace supernal  
That streameth from Thy throne.  
They wait Thy sure returning,  
They wait Thy glorious hour,  
Their eyes, their hearts are yearning  
To greet Thy day of power.

It breaketh, lo, it breaketh,  
That wondrous Day Divine !  
Thy wrath its fulness taketh,  
Thy love its best doth shine.  
Thy foes, they lie beneath Thee,  
Sore smitten, broken quite :  
Thy people, they are with Thee,  
All glorious in Thy light.

O call us to that muster !  
O bring us in Thy train !  
Shed down on us Thy lustre !  
Partake with us Thy reign !  
While Thou dost yonder tarry,  
Lord, keep us faithful still !  
And when Thou com'st in glory,  
Our joy in Thine fulfil !

## LXXX.

*"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."*

JESU S, holiest, tenderest, dearest,  
Loveliest, lowliest, most sublime !  
Glorious King of kings, yet nearest  
To Thy people through all time,  
Still abiding  
Mighty in each age, each clime !

Change, so potent through the ages,  
Hath put forth no power on Thee ;  
Sages have supplanted sages,  
Thrones have been and ceased to be :  
Still Thou teachest ;  
Still abides Thy sovereignty.

Lying lore Thy word hath veilèd,  
Groveling gloom Thy truth obscured :  
Still Thy presence hath been hailèd,  
Still Thy sweet self hast endured :  
Souls have thriven,  
Of their Jesu's smile assured.

Grievous sin Thy Church hath stainèd,  
Deadly wrong have pontiffs wrought,  
In Thy name have foully reignèd,  
'Gainst Thy flock have fiercely fought :  
Priests and princes  
Fraud and force have sparèd not.

Yet nor fraud nor force prevailèd  
Thee from longing souls to hide ;  
Jesus still the martyr hailèd ;  
Still on Thee the saint relied :  
    "Come, Lord Jesus !"  
Still the yearning bondman cried.

As the heavy yoke grew lighter,  
As the direful gloom decreased,  
That Bright Presence grew yet brighter,  
Full shone forth that only Priest :  
    To Lord Jesus  
Faster clung His folk released.

Ages pass ; but Thou maintainest  
Thy sweet sway, Lord Jesus, now :  
Freedom grows ; but still Thou reignest :  
Light spreads round ; still shinest Thou.  
    Souls most lofty  
To Thy gracious sceptre bow.

Never was our Helper nearer  
In the strife with sin and wrong ;  
Never was our Brother dearer,  
Never was our King more strong ;  
    Never held'st Thou  
Fuller sway o'er Life and Song.

Thine effulgence nought will smother ;  
Never will Thy might subside :  
Teacher, Helper, Lover, Brother,  
Saviour, Sovereign, Guardian, Guide,  
    Through the ages  
Still the same wilt Thou abide ;—

Still the same—but more victorious,  
 With a wider, deeper sway ;  
 Lord than yesterday more glorious,  
 King more mighty than to-day :  
     Thus for ever !  
 More our life, our strength, our stay !

1891.

LXXXI.

*THE CHURCH AND HER CHARGE.*

WONDERS, Lord, Thy Church victorious  
 Wrought in her celestial prime ;  
 Her unworldly youth how glorious !  
 Her young pureness how sublime !  
     Greatly humble,  
 Richly poor her golden time.

Bootlessly man's might was wielded  
 'Gainst that weakness, Lord, of Thine ;  
 How the world's vain wisdom yielded  
 To that foolishness divine !  
     How the Saviour  
 Did each crownèd king outshine !

In the world she walked unheeded,  
 On the world divinely wrought ;  
 Priests she lacked nor princes needed ;  
 To its sores Heaven's balm she brought :  
     Of its splendour,  
 Of its power she askèd nought.

Yet at length that splendour took her,  
Yet at length that power prevailed :  
Ah ! that early love forsook her ;  
Ah ! that early pureness failed :  
How she dwindled !  
How the Heaven-born brightness paled !

Now the hands of kings she clasped,  
In their courts made glad abode ;  
Now their crowns and sceptres grasped,  
On their necks disdainful trod :  
Crouching, craving,  
Now she kissed, now dealt the rod.

Fainter grew the war with evil ;  
Baser strife allured her more ;  
Set to vanquish world and devil,  
Other spoils she won and wore :  
Ah ! no longer  
An unstained conqueror !

Church of God, win back thy glory !  
All thine early might resume !  
With fresh wonders throng thy story,  
In thine early beauty bloom !  
All the brightness  
Of thy Heaven-born light relume !

In the world put forth thy splendour ;  
From the world withhold thy heart !  
To its lures no homage render,  
To its sores Heaven's balm impart :  
Touch its evil  
With thy Lord's own holy art !

Soaring on the Spirit's pinion,  
 Rid of each debasing chain,  
 Dwell beneath His sole dominion !  
 All the Saviour entertain !  
     Thine His wholeness,  
 Thine the fulness of His reign !

1889.

LXXXII.

*CHRISTENDOM.*

LONG, long have men lip-homage spent,  
 Lord Jesus, upon Thee ;  
 Long hath the world eye-service lent  
 Unto Thy majesty.

Monarchs with awe Thy name have named ;  
 Thrones have adored Thy throne ;  
 Time Thy dominion hath proclaimed  
 And called his years Thine own.

On crown and sword hath gleamed Thy cross,  
 On bark and battlement ;  
 To temples grand and gorgeous  
 Thy cross its shape hath lent.

Pontiffs, pretending rights from Thee,  
 Have reigned in lordly Rome :  
 Full many a realm and empery  
 Are callèd Christendom.

But ah, dear Lord, with what faint might  
 Hath Thy true kingdom come !  
 The sound how loud, the sway how slight  
 Of Christ in Christendom !

Its endless warfare, how dost Thou,  
The Prince of Peace, reprove !  
How grasping pontiffs disavow  
Thy self-renouncing love !

Its blood-stained annals, how they mock  
The book that tells of Thee !  
Its throned oppressors, how they shock  
Thy tender majesty !

Its conquerors, how they set at nought  
The King who won by loss !  
What shame have fierce Crusaders brought  
Upon Thy blessed cross !

How ill hath persecuting pride  
Thy gracious steps pursued !  
How oft have ruthless priests belied  
Each sweet beatitude !

Ah, Holy One ! is this Thy reign,  
Is this Thy realm, Thy home ?  
Lord Christ ! is this Thine own domain,  
This fierce, false Christendom ?

But still Thou hast a people true,  
A realm Thou canst not lose :  
In them, through them Thy work pursue ;  
Thy gracious self diffuse !

This fierce, false Christendom unmake—  
Its pride, its wrath o'ercome !  
To Thy blest self the kingdom take  
And make true Christendom !

## LXXXIII.

*"Surely, I come quickly. Amen, even so; come, Lord Jesus."*

SAVIOUR, in grace complete,  
Whose promises endure;  
Whose every word is sweet,  
Whose every word is sure;  
Thy saints rejoice  
In each sure word;  
They love the voice  
Of their dear Lord.

But, say! what word of Thine  
Doth their best gladness wake?  
When doth Thy Voice Divine  
Their ear most sweetly take?  
What promise blest  
Of all the train,  
In each glad breast  
Doth sovereign reign?

Saith not their Saviour dear,  
"Surely I quickly come"?  
Thou wilt not leave them here!  
Thou soon wilt fetch them home!  
This promise, Lord,  
Doth sound most sweet;  
This thrice-blest word  
They gladliest greet.

Their joy will not be dumb;  
Their love must needs reply;  
"Even so, Lord Jesus, come!  
"Amen! Amen!" they cry.



How full of cheer  
Such news of 'Thee !  
They love to hear ;  
They long to see.

This promise first he heard,  
This answer first he made  
Who on Thy bosom, Lord,  
His loving head once laid.<sup>1</sup>  
This promise sweet  
Thy Church receives ;  
This answer meet  
Thy Church still gives.

"Surely," our Master saith,  
"I come nor will be slow ;"  
Alas our faltering faith,  
Our love that burns so low !  
For us doth ring  
That Voice Divine ;  
The coming King  
On us may shine !

Our faith would hear and watch,  
Our love would long and burn ;  
Our lips the glow would catch  
And answer glad return ;  
"Amen, Amen !  
"Lord Jesus, come !  
"Appear again  
"And take us home."

1864.

<sup>1</sup> "Happy are we that eat this bread,  
But doubly blest was he  
That gently bowed his loving head  
And leaned it, Lord, on Thee."

## LXXXIV.

*THE FIFTH MONARCHY.*

*"Come, Lord Jesus."*

SAVIOUR ! what a glorious yearning  
Filled Thy mighty men of old !  
How they watched for Thy returning !  
Fain would they Thy face behold.  
Ceaselessly their prayers required Thee  
From the sweet celestial home :  
With desire their hearts desired Thee !  
Still they cried, " Lord Jesus, come ! "

Thrones and sceptres how they spurnèd ;  
They would have no King but Thee ;  
Shall we mock them that they yearnèd  
For no meaner royalty ?  
Idly were their souls dilated  
By a longing so sublime ?  
Was it folly that they waited  
For their Lord before His time ?

O that our dull souls were burning  
With this holy, heavenly fire !  
O that so divine a yearning  
Swallowed up each low desire !  
With this blessed consolation  
Sweeten, Lord, our pains and tears ;  
With this mighty expectation  
Glorify our mortal years !

Lovers of the Lord's appearing,  
 Watchers for His face to shine,  
 We would tarry still in hearing  
 Of His blessed voice divine.  
 Lord ! to us Thou speakest sweetly,  
 " I will come and not be slow !"  
 Give us grace to answer meetly,  
 " Come, Lord Jesus, even so !"

1851-68.

LXXXV.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

*"The kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdoms  
 of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for  
 ever and ever."*

GRIEVES it, Lord, Thy longing lovers  
 O'er this smitten Earth to gaze ?  
 Mourn they at the cloud that covers  
 Nations from Thy Truth's glad rays ?  
 Do they loathe the baleful lustre  
 Of each proud unholy throne ?  
 Wax they faint before the muster  
 Of the Tyrants set thereon ?

Mourn they that Thine Earth still keepeth  
 Her old portion, blood and tears—  
 That the sword to fight still leapeth,—  
 That the slave his chain still wears ?  
 Comfort have they ceased to carry  
 From each prophet's cheerful song ?  
 Do they cry, of waiting weary,  
 " Lord, our God ! how long ? how long ?"

Deafened ears ! the Lord hath spoken !  
Faithless hearts ! His Christ shall reign !  
May the Eternal Word be broken ?  
Sounds one promise sweet in vain ?  
Gladness with Thy mourners dwelleth  
At each gracious word divine ;  
From the deeps their triumph swelleth ;  
In the dust their faces shine.

Not in vain the intercession  
That Thy seeking servants pour !  
Not for ever the oppression  
That Thine Earth doth vex so sore !  
One mild monarchy victorious  
Shall o'erthrow each guilty throne ;  
Thy dear Christ, divinely glorious,  
O'er the Earth shall reign alone.

To our tender Intercessor  
Yields each ruthless Cæsar place ;  
On the throne of the oppressor  
Sits and smiles our King of Grace.  
Wasted realm and withered region  
Have become Emmanuel's land ;  
Saintly troop and angel-legion  
Have replaced the blood-stained band.

Never shall His throne be shaken ;  
Never shall His kingdom move ;  
Never shall the Lord be taken  
From the people of His love.  
O that sweet unending story !  
O that song that ne'er doth cease !  
Ever shines our King of Glory ;  
Ever reigns our Prince of Peace.

LXXXVI.

*"King of kings and Lord of lords."*

EARTHLY lords so brief in sway,  
Earthly kings so stained with sin,  
Not on you our help we lay,  
Not our hearts, our knees ye win ;  
Lord of lords ! Thy sway we own ;  
King of kings, we bless Thy throne.

Who this King all kings above ?  
Who this Lord to whom we bow ?  
Sovereign of the realm of Love,  
Sinless Sufferer, 'tis Thou ;  
King of kings Thou dost abide,  
Lord of lords, the Crucified.

Kings whom widest sway upstays,  
Lords whom richest pomp enshrines !  
You this Stricken One outsways,  
You this Shamèd One outshines ;  
Yours His wondrous name outrings,  
Lord of lords and King of kings.

Jesus ! through that cross of Thine,  
Thou the kingdom dost possess,  
Only King by right divine,  
Right divine of holiness !  
King of kings by Love enthroned,  
Lord of lords by freemen owned.

Potentates Thy faith profess,  
 Pontiffs take Thy name in vain :  
 There where reigneth righteousness,  
 Only there doth Jesus reign.  
 Right Thy ways, Thy works, Thy words,  
 King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thy mild yoke Thy people love,  
 Welcome Thine unbounded sway ;  
 Thee, the Righteous King, approve ;  
 Thee, the Gracious Lord, obey :  
 With Thy will their will accords,  
 King of kings and Lord of lords.

In Thine own Thou reignest now ;  
 But it comes, the Day Divine,  
 When the vanquished world will bow,  
 When all sway will yield to Thine ;  
 Thine all creatures, Thine all things,  
 Lord of lords and King of kings.

1891.

LXXXVII.

*CHRIST OUR CÆSAR.*

*“ Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and  
 unto God the things that are God’s.”*

LORD ! Thy gracious voice hath spoken,  
 Lord ! Thy faithful ones obey ;  
 Not by us be rudely broken  
 Christ’s command or Cæsar’s sway !

God too greatly cannot task us—  
 Tribute glad we bring the Lord ;  
 Service slight must Cæsar ask us—  
 Tribute small can we afford.

Yet each holier soul desireth  
 Nobler Cæsars to appear :  
 Each diviner hour requireth  
 Powers and thrones more glorious here—  
 All our tribute, all our treasure  
 We would spend where we can love ;  
 Jesus ! come and be our Cæsar !  
 Sovereign here as Lord above.

Low before Thy kingdom's splendour  
 Make the world's poor kingdoms bow !  
 Lord ! to Thee our all we render—  
 Thou our gracious Cæsar, Thou !  
 Thy mild monarchy victorious  
 Half Thy word shall needless make.  
 Our least service shall be glorious—  
 All our tribute God shall take.

1850.

LXXXVIII.

THE GLORY OF THE LATTER DAYS.

*"The power of Thy grace is not passed away with the  
 primitive times as fond and faithless men imagine,  
 but Thy kingdom is now at hand and Thou standing  
 at the door."*

MILTON.

OUR God ! our God ! Thou shinest here,  
 Thine own this latter day :  
 To us Thy radiant steps appear :  
 We watch Thy glorious way.

Thou tookest once our flesh ; Thy face  
Once on our darkness shone ;  
Yet through each age New Births of Grace  
Still make Thy glory known.

Not only olden ages felt  
The presence of the Lord ;  
Not only with the fathers dwelt  
Thy Spirit and Thy Word.

Doth not the Spirit still descend  
And bring the heavenly fire ?  
Doth not He still Thy Church extend  
And waiting souls inspire ?

Come, Holy Ghost ! in us arise ;  
Be this Thy mighty hour !  
And make Thy willing people wise  
To know Thy day of power !

Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,  
Thy might in us to dwell ;  
Again Thy works of wonder show,  
Thy blessed secrets tell !

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong  
On Thy celestial wing,  
And grant us grace to look and long  
For our returning King.

He draweth near, He standeth by,  
He fills our eyes, our ears ;  
Come, King of Grace, Thy people cry,  
And bring the glorious years !



LXXXIX.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

*“Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forward to those things which are before.”*

EVERLASTING! Changing never!

Of one strength, no more, no less!

Thine Almightyness for ever,

All the same Thy holiness!

In all fulness

Thou all glory dost possess.

But we weaklings, but we sinners

Would not in our weakness stay:

Of more glory make us winners;

Lead us on along Thy way

Ever nearer

To Thy pure and perfect day!

May we not draw forth new treasure

From the Saviour's boundless store?

Spirit! takest Thou not pleasure

On each age Thy breath to pour?

Sweet and mighty

Com'st Thou not as heretofore?

By Thine earliest, by Thy latest,

By Thy saints and martyrs all,

By Thy sweetest, by Thy greatest,

By Thy John and by Thy Paul,

By Thy sages,

By Thy souls heroical!

By their holy, high achieving,  
By their visions more divine,  
By each gift of our receiving  
From those mighty ones of Thine,  
By Thy radiance  
That through them on us doth shine !

By Thy truth, how faintly spoken !  
By Thy will, how slackly done !  
By each idol still unbroken,  
By each spirit still unwon ;  
Hear us ! hear us !  
Our Almighty, help us on !

Give Thy people to inherit  
Births of Grace with Thee upstored,  
Fuller breathings of Thy Spirit,  
Fuller openings of Thy Word !  
Make us meeter  
To embrace our coming Lord !

Make our own a nobler story  
Than was ever writ before !  
Stay not then ! show forth Thy glory  
In our aftercomers more !  
Everlasting !  
Fuller grace incessant pour !

XC.

ENGLAND'S HYMN.

*"He hath not dealt so with any nation. Praise ye the  
Lord."*

LIFT thy song among the nations,  
England of the Lord beloved !  
Sing the grace for generations  
That hath kept thy lamp unmoved ;  
Sing how vainly hosts assembled  
'Gainst the isle of His delight ;  
Sing how tyrants turned and trembled  
When His arm upheld thy right !

Sing how He the Lord hath brought thee  
Onward still from height to height,  
How the Heavenly Lustre sought thee  
Ere it made the world more bright.  
Let the freedom long-descended  
Gloriously uplift thy voice !  
In the Good Old Cause defended  
By thy men of might rejoice !

Sing how He His England crownèd  
When He loosed the yoke of Rome ;  
Sing how He His truth enthronèd  
In this consecrated home ;  
How He trusts thee with the treasure  
Of His Word to send it forth ;  
Mightily fulfil His pleasure ;  
Send His Word o'er all the earth !

Sing how gleamed His sword victorious  
 In the hands of heroes thine !  
 How His fire more sweetly glorious  
 Streamèd from thy souls divine !  
 Let no marvel of thy story  
 Lose its place amidst the praise !  
 Praise Him for thine olden glory !  
 Praise Him for these latter days !

Sing how freedom's fire abideth  
 Where it first did burn and shine ;  
 How for thee the Lord provideth  
 Boundless realms and tasks divine !  
 Costly gifts of old thou broughtest ;  
 Holy songs thou once didst bring ;  
 Seek the Lord as once thou soughtest ;  
 Mighty serve and mighty sing !

1843.

XCI.

*HYMN OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.*

TO Heaven each nation lendeth  
 The service of its tongue ;  
 The voice of each ascendeth  
 To God in prayer and song :  
 Themes sacred and supernal  
 Each tongue's full strength require ;  
 Things high, divine, eternal  
 Its loftiest strains inspire.

But say, what speech so swayeth,  
 So far and wide doth reach,  
 Such lore divine conveyeth,  
 As our own English speech ?

What tongue so meetly telleth  
Of God's high works and ways,  
So sweetly, grandly swelleth  
Into true prayer and praise.

Through farthest West it ringeth ;  
In farthest East it reigns ;  
To Northern climes it clingeth ;  
It fills Australian plains.  
The Pilgrim Fathers spake it ;  
Their children spread it forth ;  
Still Christian freemen take it  
From end to end of earth.

What speech such help hath yielded  
To Freedom and to Truth—  
The speech that Wycliffe wielded  
In its aspiring youth ?  
What tongue to this high duty  
So gloriously hath clung ?—  
Of Heavenly Love and Beauty  
Wherein our Spenser sung—

Wherewith his works of glory  
Our mighty Milton wrought,  
Rang forth Redemption's story,  
Fair Freedom's battle fought ;—  
Whereon to heights supernal  
That soul sublimest soared ;  
Wherein those strains eternal  
That sovran bard outpoured ?

And lesser sacred singers  
Have wielded well our tongue ;  
To countless souls joy-bringers,  
Have Watts and Wesley sung.

And still the tide on floweth,  
 The stream divine doth swell ;  
 This English tongue still knoweth  
 And doth its duty well.

O mighty tongue, excelling  
 All tongues in width of sway,  
 Still of high things be telling !  
 Still tasks divine essay !  
 Still be Thy strength transcendent  
 To Truth and Freedom given !  
 Still may Thy light resplendent  
 Reflect the light of Heaven !

1894.

XCII.

*THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.*

OUR fathers—how divinely they discernèd,  
 How variously pursued the work of God !  
 For His full presence in their souls they yearnèd ;  
 They watched His steps, they owned His might abroad.

Within, without His work divine they hailèd,  
 Within, without His glory they pursued,  
 His might was manifest, His arm prevailèd  
 In realms reformèd, as in souls renewed.

They sought, they served Him in each high endeavour  
 For larger liberty, more righteous laws ;  
 They saw His work of yore advancing ever ;  
 They strove, they triumphed for the Good Old Cause.

With earnest, painful striving they contended,  
To shape man's statutes after God's decrees ;  
Heaven's law, earth's freedom in one quest they blended,  
They linked the Gracchi with the Maccabees.

Amidst the stir and strife, Most High, they sought Thee,  
Through cloud and storm they saw Thy glory shine ;  
What potent prayers, what mighty deeds they brought  
Thee !  
How grandly swelled Thy Milton's voice divine !

That Good Old Cause to us they have bequeathèd,  
That heritage on us Thou hast bestowed :  
But, Great Renewer, hast Thou on us breathèd  
The mighty fire wherewith our fathers glowed ?

Impart their soul as we their tasks inherit !  
Bestow the twofold fervour of their zeal !  
Give us to hold Thee in our inmost spirit,  
To spread Thy glory in the commonweal—

With either foe to wage a warfare glorious—  
'Gainst soul-defiling Sin to win the fight,  
Against world-wasting Wrong to strive victorious ;  
To hail Thy sway in far-extended Right !

From evil rule within, without release us,  
Unfold Thy glory in our lives, our laws !  
Freemen of England and the Lord Christ Jesus,  
We serve, we sing the glorious Good Old Cause.  
1890.

## XCIII.

*THE GOOD OLD CAUSE IN AFFLICTION.*

*"Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?"*

(Drawn forth by the fall of Hungary and Rome in 1849.)

HOW bitter, Lord, these tears I shed !  
How faint this heart of mine !  
I weep o'er glorious visions fled,  
O'er vanished hopes divine.

I weep o'er wounded Truth and Right,  
O'er saints and heroes slain :  
I mourn that Wrong has won the fight,  
That tyrants rage and reign.

How long shall Truth and Right lie low ?  
How long, O Lord, how long  
Shall Thy Good Cause sore smitten bow,  
And Thine own foes be strong ?

How long shall we with ceaseless cries  
Thy coming vainly pray,  
And vainly wait with longing eyes  
Thy bright, redeeming day ?

Lord ! wilt Thou from Thy seekers hide ?  
Wilt Thou Thy Cause forsake,  
Nor mighty with Thy host abide,  
Nor glad Thy mourners make ?



Our hearts may faint ; our eyes may stream :  
But, Lord, we trust Thee still :  
We know Thy cause Thou wilt redeem,  
Thy work Thou wilt fulfil.

Not vainly saints and heroes die ;  
Their blood Thou holdest dear ;  
Yet shall they win the victory,  
And Thou the glory wear.

1849.

XCIV.

*THE GOOD OLD CAUSE TRIUMPHANT.*

(Drawn forth by the restoration of Hungarian freedom, the accomplishment of Italian unity, the extinction of American slavery.)

OUR fainting souls revive,  
Our hopes their bloom regain ;  
The Good Old Cause doth thrive :  
The righteous Lord doth reign.  
The teeming years  
New births have brought ;  
Redress is wrought,  
Light re-appears.

Dethronèd despots lurk ;  
Enfranchised nations rise.  
The world-reforming work  
Makes glad our longing eyes.  
With heightened trust  
And joy we see  
The soul more free,  
The law more just.

More fast doth Freedom hold  
Her ancient English home ;  
Here where she smiled of old  
Her smiles more bright become.  
Abroad begins  
Her blessed reign ;  
A fair domain  
Abroad she wins.

The bondmen of the West  
No longer wear their chains ;  
With Freedom's fulness blest  
The great Republic reigns.  
All hail, all hail,  
Ye Pilgrim Sires !  
Your soul inspires,  
Your sons prevail.

Lo ! Italy is one ;  
Lo ! Italy is free :  
Nor doth the realm alone  
Rejoice in liberty ;  
The Mind may soar,  
The Soul may sing ;  
The Pontiff king  
He reigns no more.

Thou reignest, righteous Lord ;  
Thy fuller sway we greet  
In justice more assured,  
In freedom more complete.  
When Wrong is quelled,  
When Right hath won,  
Thy will is done,  
Thy Throne upheld.

Work out Thy holy will,  
New songs of triumph win,  
The Good Old Cause fulfil !  
The reign of Christ bring in !  
Supreme His might,  
Our bliss complete—  
His reign how bright !  
Our song how sweet !

1892.

XCV.

*THE HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.*

*“ Lord ! Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all  
generations.”*

LORD ! Thou hast been our dwelling-place  
In every generation ;  
Thy people still have known Thy grace  
And blessed Thy consolation ;  
Through every age Thou heard'st our cry ;  
Through every age we found Thee nigh,  
Our strength and our salvation.

Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,  
And oft Thy patience provèd ;  
But still Thy faith we fast have kept,  
Thy name we still have lovèd :  
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,  
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,  
Unshaken, unremovèd.

(We kept Thy faith 'gainst kings of might  
And potentates infernal ;  
We kept Thy faith in Rome's despite  
By help of Grace Supernal.  
The foe was fierce, the woe was long ;  
But O ! our Helper was more strong,  
Our Lover was eternal.

Through woes unspeakable we went,  
But Thou didst go before us ;  
Hell all its darts against us spent,  
But Thou, our shield, wast o'er us :  
Within the sevenfold fire we stood,  
But there appeared the Son of God,  
The flame would not devour us.

Vain was the long enduring rage,  
Vain, vain the ceaseless slaughter ;  
Thine Israel lived from age to age,  
Kept by the blood that bought her :  
She could not droop, she could not die ;  
The heavenly Helper still was nigh  
And dear deliverance brought her.

Thy stricken people now have rest,  
In peace we may confess Thee ;  
Thy Word is no forbidden guest,  
In gladness we may bless Thee.  
Lord, as our fathers held Thee fast  
Through all the bitter, glorious Past,  
So may their sons possess Thee !

Love us not only for their sake  
 But get from us some glory !  
 Sublime and bright and blessèd make  
 This sweetness of our story.  
 Give us to trace with filial feet  
 Their footsteps through these valleys sweet  
 And o'er these mountains hoary.)

No, nothing from those arms of love  
 Shall Thine own people sever :  
 Our Helper never will remove,  
 Our God will fail us never.  
 Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee ;  
 Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be  
 For ever and for ever.

1864.

(This hymn as a whole belongs to the Waldenses only, among whom it was begun, but all the people of God have an interest in the first two and the last verses.)

XCVI.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

*“ Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory  
 unto their children.”*

LORD God ! one blessing ever  
 Thy faithful servants ask,  
 Thy help in each endeavour—  
 Thy presence in each task.  
 This boon our fathers askèd :  
 This boon the Pilgrims won ;  
 Divinely were they taskèd ;  
 Divinely have they done.

*The Golden Chain*

Their pathway plain Thou madest  
Across the wintry sea ;  
They came because Thou badest ;  
They came to wait on Thee,  
They came their chiefest treasure  
In freedom to possess,  
To work their Lord's dear pleasure  
Here in the wilderness.

Their tears, their toil they brought Thee,  
Thou Taskmaster Divine :  
In fear, in gloom they sought Thee ;  
Still, still Thy face did shine.  
The Great Taskmaster knew them  
The Lord of Glory smiled ;  
No meaner presence drew them :  
No earthly dream beguiled.

Not of the might they deemèd  
Their weakness forth would bring :  
No golden dream they dreamèd  
Of empire thence to spring.  
They laid their work beneath Thee :  
They knew it was divine :  
They left the glory with Thee :  
Their children see it shine.

On us doth rest the splendour,  
With us doth dwell the might :  
Our power doth tribute render  
Unto their lowly plight.  
Our strength and store we borrow  
From their heroic pains :  
Out of their godly sorrow  
We draw our glorious gains.

We who such gifts inherit,  
Shall we no gift bequeath ?  
Lord ! full on us the spirit  
Of Thy dear Pilgrims breathe !  
In us repeat their story,  
No task divine withhold ;  
And then anew the glory  
Unto our sons unfold !

1868.

XCVII.

THE THANKSGIVING SONG OF  
PROTESTANT BRITAIN.

*“ Let us all go, every true Protested Briton, throughout the  
three kingdoms, and render thanks to God the Father of  
Lights, and to His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.”*

HANOVER.

MILTON.

O’ER fulness of grace, blest Britain, rejoice !  
In fulness of heart, glad Britain, loud sing !  
Ten thousand the mercies that gladden thy voice,  
But let thy chief glory most gloriously ring.

Rejoice in the King who gave thee each gift,  
The freedom, the skill, the strength and the store ;  
But songs yet more glad to the Giver uplift  
Who gave thee His Gospel, who taught thee His lore.

He loosèd thy neck from Rome’s grievous yoke :  
Before thee her power and pride He subdued :  
Her darkness He scattered, her idols He broke,  
Thy realm He redeemèd, thy soul He renewed.

Full beamèd the Light Divine on thine eye ;  
Rang sweetly the Voice Divine in thine ear :  
Thou knewest thy time as the Quickener drew nigh,  
His breath madest welcome, His Word heldest dear.

He bade thee o'er earth His Gospel make known ;  
His fulness of grace on Britain He spent ;  
Lo ! high He enthronèd His truth on thy throne  
And with His own glory thy glory He blent.

Because of His truth He widened thy reign :  
He crownèd the isle that welcomed His Word :  
He made of far regions thy long-sweeping train  
And put in thine hand an invincible sword.

O cleave to His truth that set thee on high !  
Rejoice in His light that made thee to shine !  
Like strong-wingèd eagle, keep sunward thine eye  
And tell of His glory that mingles with thine !

Remember thy Chiefs His glory who sought,  
Remember thy Seers His bidding who spake ;  
Remember thy Heroes His battles who fought,  
Remember thy Martyrs who died for His sake !

Unlearn not the lore thy Wycliffe well learned,  
Forsake not the cause thy Milton approved ;  
Forget not the fire where thy Latimer burned,  
Nor turn from the truth that thy Cromwell so loved !

The yoke they cast off, of thee still be spurned !  
The idols they broke, of thee be abhorred !  
Still cleave where they cleavèd ! still yearn as they yearned !  
Be glad with their gladness ! be true to their Lord !



His wonders adore, thy bright Past respect !  
To praise His great name thy glory employ ;  
Rejoice, thou Belovèd ! be glad, thou Elect !  
Break forth into singing beneath the full joy !  
1868.

## XCVIII.

*THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588.*

'THE wonders of thy story,  
Blest England, heed full well ;—  
Rejoice in all thy glory—  
Of each deliverance tell !  
Now, as this year requireth,  
Let Memory gladliest glow !  
Now, as this year inspireth,  
In thankful song o'erflow !  
  
Look back with exultation !  
Sing loud with solemn cheer !  
Ring forth the great salvation—  
Ring forth the wondrous year—  
The huge Armada shivered,  
The might of Spain brought low—  
The happy isle delivered  
Three hundred years ago !  
  
Tell with what pride avancèd  
That marvel of the main—  
How Rome's fierce wrath enhancèd  
The wrathful might of Spain !  
A twofold death was meant thee ;  
A twofold force assailed :  
A twofold life was lent thee ;  
A twofold strength prevailed.

It came thy might to shatter,  
Thy freedom low to lay :  
It came thy soul to fetter,  
To quench thy Gospel-day.  
His strength King Philip strained,  
His curse Pope Sixtus blent ;  
The Lord thine arm sustained ;  
With thee His blessing went.

Sing how those English freemen  
Around their Queen fast stood,  
Sing how those English seamen  
Wrought well on their own flood !  
With what strong strokes they battered  
That monster of the main—  
How shrunken, shorn and shattered,  
The Armada longed for Spain !

Tell of those fire-ships driven  
Amidst the frightened foe !  
How flamed that midnight heaven !  
What wonder and what woe !  
How broke the huge Armada  
Beneath that fiery rain—  
How fled the foiled invader  
Along that Northern main !

Yet direr strokes appallèd  
The stricken, shuddering foe ;  
The winds, the waves were callèd  
For his full overthrow.  
It heard, that guardian Ocean ;  
They rose, those faithful seas,  
In horrible commotion  
'Gainst England's enemies.

Sing how those blasts o'erpowered them  
As from thy sword they fled !  
Sing how those waves devoured them,  
Thy helpers strong and dread !  
How well His war they wagèd,  
Those angels of the Lord—  
For what high end they ragèd,  
With what glad triumph roared !  
Be that glad roar resounded  
In thy triumphant song !  
O'er Spain and Rome confounded  
The mighty mirth prolong—  
The twofold woe averted,  
The twofold yoke repelled—  
The world-oppressor thwarted,  
The soul-enslaver quelled !  
With lowly exultation,  
With thankful awe retrace  
The width of the salvation,  
The fulness of the grace !  
Those glorious after-ages  
In all their wealth display !  
Thy heroes, poets, sages  
Set forth in bright array !—  
Thy freedom ever growing,  
Thy far-extended might,  
Thy widened soul still glowing,  
Thy Gospel-day still bright !  
These gifts, this exaltation  
Survey and then o'erflow  
With joy in that salvation  
Three hundred years ago.

XCIX.

1588 *AND* 1688.

*"I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."*

HAST Thou not oft, Most High, redeemed our nation ?  
Hast Thou not oft been gracious to our land ?  
We call to mind the years of her salvation ;  
We call to mind the years of Thy right hand :

The years when she was signally assailed,  
The years when she was wondrously redeemed ;  
Wherein Thy cause in her good cause prevailed,  
Wherein Thy glory in her glory beamed.

We see, we sing the Lord's right hand extended  
In her defence three hundred years ago,  
When Spain and Rome their might and malice blended  
Her spirit to enthrall, her realm bring low.

When on the Armada came with awe surrounded,  
In War's full pomp, in War's full terrors dressed ;  
When back the Armada reeled, by fire confounded,  
By raging winds and whelming waves oppressed.

One hundred years roll on : again awaketh  
For the dear Fatherland like peril sore :  
A tyrant on the throne her statutes breaketh ;  
A Romish thrall assails her faith once more.

Behold the Lord's right hand again extended,  
Her foes again in wondrous wise laid low,  
Her liberty advanced, her faith defended,  
Her lamp set high, two hundred years ago !

The traitor king cast forth and Rome defeated,  
As when the foreign foe was forced to flee—  
The well-combinèd victory repeated  
Of Soul and Realm, of Truth and Liberty !

But liker yet the amazing grace conferrèd  
On those two wondrous years of His right hand—  
Those years wherein our God the winds upstirrèd,  
His mighty angels, to befriend our land ;

That year when wrathful blasts the foe assailèd,  
When whelming waves against the invader fought ;  
That year when happy, speeding gales prevailèd  
And the glad land the great Deliverer brought.

Of many golden years we make glad mention ;  
The solemn centuries our awe command ;  
But most we bless the years of her ascension,  
But gladliest sing the years of His right hand.  
1888.

C.

1888.

ENGLAND, stint not thankful wonder  
At the grace this year recalls ;  
Each divine deliverance ponder—  
Keep the two great festivals !  
Thraldom Spanish, bondage Roman,  
Triumph o'er the vanquished Twain ;  
Outcast tyrant, stricken foeman,  
Let them wake a gladsome strain !

But as thou the joy renewest  
Let not only Memory glow ;  
As the glory thou reviewest  
More than mirthful cheer bestow !  
Let the spirit then upstirrèd  
Still thy thoughts, thy deeds inspire !  
Let the ascension then conferrèd  
Kindle thee to climb yet higher !

Doth not Truth upholden ask thee  
Of her fulness still to take ?  
Should not widened Freedom task thee  
Yet more wide the bliss to make ?  
Truth and Freedom, clasp them ever !  
Ne'er the blessed Twain divide !  
English freemen, dwindle never !  
Christ's own freemen still abide !

Hold each rich bequest yet dearer !  
Hand down each bequest increased !  
To your Lord of Light draw nearer !  
Thrust aside the obscuring priest !  
Lord, Thy England's stature heighten ;  
Make her inmost soul dilate !  
With a fuller daybreak brighten  
Eighteen hundred eighty-eight !

Year, a glorious Past back bringing,  
Lead a glorious Future in !  
Year, of olden deeds loud singing,  
For thyself a new song win !

Let the stream of England's glory  
Widened, deepened, onward roll !  
Blend new brightness with her story !  
Lend new strength unto her soul !

1888.

CI.

*LUTHER'S BIRTHDAY.*

*(November 10th, 1483.)*

THOU kindest, Lord, Thy souls of light  
The longest night to brighten ;  
Thou sendest forth Thy men of might  
The heaviest yoke to lighten :  
Thy strength doth in their weakness dwell,  
Their deeds of Thy indwelling tell ;  
Thy smile their joy doth heighten.

The prophet in Thy strength arrayed,  
What might can overpower him ?  
The champion by Thine arm upstayed,  
What foe shall triumph o'er him ?  
What wrong so old, what woe so long,  
What power so evil and so strong  
That shall not fall before him ?

'Gainst such a power Thy Luther fought ;  
On such a night he beamèd,  
So full Thy might in him that wrought,  
Thy light from him that streamèd :  
By such a soul world-ruling Rome,  
By such a soul fall'n Christendom  
Was vanquished, was redeemèd.

The fulness of o'ercoming Faith  
In that great heart Thou wokest,  
The word that nations quickeneth  
By that deep voice Thou spokest ;  
The bonds o'er realms and spirits cast,  
The bonds that ages had made fast  
By that strong hand Thou brokest.

The pardon-sale his spirit wrung,  
The relic-mart he mournèd,  
Against the sin his wrath he flung,  
Alone the shame he spurnèd :  
Against the world stood forth one man ;  
He heeded not the Cæsar's ban ;  
The Pontiff's bull he burnèd.

That fire, from land to land it spread,  
All-conquering, all-consuming ;  
On Luther's glowing spirit sped,  
All-quickenng, all-illumng :  
Again glad souls to Heaven upsoared,  
Again the deeps of grace explored,  
Nor recked the Pontiff's dooming.

This day, glad souls, draw nigh, aspire !  
Rejoice o'er fetters riven !  
Make trial of your wings—require  
Each gift with Luther given !  
His faith express, his Lord adore,  
Triumphant sing, triumphant soar !  
Possess a present Heaven !



CII.

THE FREEMEN OF CHRIST.

*“Stand fast in the freedom wherewith Christ has made  
you free.”*

*(November 10th, 1883.)*

FREEMEN of Christ, be glad this day,  
Glad without stint or measure ;  
The greatness of the gift survey,  
The fulness of the pleasure !  
Recall the deeds by Luther done—  
Enjoy the grace through Luther won—  
Hold fast the priceless treasure.

The fulness of the Spirit's grace  
On you is sweetly streaming ;  
The sunshine of the Saviour's face  
On you is brightly beaming.  
Shall priests withdraw your gaze from Him ?  
Shall forms and gauds and idols dim  
The smile of Love Redeeming ?

The frauds, the fables Luther spurned,  
Shall they again possess you ?  
The blocks, the barriers he o'erturned,  
Shall they again distress you ?  
The baleful power, the grievous yoke  
Which Luther smote, which Luther broke,  
Shall they again oppress you ?

That baleful power, withstand it still !  
 That yoke, resume it never !  
 Your mighty Luther's work fulfil—  
 Uphold, advance it ever !  
 Freemen of Christ, live always free !  
 Enjoy your glorious liberty—  
 Adore the gracious Giver !

1883.

## CIII.

*THE FALL OF BABYLON.*

*" Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great."*

*" Rejoice over her, thou Heaven, and ye holy apostles and  
 prophets."*

THE Lord sends forth His dooming voice  
 And waves His dreadful sword ;  
 Be glad, ye people of His choice,  
 With your avenging Lord !

Smile as His righteous doom doth light  
 On some long-sparèd foe !  
 Sing as His flaming sword doth smite  
 And lay some tyrant low !

But now your gladdest songs ring forth,  
 Your brightest robes put on !  
 Let loose the fulness of your mirth  
 O'er fallen Babylon !

Hark how each angel lends His voice  
 To help the joy divine !  
 With the rejoicing Heavens rejoice !  
 The song angelic join !

Remember all her idols brought  
Within the sacred doors ;  
Remember all the sin she wrought  
With royal paramours.

Remember how His truth divine  
She hid with lying lore,  
Remember how with deadly wine  
Her golden cup ran o'er.

Remember how she spread abroad  
O'er earth her darkness drear,  
And staggered, drunken with the blood  
Of Jesu's martyrs dear !

Behold her now nor triumph spare ;  
Enjoy her fallen estate ;  
Sing as her lovers strip her bare  
And make her desolate !

Smile o'er her broken golden cup,  
Her royal purple torn :  
Sing as her withered arm lets drop  
The sword once deadly borne :

Behold the smiter smitten sore,  
The doomer doomed to die,  
And in her overthrow adore  
Your Lord's own Victory.

Ye saints below, ye saints above,  
Mingle each dear delight :  
Be glad in His redeeming love,  
In His avenging might !

Sing how the Lord hath heard your cry,  
 And forth His glory shown ;  
 Yes, join the triumph of the sky  
 O'er fallen Babylon !

1864.

CIV.

*HALLELUJAH.*

*"Hallelujah ! Salvation and glory and honour and power unto the Lord our God. For true and righteous are His judgments ; for He hath judged the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of His servants at her hand. And again, they said, Hallelujah."*

HOW Thy saints rejoice before Thee,  
 God of justice and of grace !  
 With what triumph they adore Thee,  
 With what transport speak Thy praise !  
     Hallelujah !  
 True and righteous are Thy ways.

Thou the mighty whore hast doomèd  
 Who defiled the earth of yore :  
 Thou her splendour hast consumèd :  
 Thou her strength hast smitten sore :  
     Hallelujah !  
 Low she lies to rise no more.

All her sins hast Thou regarded,  
 All in Thy remembrance stored ;  
 All her sins hast Thou rewarded ;  
 All Thy plagues on her hast poured.  
     Hallelujah !  
 Art Thou not the righteous Lord ?

She a deadly cup hath brewèd,  
She a deadly cup hath drained,  
Countless woes hath she renewèd ;  
Countless woes hath she sustained.  
Hallelujah !  
Wrath divine hath on her rained.

Thou her lovers hast estrangèd,  
Hast with hate their hearts inspired,  
Thou Thy people hast avengèd,  
At her hand their blood required.  
Hallelujah !  
Dawns the day so long desired.

Naked and forlorn she dieth  
Who in gold and purple shone :  
She who vexed the earth, low lieth,  
She who slew the saints is gone.  
Hallelujah !  
Fallen, fallen is Babylon.

1865.

CV.

*NATIONAL AND SPIRITUAL RENEWAL.*

*" Praise the Lord, all ye nations. Praise the Lord,  
O my soul."*

NOW to the one Almighty King  
Be a new song begun !  
A mighty strain, ye nations, bring,  
For greatly hath He done.

Tell of Jehovah's going forth,  
The world's confounded powers,  
This stricken, trembling, reeling earth,  
These wondrous, awful hours !

Sing how He takes away the crown  
And breaks the brimming cup !  
Sing how He casts the mighty down  
And lifts the lowly up !

How black the tempest-laden skies !  
How dread the thunder-tones !  
All terrible the nations rise  
And headlong fall the thrones.

O that the stricken world might cry,  
"The Lord hath been abroad,"  
And nobler nations glorify  
Their own renewing God !

Yet, if the nations will not learn  
His judgments and His ways,  
Thou soul of mine, His hand discern !  
My soul, declare His praise !

Sing how in them, in thee shines forth  
The glory of His name !  
Tell of His judgments in the earth !  
His grace to thee proclaim !

He bursteth on thy careless hour ;  
He takes thy mirth away ;  
Down cometh His renewing power ;  
How shall thine evil stay ?

Sing, sing each glorious victory  
Thine own Deliverer wins ;  
Sing how He makes thy tyrants flee !  
Sing how He slays thy sins !

Sing how from all He sets thee free  
To take thee for His own,  
And graciously builds up in thee  
His everlasting throne !

1849.

CVI.

*THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

*( Whitsunday. )*

DAY divine ! when sudden streaming  
To the Lord's first lovers came,  
Glory new and treasure teeming,  
Mighty gifts and tongues of flame !  
Day to happy souls commended  
When the Holy Ghost was given,  
When the Comforter descended  
And brought down the joy of Heaven !

Lord ! to-day Thy people learneth  
No past wonder, no strange tale ;  
Lord ! to-day Thy people yearneth  
Here the Holy Ghost to hail !  
O'er again to write this story  
Our weak trembling souls aspire ;  
Unto us may come the glory—  
Full on us may fall the fire !

Hath the Holy Ghost been holden  
 By those ancient saints alone?  
 Only may the ages olden  
 Call the Comforter their own?  
 Ah! their portion we inherit,  
 Ours the sorrow, ours the sin!  
 We beseech the Holy Spirit—  
 We the Comforter would win.

1850.

## CVII.

*THE SPIRIT'S BEST GIFTS.*

WOULD the Spirit more completely  
 Make abode with saints of old?  
 Would the Comforter more sweetly  
 Thy first lovers, Lord, enfold?  
 Wonders we may not inherit;  
 Signs and tongues we do not crave;  
 Yet we still receive the Spirit—  
 Still the Comforter we have.

Still are given His gifts most precious;  
 Open lies His richest store—  
 We may win His grace most gracious—  
 We His deepest deep explore!  
 Signs most glorious, all excelling,  
 Witness brightest we may show;  
 Sure the Holy Ghost is dwelling  
 With the souls that holier grow.

Hope that makes ashamed never—  
 Perfect Peace that passeth thought—  
 Mighty joy that stayeth ever—  
 Love divine that changeth not;—



Such the gifts that still are given—  
Such the glory we may boast ;  
Help us, Lord, to this pure Heaven—  
Breathe on us the Holy Ghost.

1850.

CVIII.

*THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

HOLY Spirit ! dwell with me !  
Glorify this humble home !  
Meet again mortality—  
To another temple come !

Holy Spirit ! forth from me !  
Sweetly forth—ah not away !  
Kept Thou may'st, yet given be ;  
Mighty go, yet mighty stay.

Spirit that with me dost dwell,  
Make Thy presence richly known !  
Holy deeds send forth to tell  
Of the bright communion !

Peaceful Spirit ! hath the soul  
Where Thy voice so sweet doth sound,  
Of Thy mighty music full,  
Ears to hear the roar around ?

Cheerful Spirit ! where but here,  
In this happy home of Thine,  
Floweth on such gladsome cheer ?  
Ever fresh the feast divine.

Holy Spirit ! give not o'er ;  
 Leave not, leave not hallowing me,—  
 Me Thy temple evermore ;  
 Mine Thine own Eternity !  
 1847.

## CIX.

*THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.*

BRIGHT Presence ! may my soul have part  
 In those sweet beams of Thine ?  
 Lord ! soundeth in mine inmost heart  
 Thy very Voice Divine ?  
 Yes, Lord, with Thee I may partake ;  
 To me Thou wilt repair,  
 This soul wilt cheer and warm and wake,  
 The Spirit's witness there !

In holy tasks, in noble pain  
 My soul this comfort hath :  
 The amazed world exclaims in vain ;  
 The Spirit witnesseth.  
 To break my peace the tumult seeks ;  
 I have no ears to hear ;  
 So mightily the Spirit speaks,  
 So sweetly fills mine ear.

Alas, my Lord ! that Sense and Sin  
 To tempt this soul should dare,  
 That Thine own foes should audience win,  
 The Spirit's witness there !  
 He speaketh oft, He warneth clear,  
 He witnesseth in vain :  
 Repent, sad Soul, if thou wouldst hear  
 The Voice Divine again !

Glad Soul ! art thou ashamed to smile ?  
Of gladness hast thou fear ?  
Thou may'st enjoy thy golden while,  
Yes, boldly take thy cheer :  
Each glorious hour thou may'st renew  
In thine own bower of bliss ;  
O ! sweet and strong the joy whereto  
The Spirit witnesses !

Alas ! do subtle foes conspire  
To darken my soul's day,  
To quench the bright celestial fire,  
And take my Lord away ?  
I need not seek o'er all the earth  
Wherewith to guard my faith ;  
A champion near and strong springs forth ;  
The Spirit witnesseth.

My Father ! when Thy child delights  
To feel himself Thine own,  
And others would deny his rights  
And thrust him from Thy Throne ;  
I still draw near, I still rejoice,  
Thy child doth nothing care  
If to his claim Thy Spirit's voice  
Its witness sweet doth bear.

O ! that this voice my soul did stir  
Nor make it sadly start !  
O ! that Thy Spirit oftener  
Bore witness with my heart !  
O ! that His gracious, awful voice  
More swiftly caught mine ear !  
O ! that I always could rejoice  
His witness, Lord, to hear !

One day the joy may fully come,  
 The music may be mine ;  
 O ! ever in the Heavenly Home  
 Sweet sounds the Voice Divine.  
 To each desire, to each delight,  
 " Yes," " Yes," it sweetly saith ;  
 Smile on, sing on, ye Angels Bright !  
 The Spirit witnesseth.

1849.

## CX.

*" The Earnest of the Spirit."*

WHY hasteth on this pilgrim throng  
 As burthened with no cares ?  
 These lowly souls—why swells their song  
 As though the world was theirs ?

What can their happy fulness crave ?  
 Where can their wishes rove ?  
 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, they have,  
 The Earnest of Thy love.

They needs must rest in glorious things  
 With whom the Spirit dwells ;  
 Sweet messages the Spirit brings,  
 Great news the Spirit tells.

Lord ! if Thy gracious voice divine  
 One whisper sweet lets fall,  
 They know that Thou hast made them Thine,  
 That Thou hast given them all.

O ! if the Lord Himself hath given,  
 All else they know must come—  
 The shining thrones, the blissful heaven,  
 The everlasting home.

Lord ! may not I these tidings hear ?  
 These messages receive ?  
 Assure my soul that she is dear—  
 To me the Spirit give.

Teach me no other prayer to lift,  
 No other boon to crave ;  
 Mine all Thy grace, mine every gift,  
 If I the Earnest have.

Take all Thine other gifts away,  
 But do not Thou remove ;  
 All things remain, if with me stay  
 This Earnest of Thy love.

1850.

CXI.

ST. DAVID'S.

*"Grieve not the Holy Spirit."*

LORD ! am I precious in Thy sight ?  
 Lord ! would'st Thou have me Thine ?  
 What ! may I grieve, may I delight  
 The Majesty Divine ?

Dost Thou so sweetly urge and press  
 My soul Thy heaven to win ?  
 Lord ! dost Thou love my faithfulness ?  
 Lord ! dost Thou hate my sin ?

O Holy Spirit ! dost Thou mourn  
When I from Thee depart ?  
Dost Thou rejoice when I return  
And give Thee back my heart ?

O sweet, strange height of Grace Divine  
My sin Thy grief to make,  
And this poor faithfulness of mine  
For Thy delight to take !

Strange height of sin to spurn the love  
That yearns to make me blest,  
And drive away the Heavenly Dove  
That fain would be my guest !

O happy Heaven where Thine embrace  
I never more shall leave,  
Nor ever cast away Thy grace,  
Nor once Thy Spirit grieve !

Let me, dear Lord, each grace possess  
That makes Thy Heaven more bright,  
And bring the humble holiness  
That gives my God delight.

1850.

## CXII.

*BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.*

WHAT joy in spirits pure and high  
The Holy Ghost to greet,  
To welcome in their sanctity  
His workings strong and sweet—

In souls with love and ruth astir  
To feel His tender breath  
And from each gracious deed infer  
His grace who halloweth—

In truth and goodness to behold  
His blessed beams forth shine,  
And mark how holy lives unfold  
The Hallower Divine !

O joy of joys His work to trace,  
His presence to discern,  
To tell the wideness of His grace,  
To spread the lore we learn !

O sin of sins from souls of light  
In gloomy wrath to shrink,  
Of works of love and acts of right  
Perversely to misthink—

To scan good deeds with evil eye  
And brand with evil name,  
The Spirit's witness to belie,  
The Holy Ghost defame—

His gifts, His workings manifest  
To mark and misbestow ;  
To take them from the Spirit blest  
And give them to the foe !

Lord, keep us from this sin of sins  
That grievèd most Thy Son,  
The guilt that no forgiveness wins,  
That speaks the soul undone !

O make us glad Thy Spirit's might  
 In righteous souls to trace,  
 In love and goodness to delight  
 As in His very grace—

To reckon every thing of cost  
 As what from Him proceeds,  
 And gather for the Holy Ghost  
 The praise of all good deeds.

1893.

## CXIII.

*THE SPIRIT'S DEALINGS WITH THE  
 HEART.*

SWEET Spirit ! would Thy Breath Divine  
 O'er a void waste all fragrant blow ?  
 Bright Presence ! would that fire of Thine  
 All lonely in Thy temple glow ?

Thou dost not sure an empty heart  
 For Thy dear dwelling-place desire ;  
 To glorify Thy holy art  
 Thou dost a peopled realm require.

O sternly all the robbers chase,  
 But give the dwellers leave to stay :  
 Unpeople not the yielded place  
 Nor all its treasure cast away.

The taken treasure-house explore  
 With Thine all-searching fire divine :  
 And put upon the dross-blent store  
 The glory of Thy gold most fine.



O teach the conquered realm Thy law,  
Each passion 'neath Thy sweet sway bring ;  
From each dark depth Thy glory draw—  
From each dull chord Thy music ring !

Each mounting thought, each strong desire  
Help on Thy heavenly wings to rise,  
And light in hearts with love on fire  
Thine own pure flame that never dies.

O teach our wrath the holy glow  
Wherewith Thine awful anger burns,  
And make our grovelling sorrow know  
How gloriously the Spirit mourns !

O lend our hope's dim, dying light  
The steadfast glory of Thy flame,  
And grant our joy, divinely bright,  
The witness of Thy smile to claim.

Take all this heart, its wealth, its powers,  
Its yearnings soft, its longings high,  
Its bleeding wounds, its golden hours,  
And on them all Thy sweet skill try.

O breathe on them Thy breath divine !  
O steep them in Thy heavenly glow !  
Nor let one smile unhallowed shine,  
Nor let one tear unhallowed flow.

## CXIV.

*PERVADING INSPIRATION.*

LORD ! when we come at Thy dear call,  
Our scanty store we bring ;  
Sweet Spirit ! Thou dost ask our all  
For Thine own hallowing.

We need not ask of our right hand  
Its cunning to forget ;  
May not it move at Thy command ?  
Hast not Thou tasks to set ?

Why need we, Lord, our hearts deny ?  
Why bid our love begone ?  
The Heavenly Dove comes down to try  
His own sweet skill thereon.

Why should our minds repent their pains,  
Unlearn their little lore ?  
Spirit of Truth ! advance their gains ;  
Mingle Thine own bright store.

Our tender tears we need not hide,  
Our yearnings deep reprove ;  
Teach us a glorious grief allied  
To Thine, sin-vexèd Dove !

We need not dread our golden while,  
Nor shun each Blissful Bower ;  
Bright Presence ! bless it with Thy smile !  
Make it Thine own sweet hour !

For us no height, for us no deep  
Whereon Thou may'st not shine ;  
O Spirit sweet ! Thou would'st not keep  
From us one gift divine.

1854.

CXV.

THE HELPFUL SPIRIT.

*" The Spirit also Helpeth our Infirmities."*

ALAS these pilgrims faint and worn !  
Alas this Vale of Tears !  
These sinners sore who sink and mourn  
Through the long mortal years !

Behold this Garden of the Lord,  
These guests in raiment bright !  
This beauty hath the Spirit poured,  
Hath made that darkness light.

O faithless souls that dwelt apart ;  
Ah lifeless, loveless throng !  
No fire within each joyless heart—  
Dull, dull, each formal tongue !

Behold these brethren dear ! enquire  
How hath this sweetness grown !  
The Spirit sets their souls on fire ;  
The Spirit makes them one.

Kneel with this prayerful company,  
Join, join these cheerful songs !  
The Spirit breathes this harmony,  
The Spirit tunes these tongues.

Ah ! weaklings vain who faintly wrought,  
Who soon the strife gave o'er,  
Who no sweet gift the brethren brought,  
The Lord no tribute bore !

The Spirit pours the lavish love  
Of this gift-bearing throng ;  
These linkèd hands that mountains move,  
The Spirit makes them strong.

He leadeth forth His mighty host,  
He mingleth in the fight ;  
O ! army of the Holy Ghost,  
What can withstand your might ?

Ah souls their veiled Heaven that mourned !  
Ah glory faint and dim !  
Ah tearful eyes that vainly yearned !  
Ah distant Seraphim !

Blest souls that here Heaven's glory greet,  
That now Heaven's rapture feel !  
The Spirit brings this earnest sweet,  
The Spirit sets His seal.

For you the fulness of His cheer,  
The fulness of His love !  
Ye saints, be mighty in Him here !  
Soar on His wings above !

CXVI.

*THE DIVINE HALLOWER.*

LORD! is it so? art Thou indeed  
Our own Indwelling God?  
May men in us Thy presence read,  
Discover Thine abode?

How may that Presence Bright appear,  
That dwelling-place be known?  
What speaks the Holy Spirit here?  
A holy life alone.

Ah! idly heedless babblers boast  
The bliss of being Thine:  
Lord! art Thou not the Holy Ghost,  
The Hallower Divine?

Thou dwellest not where sin doth dwell,  
Where darkness doth abide;  
Thou stirrest not in hearts that swell  
With wrath, with lust, with pride.

Thou dwellest in the souls alone  
That holily aspire;  
Thou kindlest in each contrite one  
A sin-consuming fire.

Thou striveth in the strife wherein  
The foe is made to flee;  
Thou stirrest in the stir to win  
For Right the victory.

Thou yearnest in the hearts that yearn  
Mankind to help and bless ;  
Thou burnest in the souls that burn  
For Truth and Righteousness.

Burn stronglier in us, Holy Ghost,  
Our every sin consume !  
Make every day a Pentecost—  
Yes, all our life illume !

1892.

## CXVII.

*THE JOY OF THE HOLY GHOST.*

SWEET Spirit, Bringer of best things,  
Of life, of light, of love ;  
What gladness from Thy presence springs !  
What songs Thy might doth move !

How blissful sick souls hallowèd  
The Hallower doth make !  
What joy in dead souls quickenèd  
The Quickener doth wake !

Renewing Lord ! what plenitude  
Of gladness dost Thou bring !  
The rapture of the soul renewed  
Is as the joy of spring.

As blooms and glows the happy earth  
So she doth bloom and shine ;  
The fulness of that vernal mirth  
Yields, happy soul, to thine.

Of thy new birth the wondrous tale  
Melodious forth doth roll ;  
As singeth the glad nightingale  
So singeth the glad soul.

Sweet Hallower ! what bliss is given  
Like that by Thee bestowed ?  
The bliss of harmony with Heaven,  
Of fellowship with God—

The blissful sense of Heavenly Love,  
Blent with all other bliss ;  
The glory of the home above  
Uplifting, brightening this ?

Life-giving, hallowing Spirit blest !  
Who gladdeneth like Thee ?  
Yes, brightest, fullest, happiest  
Each hallowed soul should be.

1893.

CXVIII.

*A BREATHING AFTER THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

O HOLY Ghost who down dost come  
To make each contrite heart Thy home,  
On me descend ! within me dwell,  
My soul renew, my sin expel !

Spirit of Truth who makest bright  
All souls that long for heavenly light,  
Appear and on my darkness shine !  
Descend and be my Guide Divine !

Spirit of power whose might doth dwell  
Full in the souls Thou lovest well,  
Unto this fainting heart draw near  
And be my daily Quickener !

Spirit of joy who makest glad  
Each broken heart by sin made sad,  
Pour on this mourning soul Thy cheer ;  
Give me to bless my Comforter !

O tender Spirit who dost mourn  
Whene'er from Thee Thy people turn,  
Give me each day to grieve Thee less :  
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness !

Come mightier down ! Thyself impart  
More largely to this longing heart ;  
My Comforter more dearly be ;  
More sweetly guide and hallow me :

Till Thou shalt make me meet to bear  
The sweetness of Heaven's holy air,  
The light wherein no darkness is,  
The eternal, overflowing bliss !

1863.

## CXIX.

*THE QUELLING AND QUICKENING SPIRIT.*

QUELLER of pride, of wrath, of wrong,  
Quickener of love, of truth, of right,  
O Spirit sweet ! O Spirit strong !  
Thy twofold work in us unite.



Thou wagest war, Thou smitest sin,  
Thou bringest foes and strongholds low ;  
A conqueror Thou comest in,  
But not alone to overthrow.

Through realms rebellious Thou dost sweep,  
A northern blast, a mighty storm ;  
Each yielded region Thou dost steep  
In balm of south-wind, soft and warm.

Each wasted land that Thou dost win  
Thou makest flowery, fruitful, fair ;  
Thou bringest peace and plenty in,  
Life, light and love enthronest there.

What bliss upon Thy reign attends !  
Each subject soul how glad, how free !  
The sweetness of Thy sway commends  
The fulness of Thy victory.

Come, Spirit strong ! come, Spirit sweet !  
Our sins o'erthrow, Thy life instil !  
O'er us Thy victory complete,  
In us Thy blissful sway fulfil !

1892.

CXX.

*DAILY RENEWAL.*

LEAVE me not, leave me not alone,  
Thou Spirit strong and sweet !  
Work on till I am all Thine own—  
Thy hallowing grace repeat.

Stint not Thy visits, Guest Divine !  
Each day I need them still :  
Stay not that shaping hand of Thine—  
The wondrous work fulfil !

My sins resume the fight, would fain  
Win back this heart from Thee :  
Thy foes repel, Thy spoil retain,  
Repeat Thy victory !

Once by Thy help I overthrew  
The World, the Fiend, the Flesh ;  
Wilt Thou not strengthen me anew  
And vanquish them afresh ?

Thou who didst once this soul renew  
Still Thy sweet skill essay ;  
Through all my life the work pursue :  
Renew me every day !

Each day I slip, each day I roam,  
Each day I faint and tire ;  
Wilt Thou not every day o'ercome  
And every day inspire ?

Leave me not, leave me not alone,  
Thou Spirit strong and sweet !  
Work on till I am all Thine own—  
Thy hallowing grace repeat !

CXXI.

*THE ENLIVENING AND ENLIGHTENING SPIRIT.*

SWEET Spirit ! in our various need  
Is not Thy fulness nigh ?  
Doth not Thy teeming store exceed  
Our deep necessity ?

How faint this hope, how weak this faith,  
How cold this love of ours !  
How mighty Thine enlivening breath !  
How strong Thy quickening powers !

These pilgrims in the world brought low  
That quickening power invoke ;  
Of that enlivening breath bestow  
On Thy faint, faltering folk !

Enliven our dull sense of sin,  
Thou Quickener Divine !  
Our souls unto meet sorrow win  
By that sweet grief of Thine.

Enliven into gladsome speed  
Our halting quest of Right ;  
And turn each nobly tasking need  
To a divine delight !

Enliven all the steep ascent  
Into a walk with God !  
And keep our early joy unspent  
Along the heavenward road.

Enliven hope of bliss to be  
    Into a present Heaven,  
And let Thine own eternity  
    To each pure joy be given !

But help these weaklings not alone  
    With Thine enlivening might ;  
Enlightening Spirit, lend Thine own  
    The fulness of Thy light !

Reveal the realm of Truth ; inspire  
    Our minds that realm to hold ;  
Our every faculty require,  
    Our every power unfold !

The eye of Reason make more bright,  
    The things of God more nigh ;  
And teach a pure celestial flight  
    To soaring Phantasy !

To Thought new depth, new wideness lend—  
    Enlarge, illumine our lore !  
Help us more surely to ascend,  
    More amply to explore.

Our quest of Truth, our quest of Right,  
    Sweet Spirit, still attend !  
With Thine enlightening beams so bright  
    Thy breath enlivening blend !

CXXII.

THE HEAVENLY DOVE.

*“ O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.”* (Psalm lv. 6.) *“ The Spirit descending like a Dove.”* (Matthew iii. 16.)

O SMITTEN soul that cares and conflicts wring,  
O fainting heart that burdens sore oppress ;  
What glory gleameth from each gladsome wing !  
What sweetness wrappeth the still wilderness !

Thou mournest o'er the radiant wings denied ;  
Thou yearnest for the Happy Isles afar ;  
Fain on the dove's soft pinion would'st thou glide,  
And win sweet peace from the calm, desert air.

These yearnings bright ! O vainly are they stirred ?  
These golden dreams ! for nothing do they come ?  
Ah ! woos thee mockingly each soaring bird ?  
Ah ! vainly calleth thee some smiling home ?

Unbounded heart ! thou shapest bright desires,  
Yet richlier hath thy Heavenly Lover wrought :  
Yes, more than all each golden dream requires  
Preventing Grace hath in sweet fulness brought.

What needs this envy of the swift-winged dove,  
This quest of deserts that no cheer may make,  
When the sweet Spirit leaves His home above,  
When I, bright Dove Divine, Thy wings may take ?

Thou bringest me the branch of Heavenly peace  
 'Midst winds that roar, and waters that would whelm,  
 And steepest me, here on the stormy seas,  
 In the deep stillness of Thine own bright realm.

Thou com'st not near, sweet Dove, with fleeting beam  
 And hasty wing to mock my sad estate ;  
 Still over me those glorious pinions gleam ;  
 Still, still for me those tender wings do wait.

O Dove Divine ! no more the captive sighs,  
 The weary soul pours forth no bootless prayer ;  
 I breathe the quiet of Thine own soft skies ;  
 I drink the fragrance of Thine own sweet air.

1854.

CXXIII.

*THE DIVINE RENEWER.*

*"Thou renewest the face of the earth." "Be renewed in  
 the spirit of your mind."*

THE glory of the spring how sweet !  
 The newborn life how glad !  
 What joy the happy earth to greet  
 In new, bright raiment clad ;

The blessed vernal airs to hail  
 In their renewing power,  
 The new song of each nightingale,  
 The new birth of each flower !

Divine Renewer ! Thee I bless ;  
 I greet Thy going forth :  
 I love Thee in the loveliness  
 Of Thy renewed earth.

But O ! these wonders of Thy grace,  
These nobler works of Thine,  
These marvels sweeter far to trace,  
These new-births more divine !

These sinful souls Thou hallowest,  
These hearts Thou makest new,  
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,  
These faithless hearts made true :

This new-born glow of faith so strong,  
This bloom of love so fair ;  
This new-born ecstasy of song  
And fragrancy of prayer !

Creator Spirit, work in me  
These wonders sweet of Thine !  
Divine Renewer, graciously  
Renew this heart of mine !

Grant me the grace of the New Birth,  
The joy of the New Song !  
The vernal bloom, the vernal mirth  
In my new heart prolong !

Still let new life and strength upspring,  
Still let new joy be given !  
And grant the glad new song to ring  
Through the new earth and Heaven !

## CXXIV.

## THE UNCHANGING RENEWER.

*"Immutabilis, mutans omnia."*

AUGUSTINE.

LORD GOD ! by whom all change is wrought,  
By whom new things to birth are brought,  
In whom no change is known :  
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,  
Thy people still in Thee have part ;  
Still, still Thou art our own.

Ancient of Days ! we dwell in Thee ;  
Out of Thine own eternity  
Our peace and joy are wrought :  
We rest in our Eternal God  
And make secure and sweet abode  
With Thee who changest not.

Each steadfast promise we possess ;  
Thine everlasting truth we bless,  
Thine everlasting love :  
The unfailing Helper close we clasp ;  
The everlasting arms we grasp,  
Nor from the refuge move.

Spirit who makest all things new !  
Thou ledest onward ; we pursue  
The heavenly march sublime :  
With Thy renewing fire we glow,  
And still from strength to strength we go,  
From height to height we climb.



Darkness and dread we leave behind ;  
New light, new glory still we find,  
    New realms divine possess.  
New Births of Grace new raptures bring ;  
Triumphant the new song we sing,  
    The Great Renewer bless.

To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest ;  
We stay at home, we go in quest.  
    Still Thou art our abode ;  
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,  
As full on us new life still flows  
    From our unchanging God.

1869.

## CXXV.

*THINGS NEW AND OLD.*

OUR fulness, Lord, Thou askest  
    Thy fulness to express ;  
Each faculty Thou taskest,  
    Each feeling wouldst possess.  
We bring Thee our fresh wonder,  
    Our steadfast trust we bring ;  
Thy marvels old we ponder ;  
    Thy wonders new we sing.

We trace Thee through the ages ;  
    What lore divine they yield !  
We learn of saints and sages  
    The truth to them revealed.  
Nor hast Thou, Lord, withholden  
    From us Thy Spirit's lore :  
We cleave to what is olden ;  
    To what is new we soar.

New things the Spirit speaketh,  
 Glad news the Spirit brings ;  
 New glory on us breaketh,  
 New joy within us springs.  
 We live the life new-breathèd,  
 We hail the light new-born ;  
 Nor lose the lore bequeathèd,  
 Nor truth transmitted scorn.

Our fathers' faith we bring Thee,  
 Our fathers' work pursue ;  
 Our fathers' songs we sing Thee :  
 But more than this is due.  
 With treasure of their storing  
 Some newer gold we blend ;  
 With strains of their outpouring  
 Our own new songs ascend.

1889.

CXXVI.

*DIVINE NOVELTIES.*

THAT all-renewing work of Thine,  
 Great Quickener, how sweet !  
 Give us Thy Novelities Divine  
 With welcome full to greet !  
 Still, still new things would we behold ?  
 New joys would we possess ?  
 What wonders doth Thy Word unfold  
 Wherewith our quest to bless !  
 What dearer bliss canst Thou bestow,  
 Can we beseech of Thee,  
 Than Thy renewing power to know,  
 Thy Creatures New to be ?

For ever from the old bondage base  
Of sin to be set free  
And walk in the new blessed ways  
Of holy liberty ?

In that New Life advancement still  
To Thy New Creatures grant,  
And all the blessedness fulfil  
Of Thy New Covenant !

Thy wondrous work within us makes  
Mirth new and sweet and strong ;  
The grace of the New Birth awakes  
The joy of the New Song.

Into new vessels meetly poured  
Thy New Wine we partake ;  
In new ways that full room afford  
Thy Spirit welcome make.

From sins that here assail we turn,  
From wrongs that here oppress,  
For the New Heaven and Earth to yearn  
Where reigneth Righteousness.

There all the life, without, within,  
Divinely new will be ;  
Eternity fresh bliss will win  
From blessed Novelty.

New things will new delights disclose,  
New songs be linked thereto,  
And Novelties Divine compose  
Jerusalem the New.

## CXXVII.

*THE TEMPLES OF THE HOLY GHOST.*

*“Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost?”*

THESE bodies frail that toil o’erpowers,  
That sickness mars, that death devours,  
May they this wondrous glory boast?  
May they enshrine the Holy Ghost?

What purity befits that home,  
What whiteness doth that veil become,  
Wherein may dwell a Power Divine,  
Wherethrough the Holy One may shine!

The Spirit loves to dwell where’er  
A soul abideth pure and fair;  
Or strong or weak her house of clay,  
Or bright or homely her array.

Nought more can outward Beauty boast  
Than to enshrine the Holy Ghost;  
Nought less may forms uncomely be  
Than temples of the Deity.

These shrines let no uncleanness stain;  
These temples let no wrong profane:  
Respect their dignity divine!  
Revere the Holy Spirit’s shrine!

Keep, souls, for your indwelling God  
A temple meet, a pure abode;  
Therein make welcome the Most High,  
Therewith your Saviour glorify.

CXXVIII.

ONENESS WITH GOD.

*"He who is joined to the Lord is one spirit."*

BLEST soul that cleaveth, Lord, to Thee,  
That liveth on Thy grace,  
Rejoiceth in Thy company  
And feeleth Thine embrace !

With Thee abiding, Holy One,  
He learns Thy works and ways :  
Thy love, unfolded in Thy Son,  
His yearning love doth raise.

The righteousness he marks in Thee  
His will to right doth win ;  
Delighting in Thy purity,  
He deeply drinks it in.

Full breathes on him the Holy Ghost ;  
Thy life his life pervades ;  
No breath of Thine in him is lost,  
Thy likeness never fades.

He groweth more and more divine,  
More near, more like to Thee ;  
His spirit mingleth, Lord, with Thine—  
One spirit Thou and he.

Thou stirrest when his soul is stirred ;  
His treasure is Thy trust :  
When speaketh he, Thou speakest, Lord ;  
What doeth he, Thou dost.

May each of us this height upclimb,  
 In this divine air dwell?  
 For each of us this life sublime,  
 This bliss unspeakable?

Yes, thus Thou wilt ; each of us  
 Upholden thus may be ;  
 In thought, in deed, in utterance thus—  
 One spirit, Lord, with Thee.

1892.

## CXXIX.

*SPIRITUAL REFRESHMENT.*

*“ He shall drink of the brook by the way ; therefore he  
 shall lift up the head.”*

AS panting pilgrim faileth  
 On burning summer day,  
 With what delight he haileth  
 The brook beside the way !  
 What life each draught bestoweth  
 Of those blest waters clear !  
 How swiftly on he goeth—  
 How full of strength and cheer !

So as each pilgrim panteth  
 Along the heavenward road,  
 Heaven sweet refreshment granteth ;  
 The Spirit is bestowed :  
 So from the Rock Supernal  
 Celestial streams down roll ;  
 So floweth Life Eternal  
 Into the fainting soul.

Enlivened and renewèd  
The uplifted soul proceeds ;  
The journey is pursued,  
The quickened pilgrim speeds ;  
Oft panting, never sinking,  
The aspiring soul ascends,  
Still of the Spirit drinking  
Until the journey ends.

1891.

CXXX.

*"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT."*

LORD ! is it ours to entertain  
Thy Spirit pure and sweet ?  
May we enjoy His blissful reign,  
His biddings gladly greet ?

Lord ! is it ours to drive away  
That gracious, glorious Guest ?  
May we cast off His blissful sway,  
Gainsay His biddings blest ?

When He doth holily inspire  
May we His breathings quell—  
Yes, quench the bright celestial fire  
With mire from Earth and Hell ?

May we His gracious strivings slight  
Till we are slaves to sin ?  
May we shut out His beamings bright  
Till all is dark within ?

Lord, keep this darkness far from us,  
This woe all woes above !  
O never may we slight Thee thus,  
Life-bringing Heavenly Dove !

Sweet Spirit, may Thy holy fire  
Unquenched within us glow ;  
More earnestly may we aspire,  
More life mayst Thou bestow !

When Thou dost sweetly shine may we  
Make welcome all Thy light,  
And what Thou biddest mightily  
Fulfil with all our might !

So, Spirit pure, wilt Thou be won  
With us for aye to dwell ;  
So will Thy holy fire burn on  
Unquenched, unquenchable.

1892.

CXXXI.

*“ Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.”*

O SPIRIT sweet and pure,  
Wilt Thou at last depart ?  
Canst Thou no more endure  
This faithless, fallen heart ?  
These lusts that reign,  
These sins that cleave,  
Will they constrain  
My Lord to leave ?



Was not this heart of mine  
Thy dwelling fair and bright ?  
Didst not Thou, Guest Divine,  
In that abode delight ?  
With me to dwell  
My Lord did love ;  
I pleased Thee well,  
Celestial Dove.

Thou madest all Thy power  
And glory known to me ;  
Thou broughtest all Thy dower  
Of gifts divine with Thee.  
Thy cheer ran o'er,  
Thy love o'erflowed ;  
Thy precious store  
Was all bestowed.

Those tender tears and sighs,  
Those strivings strong and blest,  
Those prayers that rend the skies,  
They came with Thee, sweet Guest.  
That joy divine,  
That gladsome strain,  
They once were mine,  
Thy glorious train.

And now I grieve Thee sore,  
I scarce resist the Foe :  
The song ascends no more :  
The stream of prayer runs low.  
Sweet Holy Ghost,  
And art Thou gone ?  
Bright Heavenly Host,  
And have Ye flown ?

*The Golden Chain*

Lord ! shall I never more  
 Thy Spirit entertain ?  
 In vain do I implore  
 A visit sweet again ?  
 Ah ! well I mourn ;  
 Thou well dost chide :  
 But yet return !  
 But yet abide !

More mightily descend—  
 More graciously come in !  
 Thy fuller presence lend—  
 A fairer temple win !  
 O ! go away,  
 Sweet Guest, no more,  
 But come and stay  
 With all Thy store !

1868.

## CXXXII.

*THE WARFARE WITH SIN.*

*“ Of Thy Mercy cut off mine Enemies.”*

LORD ! may not wrath within me rise,  
 Yet still Thy will be done ?  
 May not I hate mine enemies,  
 And yet obey Thy Son ?

Have I not sins whereon may light  
 The utmost of my hate ?  
 Have I not foes with whom to fight  
 Is on my Lord to wait ?

I cannot burn with too much ire  
'Gainst these Thy foes and mine :  
Feed, Holy One, the holy fire !  
Inflame my wrath divine

I cannot here too strongly smite,  
Too gladly help to slay ;  
With me against my sins to fight  
I sure my Lord may pray

Here I may ask of Thee a spear  
And win of Thee a shield ;  
Wilt Thou not, Holy One, appear  
Upon this battle-field ?

Well may the victor give to Thee  
Of such a fight the praise ;  
Sweet to Thine ears the song must be  
Such conqueror may raise.

O ! sweet the holy hate that grows  
To happy Heavenly Love !  
O ! blest the warfare that will close  
In endless rest above !

1850.

CXXXIII.

*THE MEMORY OF SIN.*

*"I remember my faults this day."*

WHEN shall I, Lord, a journey take  
Through my departed years,  
And not a mournful visit make  
And not return in tears ?

If sad the thought of sweetness gone,  
If pain past pleasures bring,  
How shall my sins be gazed upon  
And not resume their sting?

Hath not Thy mercy made me whole?  
Hath not Thy grace forgiven?  
Yet still the grief regains my soul:  
Yet still my heart is riven.

Those buried sins of mine arise:  
Again my heart runs o'er:  
Once more those deep, repentant sighs—  
Those bitter tears once more!

O! shall these drops of sadness make  
The Light Celestial dim,  
And Memory's mournful music break  
On Heaven's Eternal Hymn?

My Saviour's powerful blood I know:  
My pardoning God I bless:  
But send Thy Spirit down! bestow  
Of Thine own holiness.

Those sins, so bitter to my soul,  
Lord, let me not repeat:  
So make my Past less sorrowful;  
So make my Heaven more sweet!

Shall not this holier soul of mine  
Enjoy Thy Presence Bright,  
And Memory's happy strains divine  
The angelic ears delight?

CXXXIV.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

*"Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."*

WHENCE this flaming joy that maketh  
 Still more bright the Angelic Thrones?  
 Golden Harps! O wherefore breaketh  
 This new sweetness from your tones?  
 What glad tidings  
 Make more glad the Blessed Ones?

Hath some glorious new world broken  
 On those rapt seraphic eyes?  
 Hath the Lord some secret spoken,  
 Bade some heavenlier vision rise?  
 Hath He brought them  
 Saintly souls to help their joys?

Look! that kneeling sinner mourneth,  
 Smitten with a saving pain;  
 Look! that trembling wanderer turneth  
 To the Father's house again:  
 Fast it falleth,  
 From those eyes, the blessed rain.

Therefore grows the angels' gladness;  
 Therefore swells their song more sweet;  
 That sore shame, that mighty sadness  
 With this sovereign joy they greet:  
 More effulgent  
 Watch they those returning feet.

Shineth now a temple stately  
 Where so late a ruin lay ;  
 Where the fiends were dwellers lately,  
 Angels there delight to stay :  
 How they welcome  
 This new heir of Heaven to-day !

Yes, an outcast lone beginneth  
 In the Father's house to dwell :  
 Yes, a wounded sinner winneth  
 Of that joy they know full well ;  
 Sweetest story  
 Holy Angel-lips may tell !

1853.

CXXXV.

*THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.*

*“ Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain  
 path.”*

LORD, I am Thine—but scarce a gift  
 Of me my Lord hath won ;  
 My heart's best love to Thee I lift,  
 Yet service slight have done.

What service so delights my hands  
 As tasks my God hath set ?  
 Yet idle, Lord, Thy servant stands ;  
 Thy business lingers yet.

What journey such full sweetness hath  
 As the rough walk with God ?  
 Yet, Lord, Thy pilgrim loitereth  
 Along the glorious road.

I wander, Lord, a stranger here ;  
All hidden lies my path :  
Wilt Thou not, Heavenly Guide, appear ?  
Sore need Thy servant hath.

Look, Lord, how Thy poor pilgrim burns  
To find some path divine !  
Hark ! how Thy praying servant yearns  
To do some work of Thine !

Make plain the very path my feet  
Most fitly may pursue !  
Show me the very work most meet  
For my poor hands to do !

O ! make this glowing love of mine  
A world-inflaming fire ;  
And let me learn of Grace Divine  
To work and never tire.

1850.

CXXXVI.

*"Increase our faith."*

WHEREFORE, Lord, abides no might  
In these faltering hands of ours ?  
Wherefore 'neath each burden light  
Sink our hearts and fail our powers ?  
Wherefore turn our tired feet  
From the road that seemed so sweet ?  
Wherefore do our sorrows cleave ?  
Wherefore do our eyes o'erflow ?  
Lord ! in Thee we half believe :  
Faith's full life we do not know ;  
Faith's bright fire burns not in us :  
Hence we weep and falter thus.

Doth the world our hearts still win ?  
Doth the Tempter still deceive ?  
Over each fresh wound of sin  
Doth the tender Spirit grieve ?  
Lord ! we dwell in unbelief ;  
Hence our sin and hence His grief !

Wherefore do we yield to fear ?  
Wherefore turn we tremblers back ?  
With the Heavenly Helper near  
What true soul can courage lack ?  
Lord ! we scarce believe in Thee ;  
Hence our lack of valiancy.

Wherefore are no mountains moved ?  
Wherefore are no marvels wrought ?  
Have we not been dearly loved ?  
Have we not been dearly bought ?  
Lord ! the power of faith we want ;  
Therefore is our service scant.

In Thy mighty men of old  
All the might of Faith appeared ;  
Lord ! they were divinely bold ;  
Thee and Thee alone they feared.  
Strongly did their hearts believe :  
Greatly did their hands achieve.

Lord ! more faith we weaklings want ;  
Lord ! for faith we tremblers sigh ;  
Lord ! for faith we mourners pant ;  
Lord ! for faith we sinners cry.  
With this grace each grace let fall !  
Give this gift and give us all !



Turn our darkness into light ;  
Give us valiancy for fear,  
Raise our weakness into might,  
Lift our sadness into cheer !  
Make us through the strength of Faith  
Strong o'er sorrow, sin and death !

1850

CXXXVII.

*“Lead us not into temptation.”*

LET bolder hearts the strife require,  
And rush upon the foe ;  
O ! lowlier is our hearts' desire ;  
Our frailty, Lord, we know.

We would not ask a sight of sin  
Our steadfastness to prove,  
Nor let the Tempter audience win  
To show how strong our love.

Thy weaklings would not turn from Thee  
To join the roar around,  
Nor lose the angelic company,  
Nor leave the Holy Ground.

O closer let Thy covering wing  
Over Thy tremblers fall !  
More plenteous to Thy pilgrims bring  
The airs celestial !

We leave Thee, Lord, our love to task,  
Thee, Thee our strength to try ;  
Thy trembling servants only ask  
Their God to glorify.

O well our yearning hearts may love  
 The everlasting Home ;  
 There will our love-set feet ne'er rove,  
 There may no Tempter come.

O Realm all bright, all hallowèd !  
 O journey safe and sweet !  
 On Holy Ground alone we tread,  
 And only angels meet.

1851.

## CXXXVIII.

*SPIRITUAL UPS AND DOWNS.*

*" The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against  
 the flesh."*

O ! WHEREFORE hath my spirit leave  
 To come so near my God,  
 And yet so soon must gaze and grieve  
 O'er the abandoned road ?

I feel my God almost possessed,  
 The Heavenly Land half won,  
 The blissful greeting of the Blest,  
 The eternal song begun.

Ah wings that droop ! ah strains that die !  
 Ah light that fades away !  
 Ah fleeting People of the Sky !  
 Ah Heaven that will not stay !

How boldly now I walk and leap,  
 Mine own Almighty nigh !  
 Anon, poor weakling, low I creep,  
 Afraid my wings to try.

What glory in Thy presence, Lord !  
What sweetness in Thy smile !  
Thine awful voice how quickly heard !  
Ah ! wherefore but awhile ?

How faintly sounds each sweet command !  
Thy Son's dear face how dim !  
Yet would I smile at His right hand,  
Yet would I reign with Him !

Lord ! help this earnest, helpless will !  
Lay Thine own hand on me !  
Shall I not climb Thy holy hill ?  
Shall I not dwell with Thee ?

1847.

CXXXIX.

*GOD'S OPEN AND HIDDEN FACE.*

*"I dare not say He hideth His face from me."*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WHY should the fulness of Thy grace  
A thankful record miss ?  
Lord ! wherefore should I not retrace  
The fulness of my bliss ?

Hast Thou not spoken to my heart  
With Thine own voice divine ?  
Hast Thou not given my soul a part  
In that dear Son of Thine ?

Hath not the Spirit of my God  
With mine sweet witness blent ?  
Hath not Thy Presence Bright bestowed  
My joy pre-eminent ?

Yes, all along my way below  
That Presence Bright hath shone ;  
Alike in outward weal and woe  
It still keeps shining on.

I dare not mourn Thy hidden face  
When man doth darkliest frown ;  
Thou takest not away Thy grace  
When sorrow bows me down.

I dare not o'er Thine absence grieve  
When wealth and world are gone,  
Nor in my Father's flight believe  
When health and strength have flown.

Then only when to sin I yield  
My Lord His face doth hide ;  
Ah ! then His brightness is concealed,  
His presence is denied.

Then only when from Thee I turn,  
Thou turnest, Lord, from me ;  
Ah ! then Thy hidden face I mourn,  
Then am I left of Thee.

As down the tears repentant roll,  
My Lord to smile begins,  
Once more this healèd, hallowed soul  
Thy blissful presence wins.

Dost Thou not less Thy light withdraw  
As less from Thee I turn ?  
When shall I ne'er forsake Thy law,  
Thy hidden face ne'er mourn ?

When will my heart be always pure,  
Thy presence always bright ?  
And still my faithfulness endure  
And still Thy smile delight ?

1887.

CXL.

*COMPLAINT AND ASPIRATION.*

NOT yet I love my God  
With undivided heart ;  
Not yet I tread the Heavenly road  
With feet that ne'er depart.

Not yet each darling lust  
Is altogether slain ;  
Still, still I cleave unto the dust  
And Satan strives to reign.

Not yet, my gracious Lord,  
Each care on Thee I cast,  
Nor live on Thy life-giving Word  
Nor hold each promise fast.

Not yet is all Thy will  
Sweet to this heart of mine ;  
Not yet I hasten to fulfil  
Each dear command of Thine.

Not yet Thy wondrous ways  
I know as I desire,  
Nor yet upon those glories gaze  
To which mine eyes aspire.

Not yet I yearn for Thee  
 As Thou for me dost yearn,  
 Nor yet Thy wondrous love of me,  
 Even as I might, return.

Not yet Thy tasks divine  
 Alone my hands employ ;  
 Not yet that presence sweet of Thine  
 Maketh mine only joy.

But shall I not one day,  
 My God, be all Thine own,  
 Rejoicing all Thy will obey  
 And do Thy works alone ?

Will not my joy and love  
 Be endless and complete,  
 And all my blessedness above  
 Flow from Thy presence sweet ?

1868.

## CXLI.

*"I am Thine, Save me."*

MY GOD ! who all this happy while  
 Hast brightened my abode,  
 O wilt Thou not for ever smile,  
 For ever be my God ?

I who have hearkened for Thy word,  
 And hastened to Thy face ;  
 Yes, run to meet Thine angels, Lord,  
 Who bore to me Thy Grace :

O ! shall I have no eyes to see  
When bright Thou shinest round,  
Nor ears to hear when comes to me  
Each sweet, celestial sound ?

I, who Thy gracious tasks have done  
And humbly wrought with Thee,  
Thy holy errands gladly run,  
Yet mourned how sluggishly :

O ! shall I turn these happy feet  
To run the downward road,  
And Sin employ these hands once meet  
For Thy dear tasks, my God ?

May not this light, so glorious now,  
An endless gift be given,  
And this sweet Heaven begun below  
Be an Eternal Heaven ?

Behold Thy trembler ! at Thy feet  
O suffer me to stay !  
Let not Thy lowly intimate  
Become Thy castaway !

Yes ! richer make my soul's poor store,  
More high her humble height !  
Sweet Holy Spirit, help me more !  
Bright Presence, come more bright !

## CXLII.

## THE HALTING ASPIRANT.

*"I have inclined my heart to perform Thy statutes alway,  
even unto the end."*

WOULD I not, Lord, for evermore  
Thy gladsome servant be?  
Is it not sweet to travel o'er  
All the rough way with Thee?

O meaneth not this soul of mine  
Its all on Thee to spend,  
To keep the Covenant Divine  
Unbroken to the end?

Methinks my feet can never tire,  
My love can never fail;  
O what can stay such strong desire?  
Thy pilgrim must prevail.

My glowing vows Thou soon dost win,  
But will the passion stay?  
How sweet the journey to begin!  
How hard to keep the way!

Alas! my feet already tire,  
Mine eyes already rove;  
They miss the Heaven of my desire;  
They lose the path I love.

Walk with me, Lord, through all the road;  
Thy fiery pillar lend!  
Close on Thy shining steps, my God,  
I needs must reach the end.



CXLIII.

DIVINE DISCONTENT.

*"I see that all things come to an end ; but Thy command-  
ment is exceeding broad."*

HOW eagerly my heart hath sought  
And spurned each foolish gain !  
Each thing I longed for hath been brought  
And brought to me in vain.

Alas ! this heart too well hath learned  
The bitter in each sweet,  
The imperfect excellence hath mourned,  
The glory incomplete.

Doth glory still my soul invite ?  
For greatness do I pine ?  
Lord, make the ambition infinite,  
The discontent divine !

Yes, Lord, to glory measureless  
Thou bidd'st my soul arise,  
And settest Thine own perfectness  
Before my longing eyes.

These halting feet Thou beckonest  
To climb each height divine,  
And to uphold me offerest  
That strong right hand of Thine.

I, who have travelled far and found  
Small cheer upon the road,  
May o'er a boundless Holy Ground  
Walk sweetly with my God.

What ! weep I, Lord, because no more  
Unto my soul is given,  
I, who may take of Thine own store  
And dwell in Thine own Heaven ?

I'll mourn no more that still from me  
Perfection doth remove,  
But seek my perfect rest in Thee  
And trust Thy perfect love.

1849.

## CXLIV.

*DUTY DIFFICULT AND DELIGHTFUL.*

HOW hard Thy holy law to keep,  
Thy blessed will to do !  
How oft, dear Lord, they faint and weep,  
Thy servants tried and true !

And yet how sweet Thy blessed will !  
How dear Thy holy law !  
How doth their souls its glory fill  
With mingled love and awe !

With what glad wonder they discern  
Its loveliness sublime !  
With what exulting steps they yearn  
Each holy height to climb !

They fain the statutes fast would hold  
Their Father hath made known,  
And reverently each grace unfold  
That in their Saviour shone.

More faithfully they keep Thy law,  
More deeply they revere ;  
Its glory, as more nigh they draw,  
Doth more divine appear.

Should not that glory, righteous Lord,  
This heart divinely move ?  
Should not this soul be sweetly stirred  
Thy holy law to love ?

Make me with glowing lips express,  
With hallowed life declare,  
How beautiful is holiness,  
Virtue how heavenly fair !

In me Thine image make more bright,  
Each veiling sin remove !  
Help me to climb each holy height  
And keep the law I love !

1881.

CXLV.

*DIVINE ASCENSION.*

*" Filled unto all the fulness of God."*

LORD ! Thou wouldst bring us nigh to Thee,  
Wouldst have us like to Thy dear Son ;  
Thou biddest us aspirants be,  
Put all divine ambition on.

Thou fain wouldst have us greatly blest ;  
Thou fain wouldst have us strong of wing ;  
Thy Spirit's might Thou offerest  
To help our weak endeavouring.

We cannot reach Thy fulness, Lord,  
But nearer we may draw thereto,  
With holy longings still be stirred,  
And still Thy perfectness pursue.

Thou Sovereign Lord Almighty ! lo  
On, on to Thee the weaklings press ;  
From strength to strength our souls would go  
Upborne by Thine Almightyness.

All-Holy One, we give not o'er ;  
'The sinners would be one with Thee,  
Would with Thy Spirit's help explore  
Depth after depth Thy purity.

Alas our wrath ! alas our pride !  
Yet may they not at last be gone ?  
Yes, may we not each day abide  
Still nearer the All-Loving One ?

Father of Lights ! our souls aspire  
From 'Thee, for 'Thee, with 'Thee to shine !  
Pour full on us Thy heavenly fire !  
Set bright in us Thy light divine !

And may we grow for ever thus  
Still nearer, liker unto 'Thee ?  
'Thou beckonest, Lord ; joy ! joy ! for us  
A mounting immortality !

CXLVI.

LONGING AFTER GOD.

*“As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth  
my soul after Thee, O God.”*

LORD! may the thirst of hunted deer

My spirit's portion be?

As longeth he for streamlets clear

So may I long for Thee?

As he doth from the hunters haste

So do I flee from sin?

As he the water-brooks would taste,

Would I Thy Spirit win?

How fierce that haste! how fierce that heat!

How dread that thirst, that strife!

Those water-brooks how wondrous sweet!

In those deep draughts what life!

And yet how faintly they express

The streams that flow from Thee—

The streams of truth and righteousness,

Of love and purity!

Do those glad living waters pure,

Down from my Rock that roll,

As mightily this heart allure,

As well refresh this soul?

Alas, those blessed streams of Thine!

How faint a thirst they wake!

How feebly do I pant and pine!

What shallow draughts I take!

That thirst my dull, dead spirit grant !  
 That hart my pattern be !  
 Give me to pant as he doth pant,  
 And drink as drinketh he !

1882.

## CXLVII.

*THE DIVINE MASTER-BUILDER.*

*"Forsake not the works of Thine own hands."*

HAST Thou not wrought Thy best on me,  
 Mine own Almighty God,  
 On me Thy choicest husbandry,  
 Thy dearest pains bestowed ?

Hast Thou not on this sinner set  
 That wondrous love of Thine,  
 And strongly drawn and sweetly met  
 This wayward heart of mine ?

Hath not Thy Son my ransom brought,  
 My chastisement endured,  
 This glorious robe obedient wrought,  
 This peace through pain procured ?

Hath not Thy Spirit lent my heart  
 His all-revealing light,  
 On me put forth His hallowing art,  
 On me His quickening might ?

Doth not this pilgrim still enjoy  
 Thy watchful guardian love ?  
 Doth not this wanderer still employ  
 The Advocate above ?

Hast Thou not oft these lusts laid low  
That still would reign o'er me ?  
Each earthly, each infernal foe  
Hast Thou not made to flee ?

Hast Thou not helped each prayer to rise,  
And taught each song to soar ;  
Yes, hallowed each poor sacrifice  
I to Thine altar bore ?

Hast Thou not still with quickening breath  
My fainting strength renewed,  
And still upheld my faltering faith,  
And still Thy work pursued ?

Thou, who thus mightily hast wrought,  
Wilt Thou Thy work forsake ?  
The temple Thou thus far hast brought  
Wilt Thou not perfect make ?

Leave not, dear Lord, Thy work half done,  
Thy glory incomplete !  
Hast Thou not graciously begun ?  
Will not the end be sweet ?

O God of grace, my God still be !  
On me Thy pains still spend ;  
Fulfil Thy gracious work in me ;  
Fulfil Thy glorious end !

O grant this longing soul of mine  
Thy glory here to raise :  
And in mine endless joy divine  
Fulfil Thine endless praise !

## CXLVIII.

*REFRESHMENT AFTER TOIL.*

*"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."*

UNTO thy rest return,  
Thou wandering soul of mine ;  
O weary soul and worn,  
Regain the Arms Divine !  
Unto thy God  
Make haste again ;  
Lay down thy load  
And lose thy pain !

Oft has thy heart been torn ?  
Oft have thine eyes run o'er ?  
Still dost thou weep and mourn ?  
Go home and weep no more !  
Go home and near  
Thy Father bloom :  
Regain thy cheer ;  
Thy song resume !

Has toil thy strength o'erwrought ?  
Has strife thy peace o'ercome ?  
Has the world weakness brought ?  
Go, rest thyself at home !  
Take with thy Lord  
New heart, new might ;  
Regain the sword !  
Renew the fight !



Have creatures wrung thy breast  
And wronged that love of thine ?  
Back to the Heavenly Rest,—  
Back to the Arms Divine !  
There take delight !  
There sweetly prove  
Each depth, each height  
Of sovereign Love !

Alas this slow return !  
Alas this brief abode !  
Still vainly must I yearn  
To stay with Thee, my God ?  
Thine arms of love  
Thou openest wide :  
Still must I rove,  
And ne'er abide ?

Thou sweetly dost compel ;  
I bring Thee, Lord, my heart ;  
I come with Thee to dwell,  
No more from Thee to part ;  
No more to roam,  
Of Thee possessed,  
The Eternal Home,  
The Eternal Rest !

## CXLIX.

*ASSURANCE IN TROUBLE.*

*“For I shall yet praise Him.”*

SAD soul ! doth fear confound thee ?  
Soul ! dost thou faint and fail ?  
Do angry waves surround thee ?  
Do stormy winds assail ?  
These waves thou shalt walk over :  
This storm thou shalt forget ;  
Still clasp the Heavenly Lover  
And thou shalt praise Him yet.

Doth the deep darkness thicken ?  
Do the hot tears down roll ?  
Take comfort, heart sore-stricken !  
Rise, heavy-laden soul !  
The stroke will leave no sadness,  
The burden no regret ;  
The gloom will end in gladness  
And I shall praise Him yet.

Ah Satan ! thou may'st bruise me !  
My peace thou may'st assail ;  
May'st wrong and then accuse me,  
But thou shalt not prevail.  
I know thou can'st not take me,  
My Lord will break thy net ;  
My God will not forsake me  
And I shall praise Him yet.

Lord ! do I seem forsaken ?  
Lord ! do I miss Thy smile ?  
Dimness these eyes hath taken ;  
Thou shinest all the while.  
Though earth-born mists may veil Thee,  
Sweet Sun, Thou hast not set :  
Again these eyes shall hail Thee  
And I shall praise Thee yet.

Oft hath the foe oppressed me ;  
Oft have I cried to Thee ;  
Still hath Thy presence blessed me,  
Thine arm still set me free.  
The grace that failèd never  
How, Lord, can I forget ?  
Again Thou wilt deliver  
And I shall praise Thee yet.

With Thee I oft have talkèd  
In gladsome prayer and song ;  
With Thee I oft have walkèd  
The shining way along.  
Again will come the glory :  
Again the way will shine :  
Joy yet shall crown my story ;  
My song shall yet be Thine.

Here oft my day declineth,  
My Sun doth set and rise :  
But There He ever shineth  
On ever gladsome eyes :  
O never There, O never  
One cloud will dim my gaze :  
For ever and for ever  
I yet my God shall praise.

## CL.

*TRUST IN MAN OUR SNARE.*

*"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help."*

LORD! hath our work depended  
On strongest mortal might?  
Lord! hath our path been splendid  
With clearest earthly light?  
Ah broken reed that woundeth!  
Ah labour all in vain!  
Ah counsel that confoundeth!  
Ah pathway ne'er made plain!

Have we too fondly gazèd  
On creatures fair and bright?  
Hath mortal beauty raisèd  
Our hearts to wild delight?  
Ah rapture without reason!  
Ah brief uncertain smile!  
Ah light but for a season!  
Ah joy but for a while!

Hath Hope its glory golden  
Laid on some thing of dust?  
By child of Earth is holden  
Our boundless store of trust?  
Ah swift departing splendour!  
Ah Hope ashamed that makes!  
Ah sore-bewailed surrender!  
Ah trust that trial breaks!

Have we our hearts made over  
To spirits sweetly blent?  
Yes! here on our best lover  
Have we entirely leant?  
Ah bosom vainly tender!  
Ah shelter sweet in vain!  
In Earth's least sullied splendour  
Still lingereth the stain!

O changeless Heavenly Lover!  
O ever Fair and Bright!  
Only Thy wings can cover;  
Only Thy smile delight.  
O might that never waneth!  
O Helper ever near!  
Only Thine arm sustaineth;  
Only with Thee is cheer.

1855.

CLI.

*TRUST IN GOD OUR STAY.*

*"Lord! in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded."*

LORD! in each weak endeavour  
Have we Thy glory sought?  
To Thee, true Counsel-Giver  
Have we each business brought?  
Have we with Thee conferrèd—  
Of Thee inquired the right?  
Hath prayer our courage stirrèd  
And armed us for the fight?

O light withholden never !  
O waiting ne'er in vain !  
O prayer prevailing ever !  
O hidden path made plain !  
O seekers ne'er confounded !  
Weaklings ne'er left alone !  
O warriors oft sore wounded  
But never overthrown !

Lord ! have we loved Thee mainly ?  
Lord ! have we loved Thee first ?  
Not sadly then, not vainly  
May earthly love be nursed.  
We weep no idols broken,  
No vanished raptures mourn ;  
The Eternal Word hath spoken ;  
The unchanging Lover sworn.

His love their love doth heighten  
In whom our hearts delight :  
His smile their smiles doth brighten  
Who make our dwelling bright.  
Ah lovers ! must ye leave us ?  
In His strong arms we sink :  
Ah darlings ! do ye grieve us ?  
Of His sweet grace we drink.

Have we, dear Lord, expended  
On Thee our store of trust ?  
Hath humble Hope attended  
Upon each child of dust ?  
Hath golden Expectation  
From Thee its splendour drawn,—  
Yes, built each fair creation  
Thy truth and grace upon ?

O fabrics built for ever !  
O splendour still the same !  
O Hope that bringeth never  
One heart, one face to shame !  
O Trust, whose holy treasure  
Grows as it runneth o'er !  
O bliss in over-measure !  
O bliss for evermore !

1855.

CLII.

*"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith."*

SAVIOUR ! who from Death didst take  
Crown and sceptre, strength and sting,  
Can Thy people bow and quake  
As before a crownèd king ?  
Can Thy vanquished, captive foe  
Bring the hearts that love Thee low ?

To the bright land where Thou art  
Bidd'st Thou not Thy lovers come ?  
Hast Thou not made sure their part  
In Thy joy and in Thy home,  
Wrought for them those robes so white,  
Set for them those thrones so bright ?

Conqueror and King of death !  
Captor of captivity !  
Ah we tremblers have no faith  
In Thy finished victory ;  
Still for us that sting He bears ;  
Still for us that crown He wears.

Our poor land we would not leave  
 For the glory of Thy home ;  
 To the Vale of Tears we cleave :  
 To Thy joy we would not come.  
 We, who shrink to dwell with Thee,  
 How can we Thy lovers be ?

Stir in us the might of faith,  
 Light in us the fire of Love !  
 Then will smile Thine angel Death,  
 Opener of the gate above ;  
 Sweet Thy summons then will come ;  
 Gladsome then shall we go home.

1856.

## CLIII.

*THE BROKEN AND RENEWED COVENANT.*

TOO dearly, Lord, hast Thou redeemed  
 Not somewhat to be loved ;  
 Thy grace hath too divinely streamed  
 To leave my soul unmoved.

Yes, more than once my lips have said,  
 " I will Thy servant be ;"  
 Yes, more than once my soul hath made  
 A holy league with Thee.

O conference sublime and sweet  
 That sealed the League Divine,  
 Wherein Thy love my soul did greet,  
 Wherein I gave Thee mine !



Did not I offer all my heart  
And all my powers to Thee ?  
Was there not promised on Thy part,  
All grace, all help to me ?

For ever stand Thy promises ;  
Eternal is Thy love ;  
Thine everlasting faithfulness  
Doth my weak vows reprove.

How often o'er my broken word  
These shamèd eyes have wept !  
How oft has this sad heart deplored  
The covenant ill-kept !

Yet, Lord, what can Thy wanderer do  
But still Thy seeker be !  
O endless Lover ! I renew  
My covenant with Thee.

Again my service I engage ;  
I pledge my love once more ;  
Again Thy warfare would I wage,  
But better than before.

Lord ! for Thy faithfulness I yearn ;  
For Thy true love I pant ;  
Of Thee, of Thee I fain would learn  
To keep the covenant.

## CLIV.

*THE WORTH OF TIME.*

O TIME ! ne'er resteth thy swift wing ;  
Thy minutes make no stay :  
Yet what vast treasure do they bring,  
What treasure bear away !

The wonder of their pace so swift  
More wondrous makes their dower ;  
What woe, what joy lies in the gift  
Of every little hour !

O richly laden hours, ye fly,  
Yet ye lay down your load :  
O minutes freighted awfully,  
Your freight is all bestowed.

All blessed store within you lies ;  
With a dire load ye swell ;  
Ye bring the heavenly merchandise ;  
Ye bring the wares of hell.

Ye bring the world's consuming care ;  
Ye bring the Tempter's wile :  
Ye bring the glorious strife of prayer  
Ye bring the Father's smile.

Ye find the soul in Satan's grasp,  
Close to the gates of death :  
Ye leave it in the Saviour's clasp,  
'Neath the sweet Spirit's breath.

Yes, Lord, our days may be divine :  
Our hours may golden be ;  
The brightness of their light may shine  
Through all eternity.

We mourn not, Hours, the wings ye take,  
If your blest dower be given :  
Fly on, bright Minutes, if ye make  
Our souls more meet for Heaven !

Yes, parted Years, still sweetly breathe !  
Still blessedly appear !  
And glory and delight bequeath  
To the Eternal Year !

1855.

CLV.

*THE VOICE OF TIME.*

OUR years—they come and go ;  
Our souls—they soar and sink ;  
The tide divine doth onward flow  
And then doth backward shrink.

Our God we shun and seek ;  
We grovel, we aspire ;  
His work we do, His law we break ;  
We strive and then we tire.

Time's steadfast onward pace  
Our halting steps doth chide ;  
Our slow advance in strength and grace  
The swift-winged years deride.

Lord ! as our years advance,  
 Should not our souls ascend ?  
 Doth not a cheerful resonance  
 The voice of Time commend !

He bids our souls heed well  
 His onward march sublime :  
 Rebuke and Inspiration dwell  
 In the deep voice of Time.

List to the New Year bells,  
 How cheerfully they ring !  
 What gladness in their music dwells !  
 What hope, what joy they bring !

Hark, tremblers, and aspire !  
 List, laggards, on ! ascend !  
 Invoke the Spirit's kindling fire ;  
 Therewith strong striving blend !

The faintness of the Old  
 May the New Year efface,  
 The fulness of our strength unfold,  
 The fulness of God's grace !

1894.

## CLVI.

*THE VOICE OF TIME IN HISTORY.*

HOW mournfully the voice of Time  
 Throughout the ages ringeth !  
 What cries of woe, what bursts of crime  
 To shuddering souls it bringeth !  
 We murmur back the mournful song ;  
 We cry aloud, " O Lord, how long ? "  
 As thus it sadly singeth.

The groans of stricken Liberty,  
Of wounded Peace possess us ;  
The pangs of smitten constancy  
To Truth and Right distress us ;  
The patriot's block, the tyrant's throne,  
The martyr's stake, the bondman's moan,  
The Saviour's cross oppress us.

But not of wrong and woe alone  
Time's voice far-sounding telleth ;  
Into a gladder, loftier tone  
Sometimes it sweetly swelleth.  
Sometimes hath Freedom won the fight ;  
Hark ! on the lips of conquering Right  
A song of triumph dwelleth.

Around a tyrant's fallen throne  
The shout of nations ringeth ;  
God's weakness into might hath grown,  
And men all blessings bringeth :  
Victorious Truth with grateful smile  
Points to her martyr's fiery pile,  
And of his glory singeth.

Yes, as the centuries roll on,  
More mighty Justice groweth,  
Fair Freedom's fight is oftener won,  
Her smile more brightly gloweth.  
Less sadly sounds the voice of Time ;  
Its tones are gladder, more sublime ;  
A happier strain outfloweth.

This century draws nigh a goal  
 More fair than its beginning ;  
 Against the Right, against the Soul  
 Less oft the Law is sinning.  
 Few martyrdoms doth Truth invite ;  
 More peace, more liberty, more light  
 The happier world is winning.

Lord of the Ages, may their chime  
 Approach Heaven's strain more nearly !  
 Ring forth the Prince of Peace, O Time !  
 Delight in Him more dearly !  
 May that far-sounding voice of thine  
 Catch the sweet Spirit's tones divine,  
 And echo them more clearly !

1894.

## CLVII.

*NEW YEAR HYMN.*

BREAK, New-born Year, on glad eyes break !  
 Melodious voices move !  
 On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make  
 The Father cease to love.

The parted year had wingèd feet ;  
 The Saviour still doth stay :  
 The New Year comes ; but, Spirit sweet,  
 Thou goest not away.

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;  
 But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;  
 Our sins are swelling evermore ;  
 But pardoning grace still streams.

Lord, from this year more service win,  
More glory, more delight !  
O make its hours less sad with sin,  
Its days with Thee more bright !

Then we may bless its precious things  
If earthly cheer should come,  
Or gladsome mount on angel wings  
If Thou wouldst take us home.

O ! golden then the hours must be ;  
The year must needs be sweet :  
Yes, Lord, with happy melody  
Thine opening grace we greet.

1855.

CLVIII.

*THE NEW YEAR AND THE NEW LIFE.*

THE New Year, Lord, we welcome make  
With gladsome heart and tongue ;  
The newness of the gift doth wake  
The newness of the song.

We look for things unseen before ;  
We hope for joys unknown ;  
But Thou canst on this New Year pour  
A newness all Thine own.

Divine Renewer, make this year  
For us divinely new !  
These far-off seekers bring more near,  
These falterers make more true !

Give us new life from Thee to win  
New strength from Thee to take  
Each fresh o'erthrow of rising sin  
More full, more glorious make !

Their Taskmaster our souls require  
To keep in nearer view !  
And let our quickened powers aspire  
To some achievement new !

Grant us new beams of Thine to see,  
New steps of Thine to trace—  
New visions of Thy majesty,  
New visits of Thy grace !

Help us new peaks of Truth to climb,  
To win new realms of lore—  
Each deep divine, each height sublime  
More amply to explore !

In these Thy glorious works may we  
Thy glory more discern,  
And in this inmost sanctuary  
Fresh tidings of Thee learn !

Augment our skill this lore divine  
Without, within to read,  
And let this year in joy divine  
Each earlier year exceed !

May Grace those sweet surprises lend  
That bring our God more near,  
And novelties divine commend  
The newness of the year !



CLIX.

MORNING HYMN.

*"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin."*

DEAR Lord ! Thou bringest back the morn ;  
Thy children wake ; Thy children pray :  
O ! make our souls divinely yearn !  
Pour Thy best beauty on the day !

Yes, make our best desire most strong !  
O let not sin one hour oppress ;  
But spread each shining hour along  
The beauty of Thy holiness.

In myriad gifts streams forth Thy love ;  
What countless joys each minute brings !  
But, O ! the cleaving sin remove  
That darkens all these precious things.

The thoughts, that in our hearts keep place,  
Lord, make a holy, heavenly throng ;  
And steep in innocence and grace  
The issue of each guarded tongue.

Lend our slow feet that speed of Thine ;  
Our busy hands from evil stay :  
Lord ! help us still to tasks divine—  
Still keep us in the heavenly way.

The weaklings plead ; the sinners pray ;  
But, Lord, Thy grace exceeds our sin :  
We cannot ask too bright a day ;  
Too much of Thee we cannot win.

CLX.

*EVENING HYMN.*

LORD ! have I walked with Thee to-day  
As Thine own pilgrims walk ?  
Lord ! hast Thou gladdened all my way,  
And mingled with my talk ?

Have I some darling sin defied,  
Some mighty lust o'erthrown ?  
Hast Thou, dear Lord, Thy servant tried  
And found me more Thine own ?

Hath my weak, yearning spirit sought  
The holy home above ?  
Have I for my dear Saviour wrought  
Some work of lowly love ?

Hath each sweet visit of Thy grace  
More grateful found my soul ?  
Have the bright shinings of Thy face  
Beamed on a heart less dull ?

More steadfast have I sought the right ?  
More faithful kept Thy way ?  
Yes ! shine the hours with holier light  
Than beamed from yesterday ?

O faithless heart ! O faltering hands !  
O feet so slow to move !  
When shall I run in Thy commands  
And serve the Lord I love ?

When shall each shining day transcend  
The days that went before,  
And to the day that hath no end  
Bequeath a holier store ?

1853.

## CLXI.

*HOLY EVEN-TIDE.*

WHEN doth the soul so sweetly soar,  
So blissfully abide,  
So steadfastly her Lord adore  
As at sweet Even-tide ?

How doth the stillness of this hour,  
The glory of this sky,  
Each earth-born, day-nursed care o'erpower,  
Each longing bright lift high !

How full the deep peace from above  
Breathes in this depth of calm !  
What sweetness of celestial Love  
Streams through these floods of balm !

These rosy deeps, these radiant hues,  
What wondrous news they tell !  
How doth the Infinite suffuse  
The soul that reads them well !

What dreams divine, what visions bright  
This setting sun attend !  
What gleams of Everlasting Light  
With this brief glory blend !

The soul, fulfilled in this blest time  
 With all her Father's grace,  
 Prolongs the conference sublime,  
 Prolongs the dear embrace.

How sweetly doth this melting hour  
 Commend the Saviour's love !  
 With what subduing, softening power  
 Descends the Heavenly Dove !

What wondrous things the Spirit saith !  
 How full the soul's reply !  
 How streameth forth her prayerful breath !  
 When mounts her praise so high ?

Yes, when doth she so sweetly soar,  
 So blissfully abide,  
 So steadfastly her Lord adore  
 As at sweet Even-tide ?

1881.

## CLXII.

*SUNWARD GAZING.*

*"Solem Aspiciens."*

WITH what delight mine eye pursues  
 The glory of the sun !  
 As richly he the day renews  
 My lingering gaze is won.

His morning beams I gladsome greet,  
 Nor shun his noon-tide blaze ;  
 His evening glow so soft and sweet  
 Wins my full, steadfast gaze.

Thus, thus upon her Sun Divine  
My soul her gaze would set ;  
Thus ever woo His gracious shine,  
His blessed warmth still get.

As never setteth He, so ne'er  
My gaze would I remove,  
But all my days or foul or fair  
Live in the light I love.

When earth is drear, when hearts grow chill  
Still sunward I may gaze ;  
Nor clouds of care, nor storms of ill  
May hide or quench His rays.

The light not only would I see,  
But drink its brightness in :  
Would catch those rays of purity,  
Those beams of love would win.

That soul-suffusing gaze be mine—  
That portion sweet and high,  
Full in the Sun to live and shine,  
Full in the Sun to die !—

As earth doth fade from my dim sight,  
To feel His sweet, warm rays ;  
Then pass into His cloudless light  
And Sunward ever gaze !

## CLXIII.

*"In Thy light we shall see light."*

THE light of morn, of noon, of even,  
The sunshine's varying smile,  
What gladness with the gift is given!  
How sweet the golden while!

The light of Truth, the light of Lore,  
What joy to walk therein!  
The widening region to explore,  
The deepening glow to win!

But O! to walk with Thee, my God,  
Thee who art very Light—  
With Thee, sweet Sun, to make abode,  
What gladness infinite!

This earth, that sky, how doubly bright  
If Thou dost shine within!  
What fulness doth all outer light  
From the soul's sunshine win?

How beams the path of Truth, if Thou  
Along that path dost shine!  
How doth each new-won region glow  
With Thee for Guide Divine!

How richly spreads each realm of Lore,  
Illumined by Thy rays!  
What brightness doth Thy presence pour  
On History's gloomy maze!

The star of Hope, how sure a guide  
When Thou dost bid it shine !  
The light of Love, how glorified  
When mingled, Lord, with Thine !

If faintness fall upon that light,  
If clouds that sweet star hide,  
Still, Sun Divine, it is not night  
If Thou within abide.

Thy shinings here our weal enhance,  
Blend gladness with our woe :  
Then what must be the radiance  
Of Heaven with Thee aglow !

There all things in Thy light we see,  
'Neath Thy full shining bright ;  
Yes, set our endless gaze on Thee—  
Thee who art very Light !

1892.

## CLXIV.

*THE JOY OF SPRING.*

LORD ! Thy Bright Presence doth not know  
The changes of the year ;  
In Winter's gloom, in Summer's glow  
Alike our God is near.

Yet with what fulness of delight  
We wait on Thee in Spring !  
How doth the vernal time invite  
Our souls to soar and sing !

How meetly the renewèd soul  
Greets the renewèd earth !  
Her own new life how strong and full  
As that new life bursts forth !

With gladdened eyes and hearts we see  
That life fair shapes assume—  
The deepening greenness of each tree,  
The widening, varying bloom.

What cheer those vernal airs bestow,  
That fragrance doth bequeath !  
With breath diviner as they blow  
The Spirit seems to breathe.

With the glad quire in every grove  
Our happy strains we blend ;  
With that new song of joy and love  
Our own new songs ascend.

Those nightingales, what lore they yield !  
What rapture they inspire !  
We hail the heavenly bliss revealed,  
Nor miss the angel-quire.

Yet when of Life succeeding Death  
Doth Hope so sweetly reign,  
As when beneath God's quickening breath  
Dead Nature lives again ?

Those tokens of new life among  
Our doubts, our fears we miss ;  
We feel the immortal hope more strong,  
More sure the eternal bliss.



This new-born bloom, this new-born mirth,  
These flowery, fragrant bowers  
The Everlasting Spring set forth,  
Fore-bloom the unfading flowers.

We think how He our Saviour dear  
In smiling Spring uprose,  
And the young sweetness of the year  
More sweet, more lovely grows.

Lord ! here in this blest vernal time  
Our gladdest songs we bring,  
And hold more fast the hope sublime  
Of that Eternal Spring.

1889.

CLXV.

*A VERNAL REBUKE.*

ONCE more doth Earth her smile resume,  
And back her beauty win ;  
Again we banquet on the bloom  
And drink the fragrance in.

Once more the life of Spring is hers,  
The joy of Spring is ours ;  
What cheer they yield, these vernal airs !  
What bliss, these vernal flowers !

Once more these nightingales ring forth  
Their fulness of delight ;  
Again they fill us with their mirth  
And lift us to their height.

O season, sweetest, loveliest,  
Most gladsome and most dear !  
And yet this vernal time so blest  
Doth chide as well as cheer.

How feebly doth our life repeat  
The living, breathing Spring !  
How coldly do our spirits greet  
The Spirit's quickening !

How faint a fragrance we give forth,  
How little love express !  
How doth the teeming, blooming earth  
Rebuke our barrenness !

How sweetly our dull, broken song  
These nightingales reprove,  
And bid our faltering souls prolong  
The lay of thankful love !

Sweet Spirit ! ne'er Thy work forsake,  
More sweetly, strongly blow !  
Our deadness and our dearth unmake,—  
A fair, full Spring bestow !

Waken our passions and our powers  
Into true life divine—  
As teems the earth, as glow the flowers,  
So make us teem and shine !

Make us a deeper verdure show,  
A richer fragrance fling,  
This earth out-bloom, these hues out-glow,  
These nightingales out-sing.

CLXVI.

*SUMMER WITHOUT AND WITHIN.*

NOT faintly, Lord, delight we take  
In summer bright and strong ;  
How vividly its glories wake  
Our hearts to thankful song !

The might of its majestic sun,  
His sovran noon-tide power  
To softest, sweetest sway down won  
In evening's happy hour ;

The various glory of its sky,  
The deep, unbroken blue  
At eve translated gloriously  
Into each radiant hue ;

Its lingering light that will not die,  
That leaves for night no room ;  
The fulness of its fragrancy,  
The richness of its bloom !

Lord, on our longing souls bestow  
A summer strong and bright !  
Repeat in us its noon-tide glow,  
Its blessed lingering light :

Beneath our gracious Sun Divine  
Give us to beam and burn ;  
And ever bathed in His sweet shine,  
No darkness to discern !

May Love's pure, holy, heavenly heat  
 Within us kindled be—  
 A fragrant fire, in union sweet  
 With Faith's full fervency !

Lord, may Thy faithful folk be filled  
 With light, with warmth, with power !  
 Yes, in each glowing soul upbuild  
 A blissful summer-bower !

1891.

## CLXVII.

*THE HYMN OF YOUTH.*

IS Earth too fair, is youth too bright  
 To need the smile of Heaven ?  
 Have I no deadly foes to fight,  
 No sins to be forgiven ?

Am I too young to seek that Lord  
 Who left His heaven for me ;  
 Too young to hold those sins abhorred  
 He bore upon the tree ?

My Father ! may not this glad heart  
 Feel Thee its sovereign good,  
 And bless, my Saviour, its dear part  
 In Thine atoning blood ?

This heart, so swiftly won to love,  
 Shall it not burn for Thee ?  
 Shall not the Heavenly Lover move  
 Its sweetest ecstasy ?

Shall not redeeming grace inspire  
This glowing soul of mine,  
This soul so ready to admire,  
With wonder most divine ?

I, who of glorious guests would boast,  
Shall I not feel most blest  
To entertain the Holy Ghost  
Who fain would be my guest ?

Hath not Thy Word a promise sweet  
For spirits young as mine ?  
May not my soul have leave to greet  
Some vision all divine ?<sup>1</sup>

When will the Everlasting Hills  
Look more divinely near,  
Or my Redeemer's chariot-wheels  
More sweetly rouse mine ear ?

Rejoicing, Lord, I seek Thy face ;  
Sweet smiling haste I make ;  
Thy longing, loving child embrace,  
Thy young, glad servant take !

May not I noblest pleasure win  
And still Thy servant be ?  
May not I drink Thy beauty in  
Nor miss Thy purity ?

May not I through each golden hour  
Wait duteous on my God,  
Yes, gather many a fadeless flower  
Along the heavenly road ?

<sup>1</sup> "Thy young men shall see visions." (Joel ii. 28.)

O awful God of holiness !  
 I would be all Thine own ;  
 O God of joy ! O God of grace !  
 I smile before Thy throne.

I pray Thee not to keep from me  
 All sorrow and all smart ;  
 But now I bring my joy to Thee ;  
 Accept this glowing heart !

1848.

## CLXVIII.

*THE SONG OF SEVENTY.*

" To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee  
 Our childhood we resign ;  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were Thine."

WATTS.

EARLY, my God, I felt Thee near,  
 To Thee my childhood came ;  
 I lisped with blended love and fear  
 Thy sweet, Thine awful name.

My growing soul with Thee abode ;  
 My youth rejoiced in Thee ;  
 For Thee its liveliest love outflowed,  
 Its strongest ecstasy.

In all bright souls Thy brightness shone ;  
 Each joy Thy smile did share ;  
 All beauty that I gazed upon  
 Unfolded the First Fair.

In Nature's teeming, boundless store  
Thy wonders I adored,  
And traversed each rich realm of lore  
A seeker of the Lord.

To Thee that young, full soul of mine  
Its glowing fulness brought ;  
My sweetest songs were songs divine,  
My best for Thee I wrought.

And now in Eld I come to Thee  
Fervent and full as then ;  
On this glad day I bring with me  
My threescore years and ten.

Their weight no chill, no faintness brings,  
No dulness doth bestow :  
My spirit still retains her wings,  
My soul is still aglow.

Her flame is still a holy fire ;  
With Thee, for Thee she burns ;  
Thy call, Thy cause her powers inspire,  
For Thee new lore she learns.

With Thee I linger in the grove,  
With Thee I climb the hill,  
Along the dale, the stream I rove,  
Thy soaring seeker still.

The rapture of the nightingale  
Doth thrill my spirit yet ;  
In tune with his melodious tale  
My gladsome song is set.

And still my sweetest song ascends,  
 God of my life, to Thee ;  
 And still upon Thy praise attends  
 My soul's full harmony.

Ere long these mortal powers must wane  
 But needs this soul decline ?  
 Still, Lord, the holy fire sustain !  
 Prolong the song divine !

Till, mingling with the seraphs' fire,  
 The flame for ever glows,  
 And holpen by the angel-quire,  
 The song for aye on flows.

*February 10th, 1889.*

CLXIX.

*ETERNAL YOUTH.*

*" Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail. But they who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."*

AH tremblers fainting and forlorn !  
 Ye once were young and glad ;  
 Ah weary souls ! ah weaklings worn !  
 Ye once in might were clad.

Ah drooping hearts, wherein once glowed  
 Hope's fire so bright and strong !  
 Ah dull cold lips, whose joy o'erflowed  
 Of old in many a song !



Young hearts, with hope and love on fire,  
Would ye still sweetly burn ?  
Young souls to glory that aspire,  
Would ye still nobly yearn ?

Young souls so strong the race to run  
And win each height sublime,  
Unweary still would ye march on  
And still exulting climb ?

Walk with the Lord ! along the road  
Your strength He will renew ;  
Wait on the Everlasting God  
And He will wait on you.

Burn with His love ! your fading fire  
An endless flame will glow ;  
Life from the Well of Life require !  
The stream will ever flow.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,  
Still in the Spirit strong :  
Each task divine ye still shall hail  
And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise  
And heights sublime explore :  
Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze,  
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,  
Your life below, above,  
Eternal youth, eternal bliss  
And everlasting love.

CLXX.

*THE HYMN OF THE HEART.*

MAY one who oft all earthward yearns,  
With Thee, great God, have part ?  
This heart that craves, and pants, and burns,  
Wilt Thou accept this heart ?

These mighty passions must I slay  
Ere I can pant for Thee ?  
Yes, wish my very heart away  
Thy lover, Lord, to be ?

O ! must these wings aside be thrown  
That Heavenward I may soar ?  
Lord ! ne'er shall I become Thine own  
Until I love no more ?

Take not away these eager wings !  
Teach them a heavenly flight !  
This joy in Earth's delightful things  
Raise to divine delight.

Unmake not this poor heart,—still, still  
A lover let me be ;  
Its longings with Thy fulness fill ;  
Lord, lift my love to Thee !

Sweet to my yearning heart appear ;  
Its Brightest Presence be !  
When most it loveth, be Thou dear ;  
Take its full strength to Thee !

O ! can I then too much desire  
When still for Thee I yearn ?  
This glowing heart, this holy fire,—  
Too strongly can it burn ?

Love on, enamoured heart, love on !  
Thy Lord will not reprove ;  
O ! if I love the Holy One,  
May not I be all love ?

1850.

CLXXI.

*LORD, I LOVE THEE.*

LORD, I love Thee ! Sin and Sorrow  
Cannot that dear joy remove ;  
Lord, I love Thee ! still I borrow  
From my weakness strength to love ;  
Dim my vision ;  
Yet how sweet the light above !

On Thy errands have I halted,  
Faintness in Thy service shown,  
Feebly Thy dear name exalted,  
Poorly made Thy glory known :  
Yet I love Thee,  
Yet I linger near Thy throne.

Foolish heart ! yet still it yearneth  
For that waiting grace of Thine ;  
Trembling flame—yet still it burneth,  
This undying love of mine ;  
Lord, I love Thee !  
I may speak these words divine.

I would speak them when Thou takest  
Each dear gift of Thine away ;  
I would speak them when Thou makest  
Darkness in mine earthly day ;  
Lord, I love Thee !  
Still with me Thyself dost stay.

Hath not creature-love been sweeter  
For the love that burns for Thee ?  
Are not earthly joys completer  
For each heavenly ecstasy ?  
In all brightness  
Shinest Thou not full on me ?

Sometimes hath the Heavenly Beauty  
Beamed too bright for me to sin ;  
Sometimes to stern-voicèd duty  
Cheerful listening couldst Thou win :  
King of Glory !  
Sometimes have I let Thee in.

When wilt Thou take full possession ?  
When shall all my love appear ?  
When shall the sublime profession  
With full truth delight Thine ear ?  
Lord, I love Thee !  
When wilt Thou indeed be dear ?

O for the divine completeness  
Of this soul on Thee half-bent !  
O this love's celestial sweetness  
All upon Thy glory spent !  
Lord, I love Thee !  
Endless be the ravishment !

CLXXII.

*EARLY LOVE.*

*"How good it is to close with Christ betimes!"*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WITH sin I would not make abode  
While shines each Golden Hour ;  
Nor keep away from Thee, my God,  
Till falls my Blissful Bower.

I would not give the world my heart,  
And then profess Thy love ;  
I would not feel my strength depart,  
And then Thy service prove.

I would not with swift-wingèd zeal  
On the world's errands go ;  
And labour up the Heavenly Hill  
With weary feet and slow.

Why should I lend the world's poor song  
These glowing lips of mine,  
And keep my dull, untunèd tongue  
To sing Thy songs divine ?

O ! not for Thee my weak desires,  
My poorer baser part !  
O ! not for Thee my fading fires,  
The ashes of my heart !

Lord ! in the fulness of my might  
I would for Thee be strong ;  
While runneth o'er each dear delight,  
To Thee should soar my song.

O choose me in my golden time !  
 In my dear joys have part !  
 For Thee the glory of my prime—  
 The fulness of my heart !

I cannot, Lord, too early take  
 The covenant divine ;  
 O ! ne'er the happy heart may break  
 Whose earliest love was Thine.

1855.

CLXXIII.

*LOWLY LOVE.*

*" I love God, or rather am loved of God."*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

METHINKS the glory of my God  
 Mine inmost soul doth move  
 Methinks this heart is His abode  
 Methinks my Lord I love.

Sometimes this dull, cold bosom burns  
 With the true fire possessed ;  
 Sometimes this faithless heart returns  
 To its eternal rest.

Sometimes my hands for Thee are strong,  
 For Thee my feet are swift ;  
 Sometimes my love-inspired tongue  
 To Thee a song doth lift.

Is this cold heart with Thee on fire ?  
 Dost Thou this laggard move ?  
 Lord ! doth this grovelling worm aspire ?  
 Lord ! doth this ingrate love ?

I dare not, Lord, my love profess ;  
I dare not boast my heart ;  
But I have known Thy faithfulness ;  
But Thou my Lover art.

I faint amidst the heavenward flight ;  
But Thou hast stooped to me :  
I weary of Thy Presence Bright ;  
But Thou my guest wilt be.

Thou still hast loved me, Father mine ;  
Thou still Thy child hast sought ;  
O Saviour sweet, O Son divine !  
My ransom Thou hast brought.

O Comforter ! from this mean heart  
Thou fain wouldst ne'er remove ;  
O Lover mine, Thyself impart,  
And teach me how to love !

1855.

## CLXXIV.

*RESTRAINING FEAR.*

THRICE blessed, Lord, the godly dread  
That on our childhood came ;  
Wherewith Thy holy law we read  
And lisped Thine awful name—

Wherewith we hearkened to Thy word  
And dwelt beneath Thine eye ;  
Wherewith our wondering souls adored  
Thy glorious majesty.

Sometimes the fear of Thee constrained  
All other fear to flee ;  
Sometimes that guardian angel gained  
O'er Sin the victory.

Our childhood oft, thus strongly stayed,  
Some evil way gave o'er ;  
Our lips, thus blessedly afraid,  
The lie, the curse forbore.

Dread Lord ! is Childhood only weak ?  
Is Manhood always strong ?  
Still let that guardian angel speak !  
That godly fear prolong !

'Midst Youth's hot stir and eager strife  
Confirm its blessed sway ;  
Through Manhood on to latest life  
Still let the angel stay !

Still may we tremble and adore,  
Still hearken and obey !  
Nor e'er that godly dread give o'er,  
Nor cast that shield away !

1887.

CLXXV.

*INSPIRING LOVE.*

WHAT sweet peace those souls possesseth  
In the midst of straits and snares !  
Bootlessly the world oppresseseth,  
Throngs its tasks and heaps its cares :  
Lord ! they love Thee ;  
All things Love endures and dares.



Is some hardest task assigned them ?  
With a song the task they greet ;  
Bootless toils unshaken find them ;  
Love the labour doth repeat :  
Love prevaieth,  
Brings Thee, Lord, the task complete.

'Gainst some old, o'erwhelming evil  
How those valiant souls press on !  
In the fight with world and devil  
Hurt they heed nor shock they shun :  
'Tis Thy pleasure ;  
Therefore is the battle won.

How that soaring soul rejoices !  
How their joy those seekers blend !  
Sweetly swell those mingling voices ;  
All aglow those songs ascend :  
Love inspires them,  
Love the holy fire doth lend.

See ! that stricken striver learneth  
From each stroke more strong to grow ;  
List ! that mourner meek discerneth  
Grace and wisdom in his woe :  
Love, Love only,  
Can the lore divine bestow.

As that soul the flesh forsaketh,  
Why doth she the parting greet ?  
On that face upturned, why breaketh  
That glad smile so wondrous sweet ?  
"Jesu ! Jesu !"  
Still those faltering lips repeat.

Love the King of Terrors greeteth,  
 Love the trust, the transport blends ;  
 Love the Name Beloved repeateth,  
 Love her beckoning Lord attends :  
     All o'ercoming,  
 All triumphant, Love ascends.

1887.

## CLXXVI.

*THE HOLY LEAGUE OF LOVE AND FEAR.*

May Love exulting meetly cry,  
 "Lord ! I belong to Thee " ?  
 Yet meetly may not Fear reply,  
 "Good Lord ! deliver me " ?

Can Joy be never over-sure,  
 Love never over-bold ?  
 May souls be never too secure,  
 Sin ne'er regain its hold ?

Can Fear be never over-strong,  
 Nor our best strength impair ?  
 May saddened souls ne'er suffer wrong  
 From over-heedful care ?

Lord, when we feel most nigh to Thee,  
 Infuse the awe divine !  
 Our farness when we sadliest see,  
 Bright let Thy Presence shine !

Let Love's uplifting might appear,  
 If Fear our souls oppress ;  
 If Love presume, let godly Fear  
 Restrain our forwardness.

Our mingled heedfulness and cheer  
 Thy wisdom will approve ;  
 Thou biddest, Lord, Thy lovers fear,  
 Thou bidd'st Thy tremblers love.

Still let our souls be onward led  
 Betwixt this blessed Twain ;  
 Of godly Love, of godly Dread,  
 The holy league maintain.

Still let Thine awfulness appear !  
 Ne'er let Thy grace remove !  
 Ne'er take away restraining Fear !  
 Still grant inspiring Love !

1887.

CLXXVII.

FULL LOVE.

*“ La mesure par laquelle nous devons Dieu aimer, est  
 aimer le sans mesure.”*

*“ The measure whereby we should love God, is to love  
 Him without measure.”*

LOUIS IX.

FAIN would I well employ my heart's poor treasure ;  
 Fain would I spend its sum of love aright :  
 How should my Lord be loved ? how large a measure  
 Shall I bestow upon the Infinite ?

Must I needs make division of my store,  
 Yes, save for the Divine One half my heart ?  
 Or shall I dare to spare a little more,  
 Yes, spend upon my Lord the larger part ?

O ! shall no full embrace my Lord enfold ?  
On wings half-eager shall I mount to Heaven ?  
Some store of love and joy from Him withhold  
For all the sweet things that His grace hath given ?

What ! shall His gracious gifts be loved the more  
Because I love my God of grace the less ?  
Here shall my heart a mightier stream outpour  
For dropping there a stinted tenderness

Seize my whole heart, dear Lord ! take all its treasure !  
I give Thee nought unless I give Thee all :  
O only loved aright in over-measure !  
Each tender soul a holy prodigal.

Be lavish, trembling heart ! how canst Thou spend  
Excess of love upon the Infinite ?  
Wouldst Thou more largely to His creatures lend ?  
More dearly in the gracious Lord delight !

Spare not to love Him ! take in Him all pleasure !  
With all dear reverence, blend all holy sweetness !  
O love Him without stint or bound or measure !  
How canst thou help but love His own in meetness ?

No longer, Lord, I reckon up my store ;  
No more I ask how much shouldst Thou possess ;  
Take all I have ! Lord, make that little more !  
When shall my love be meet and measureless ?  
1851.

CLXXVIII.

*LIFE, LIGHT, AND LOVE.*

*(As blessings of man.)*

NOT ours to dwell in sloth and sin,  
Not ours in faintness life to live ;  
But ours to drink its fulness in,  
But ours its fulness forth to give :

To shrink not from the stress of life,  
Nor all its sweetness yet to miss ;  
To mingle in each glorious strife,  
Nor always shun a bower of bliss ;

Each sense still meetly to employ,  
Each power still nobly to put forth ;  
To mingle purity with joy,  
And draw from sorrow all its worth.

Not ours in darkness to abide ;  
But ours to dwell in blessed light :  
No beam to shun, no beam to hide ;  
To entertain each vision bright :

To love the light around that streams  
And maketh all things glad and fair ;  
To bless the light within that beams  
And spreadeth joy and beauty there :

The radiancy of Truth to woo,  
The deeps of Wisdom to explore,  
To search each region fair and new,  
To live in light and long for more.

Yet O ! not ours apart to shine,  
To dwell in loneliness of light ;  
But ours to spread the beams divine,  
For others and with others bright :

Fulness of Life and Light to blend  
With dearer fulness yet of Love ;  
On each, on all its wealth to spend ;  
Its depth, its breadth alike to prove :

Each sacred household tie to clasp,  
Each soul selected fast to hold,  
Humanity's warm hand to grasp,  
Nor faintly beast and bird enfold.

Lord ! we would lift this love to Thee,  
For Thee would live, for Thee would shine :  
O consecrate these blessed Three !  
Make Life and Light and Love divine !

1886.

## CLXXIX.

*LIFE, LIGHT, AND LOVE.**(As gifts of God.)*

THIS manifold, full Life to know,  
Amidst this Light to dwell,  
With this sweet fire of Love to glow,  
What joy unspeakable !

How each the others doth befit,  
The others doth approve !  
In sense and sound how sweetly knit  
Are Life and Light and Love !

These gifts, dear Lord, these blessed Three,  
Are they not gifts of Thine ?  
Doth not their sweetness come from Thee,  
Their harmony divine ?

But yet more wondrously, my God,  
These gifts Thou wouldst impart ;  
Thyself, Thyself Thou hast bestowed,  
Life, Light, and Love who art.

O Father dear, O Saviour sweet,  
O tender Heavenly Dove,  
In Thee this yearning soul may greet  
Her Life, her Light, her Love.

When earthly Life and Light grow drear,  
When human love grows chill,  
Thou livest on, Thou shinest near ;  
My God ! Thou lovest still.

But ne'er to wane, the blessed Three  
Possess the realm above ;  
Is not that boundless empery  
All Life, all Light, all Love ?

Each pulse of Life, each beam of Light  
A gush of Love doth yield ;  
In each glad saint, each angel bright  
Their oneness is revealed.

Lord ! may that threefold bliss be mine ?  
May I that oneness prove,  
Like angels live and love and shine,  
Yes, be all Life, Light, Love ?

CLXXX.

*LOVE AND PRAISE.*

LORD ! we would praise Thee gloriously ;  
The power of Love impart ;  
O ! full of praise the mouth must be  
When Love doth fill the heart.

Our feeble strains grow sweet and strong  
When Thy dear Love doth move ;  
O weak the praise, O dull the song  
That is not born of Love !

Thou winnest cheerful strains from us ;  
'Tis happy Love that sings,  
'Tis Love assured and rapturous,  
'Tis Love with Angel-wings.

Our strains by sin are mournful made ;  
'Tis stricken Love doth mourn ;  
'Tis Love in tears that it hath strayed ;  
'Tis Love that would return.

Our lowly strains ascend to Thee ;  
'Tis Love that trembling soars,  
That faints beneath Thy majesty,  
And blent with awe adores.

The Love that smiles, that weeps, that fears,  
Must needs unloose the tongue ;  
And still the Heavenly Helper hears  
If Love be in the song.



Faint faltering praise ! how far beneath  
The harmonies above !  
Those strains divine the Angels breathe  
Because the Angels love.

Lord ! let Thy Love o'erflow my heart,  
Then shall it seize my tongue ;  
Then may I bear melodious part  
In Heaven's eternal song.

1849.

CLXXXI.

*GRACE AND GRATITUDE.*

LORD ! come too many gifts from Thee  
For us to mark each gift ?  
Down streams Thy grace too plenteously  
Our spirits up to lift ?

Thy light would glorify our lot,  
Thy love besets our way ;  
And yet Thine ingrates feel Thee not,  
And yet Thy Pilgrims stray.

Still sometimes glorious grows the road  
And grateful raptures come ;  
All close and tender feels our God,—  
All near appears our home.

Some sweet surprise our souls doth take  
Straight to the heavenly throne :—  
Some sudden blaze of bliss doth make  
The Lord's bright presence known.

Or in some mighty woe awhile  
Our gracious God appears,  
And strangely beams the Eternal Smile  
Amidst the mortal tears.

Alas these visits rare and rude  
Unto Thy Holy Place !—  
Our weak wild bursts of gratitude—  
Thy calm, clear deeps of grace !

O never shall Thy mercy make  
Our souls to rest in Thine,  
Nor mortal gratitude partake  
The flow of Grace Divine ?

When shall our grateful raptures rise  
Fast as Thy grace descends,  
And link to endless harmonies  
The love that never ends ?

1849.

## CLXXXII.

*LOWLY AMBITION.*

LORD ! when I all things would possess  
I crave but to be Thine ;  
O ! lowly is the loftiness  
Of these desires divine.

What would my panting heart but drink  
Some drops of Thy dear grace ?  
What would my mounting soul but sink  
Into her Lord's embrace ?

Each gift but helps my soul to learn  
How boundless is Thy store ;  
I go from strength to strength and yearn  
For Thee, my Helper, more.

The heavenly journey I begin—  
More glorious shines the road ;  
Some visit of Thy grace I win—  
More wondrous grows my God.

How can my soul divinely soar,  
How keep the shining way,—  
And not more tremblingly adore,  
And not more humbly pray ?

The more I triumph in Thy gifts,  
The more I wait on Thee ;  
The grace that mightily uplifts  
Most sweetly humbleth me.

I fain would ask, I fain would know—  
Still of my Lord I learn ;  
O ! if my soul do holier grow,  
The more for Thee I yearn.

The Heaven where I would stand complete  
My lowly love shall see ;  
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,  
My Holy One, for Thee.

## CLXXXIII.

*SWEET SUBJECTION.*

DEAR Lord and Master mine,  
Thy happy servant see !  
My Conqueror ! with what joy divine  
Thy captive clings to Thee !

I love Thy yoke to wear,  
To feel Thy gracious bands,  
Sweetly restrained by Thy care  
And happy in Thy hands.

No bar would I remove ;  
No bond would I unbind ;  
Within the limits of Thy love  
Full liberty I find.

I would not walk alone,  
But still with Thee, my God,  
At every step my blindness own  
And ask of Thee the road.

The weakness I enjoy  
That casts me on Thy breast ;  
The conflicts that Thy strength employ  
Make me divinely blest.

Dear Lord and Master mine,  
Still keep Thy servant true !  
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,  
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !

“ My Conqueror and my King,”<sup>1</sup>  
 Still keep me in Thy train,  
 And with Thee Thy glad captive bring  
 When Thou return'st to reign !

1868.

CLXXXIV.

THE GLORY OF INFIRMITY.

*“ When I am weak then am I strong.”*

EACH gift, dear Lord, by Thee bestowed  
 Should lift a heart to Thee ;  
 The souls Thou richly hast endowed,  
 May they not gladsome be ?

Beauty may lift to Thee, First Fair,  
 The eye Thou makest bright ;  
 Well may Thy mighty men declare  
 Their Lord's inspiring might.

How can Thy sages of Thee learn  
 And not enjoy Thy lore ?  
 How can Thy prophets with Thee burn  
 Nor forth their raptures pour ?

How meetly their melodious breath  
 Thy happy angels bring !  
 But, Lord, this weakling triumpheth ;  
 Thy stricken servants sing.

<sup>1</sup> “ My dear Almighty Lord,  
 My Conqueror and my King.”

Dost Thou afflict them with some thorn ?  
Thy grace the smart attends ;  
Is theirs some lack that men do mourn ?  
Thy fulness makes amends.

Blest weakness that becometh might !  
Kind stroke that sweet doth fall !  
O glory of Thy soul most bright !  
O gladness of Thy Paul !

Lord ! doth some thorn with us abide ?  
Are we in weakness clad ?  
Hast Thou some precious thing denied  
That makes our brethren glad ?

How can we wish the thorn away  
Thou steepest in Thy grace,  
That winneth us Thy sweetest stay,  
Thy most divine embrace ?

The stroke, for tears that meetest seemed,  
Takes from Thy smile delight ;  
The weakness that a woe we deemed  
Becomes the Lord's own might.

Thy stricken ones how rapturous !  
Thy weaklings, Lord, how strong !  
To Him, who strikes and strengthens us,  
We raise our gladdest song.

CLXXXV.

*"Not My will but Thine be done."*

METHOUGHT my soul had learned to love  
Thy gracious sharpness, Lord ;  
Methought the glory from above  
O'er all my lot was poured.

Methought Thine Angels, Lord, were sweet,  
Whate'er the news they bore ;  
Methought Thy pleasure I could greet  
Nor wait for grace in store.

Have I not seen the desert drear  
Bloom into Holy Ground,  
And close beside the sepulchre  
Thy brightest Angels found ?

O faithless soul that would not take  
Thy sad-robed Angels in,  
Whom the bright raiment glad must make,  
Ere access they may win !

At 'once Thy bidding to fulfil  
My stricken soul was loth ;  
With the first sharpness of Thy will  
My rebel will was wroth.

I waited till the sweetness came,  
Till clear the glory shone ;  
Ah ! then I glorified Thy name ;  
Ah ! then my God was known.

When in Thy paths shall I delight,  
 Ere flowers make glad my feet ?  
 When shall Thy stroke upon me light  
 And still my song be sweet ?  
 1852.

CLXXXVI.

*ALONE WITH THE FATHER.*

*"I am not alone, because the Father is with me."*

ROCKINGHAM.

O AWFUL hour, when all alone  
 My soul unto her foes is given ;  
 When not a smile my path doth own,  
 And not a star shines in my Heaven !  
 O trembling soul ! thou back wouldst turn,  
 Wouldst from the lonely terror shrink.  
 This awful lore I need not learn ;—  
 This bitter cup—O must I drink ?  
 Must I, my God ?—But wherefore shine  
 The depths of my dark loneliness ?  
 O ! what can make this hour divine—  
 This shuddering soul so strangely bless ?  
 That vision bright ! it fills mine eye,—  
 The same my Saviour saw of old !  
 O Father mine ! Thou standest by,  
 And Thy dear hand the cup doth hold.  
 O vision bright ! no more my soul  
 The loneliness doth lonely think ;  
 Thou givest me the bitter bowl—  
 It must be sweet,—I smile and drink !

1849.



CLXXXVII.

THE WORLD OVERCOME.

*"In the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good  
cheer, I have overcome the world."*

AH ! wherefore fall my tears so fast ?  
Why, Saviour, is my soul o'ercast ?  
Why should the world my conqueror be ?  
The world was overcome by Thee !

What sorrows can possess with fear  
The soul Thou biddest be of cheer ?  
O ! vanquished can that trembler be  
Thou tellest of Thy victory ?

O Thou for whom the strife was strong,  
Thou who hast sung the conqueror's song ;  
Uphold me through the holy war !  
Make me a smiling conqueror.

Thy bidding is not vainly sweet ;  
Thy cheerful soul my soul doth greet ;  
Thou vanquishest—my foes are down,  
For me the cross, for me the crown !

I fight upon Thy battle-field,  
Thy holy arms are mine to wield ;—  
Against me comes each foe of Thine—  
Repeat Thy victory in mine !

Weak world ! in vain thy powers uprise ;  
 Thy sorrows vainly melt mine eyes ;  
 This bitter life my Master led—  
 This world my Saviour vanquishèd !

Dear Conqueror ! Thy sweet words I hear,  
 Mine, mine the fulness of their cheer !  
 I too the world may overcome—  
 I too may win the Heavenly Home.

1848.

## CLXXXVIII.

*THE SOUL SUSTAINED.*

*" I know that my Redeemer liveth."*

WHAT though a pilgrim faint and worn  
 This vale of tears I tread ;  
 What though o'er vanished joys I mourn,  
 O'er friends and lovers fled ;  
 I know He lives, I know He loves,  
 Mine own Redeemer dear !  
 His tender voice each doubt reproves ;  
 He smiles away each tear.

What though these rebel lusts would fain  
 Regain this roving heart ;  
 What though these cleaving sins again  
 Put me to shame and smart ;  
 Mine own Redeemer lives, who bore  
 My sins upon the tree,  
 To plead for me His travail sore,  
 His precious death for me.

What though I sadly seek the Lord,  
What though I faintly pray,  
And feebly grasp the Spirit's sword,  
And falter 'midst the fray ;  
He liveth, my Redeemer dear,  
His breath with mine to blend ;  
My living Saviour draweth near  
Of His own might to lend.

What though the Tempter for this heart  
Contrive His subtlest snare ;  
What though the Foe no fiery dart,  
No blinding terror spare ;  
He lives who overcame that Foe,  
Who made that Tempter flee ;  
He lives again to bring him low,  
To vanquish him in me.

What though across my way doth flow  
That river dark and deep ;  
What though 'midst those cold waves the foe  
Watch 'gainst this trembler keep :  
My living Lord doth beckoning stand  
There on the heavenly shore ;  
And sweetly reaches forth His hand  
To help His trembler o'er.

He shows me my preparèd place :  
Unto His joy I come :  
For me the brightness of His face,  
The sweetness of His home !  
With eyes enamoured I adore  
The Lord who died for me,  
And face to face for evermore  
Mine own Redeemer see.

CLXXXIX.

*GODLY SORROW.*

SORE the burdens, Lord, we bear,  
Bitter, Lord, the tears we weep ;  
Once Thy happy ones we were—  
Faithful now Thy mourners keep ;  
Meekly be each burden borne—  
Help us holily to mourn.

No sweet gifts do we receive ?  
Nay, behold Thy bitter cup !  
Have we nothing left to give ?  
Lord ! our tears we offer up !  
No bright garland do we wear ?  
Nay ; Thy burdens, Lord, we bear.

Humbly clasp we each dread gift—  
Lo ! the burden groweth light :  
Heavenward our sad eyes we lift—  
In our tears what strange delight !  
Joy of grief Thy love will make,  
If in love our grief we take.

From our want flows precious store ;  
In our grief Thy grace appears ;  
Heavenly wings, those burdens sore,  
Dews divine, those bitter tears !  
Stricken faith hath glory given,  
Sorrow lets us into Heaven.

CXC.

*SORROW UNDER THE EYE OF GOD.*

SHALL not I seek Thee sorrowing  
Whom full of cheer I sought ;  
Yes, Lord, to Thee my sadness bring  
To whom my joy was brought ?

Into my Garden of Delight  
My God I welcome made ;  
My gladness sought the Gladdener's sight ;  
Before the Lord I played.

Thy grace my gladness made more glad ;  
I smiled beneath Thy smile :  
But now this heart is faint and sad ;  
Stay with me, Lord, the while !

These tender tears, these yearning sighs  
From Thee I would not keep ;  
I lift to Thee my streaming eyes ;  
Before my Lord I weep.

Didst Thou not knit these sacred ties  
Which, sundered, rend this heart ?  
Did not the love from Thee arise  
Which, stricken, yields such smart ?

I needs must weep, I needs must grieve,  
Yet on to Thee would press ;  
Thy weeping worshipper receive !  
Thy mourning seeker bless !

I weep before Thee, Saviour dear,  
Who sweetly weptst with me :  
Shall not each consecrated tear  
A precious offering be ?

I ask Thee not these tears to stay,  
To bid this grief depart ;  
This sorrow at Thy feet I lay ;  
Accept this bruised heart !

1874.

CXCI.

*“ Pray without Ceasing.”*

HOW can I, Lord, abide with Thee  
Unless with Thee I speak ?  
How can I love Thee verily  
And not Thy converse seek ?

How can I glow beneath Thy smile  
Nor tell Thee I am glad ?  
How can I lose Thy face awhile  
Nor tell Thee I am sad ?

How can I mourn my darkened way  
Nor light from Thee implore ?  
How can I feel my strength decay  
Nor ask my God for more ?

How can I weep by sin o'erthrown  
Nor ask Thy help to rise ?  
How yearn to be once more Thine own  
Nor send to Thee my sighs ?

How can I live unless I pray?  
 How breathe the heavenly air  
 Unless I boldly soar away  
 On the strong wings of prayer?

Doth not my soul, dear Lord, decline  
 Whene'er I faintly pray,—  
 When on that outstretched hand of Thine  
 A weak cold clasp I lay?

My life were stopped if Prayer should fail;  
 O soul of mine, pray on!  
 Pray, weakling, till thou dost prevail—  
 Pray till thy tears are gone!

Pray till Thy Lord's own strength is thine  
 Still sweetly, strongly pray!  
 For ever breathe the air divine!  
 Clasp thy dear Lord away!

1856.

CXCII.

*THE WALK WITH GOD.*

*"Order my footsteps by Thy law."*

O! NOT alone in saddest plight  
 My Lord do I require;  
 Not only in the thickest fight  
 And in the sevenfold fire:

Not only when the world invites,  
 In all its pomp arrayed:  
 Not only when the Tempter fights  
 In all his terrors clad.

I would not for some sorest smart  
Keep Thy dear grace in store,  
Nor for my deeply darkened heart  
Reserve Thy Word's blest lore.

When forth I go, not then alone,  
Lord, would I walk with Thee ;  
Not only when the sun goes down  
I crave Thy company.

Not only for some task sublime  
Thy succour I implore ;  
Not only on some solemn time  
Thy Holy Spirit pour !

O ne'er can I my Helper spare ;  
I want Thee all the way ;  
I want my Saviour everywhere ;  
I want Thee every day.

Lord ! for each daily task of mine  
I want Thy quickening power,  
I want Thy smile away to shine  
The trouble of each hour.

I want each joy from Thee to spring,  
Each joy for Thee more bright ;  
Each footstep of Thine ordering,  
All light seen in Thy light.

I want Thee through the Vale of Tears,  
All up the Heavenly road ;  
Each moment of the Eternal years  
Shall I possess my God.



CXCIII.

*CONFERENCE WITH GOD.*

SPEAK, Lord, unto Thy people speak  
As Thou didst speak of old !  
On us let Thine own presence break,  
To us Thy will be told !

Speak, Lord, unto our inmost heart  
With Thine own Voice Divine !  
To us Thy very mind impart,  
Our every task assign !

They spoke with Thee, Thy saints of yore ;  
Thus, thus would we confer :  
They gathered thence their life and lore ;  
Our souls thus guide and stir !

Not less our longing hearts inspire,  
Our onward steps uphold !  
Not less would we Thy will enquire ;  
Not less Thy will unfold !

Not only our own souls' affairs  
We bring before our God :  
We come with larger hopes and prayers ;  
We send our souls abroad.

We ask Thee each for victory  
In the dread fight with sin ;  
But foreign conquerors we would be,  
A wider field would win.

Amidst the world Thy cross we bear,  
 And cry "Thy Kingdom come!"  
 Would have Thee reign and triumph there,—  
 Not only here at home.

About Thy Kingdom we confer,  
 Thou King of kings, with Thee;  
 O send us forth aglow, astir  
 From this high colloquy!

Let holier living witness bear  
 To life thereby bestowed;  
 And words and deeds of might declare  
 Our conference with God.

1891.

CXCIV.

*DIVINE TEACHING.*

*"O God! Thou hast taught me from my youth."*

I CANNOT, Lord, the time recall  
 When Thou wast not with me;  
 Full beams with light celestial  
 The Realm of Memory.

Yes, visits sweet mine earliest years  
 Of Thy dear grace received;  
 Thou spokest in my wondering ears;  
 I hearkened and believed.

Thou wonnest for Thyself a part  
 In all the lore I won;  
 Thou wast not hidden from my heart  
 As light into it shone.

When Nature my first wonder woke,  
My soul Thy presence moved ;  
The more her glory on me broke,  
The more my Lord I loved.

When poets sang and sages taught,  
Thy Voice Divine I heard ;  
When saints and martyrs on me wrought,  
Thy might my spirit stirred.

Whene'er my childhood went astray,  
Thy voice was disobeyed ;  
Whene'er I followed the right way,  
My soul Thy bidding swayed.

This heart Thou madest to abhor  
Each sin by Thee abhorred,  
And in all goodness to adore  
The glory of my Lord.

Thou taughtest me through love bereaved,  
Through sin intensely mourned :  
Whate'er the lesson I received,  
Still, still of Thee I learned.

From me no lore wouldst Thou withhold,  
From me no wonder keep ;  
Dear Lord ! it pleased Thee to unfold  
Thy love's divinest deep.

Yes, in the Son of Thy delight  
Thou sweetly didst express  
The depth of Thine own love, the height  
Of Thine own holiness.

Still hast Thou taught me from my youth ;  
 Ne'er give Thy teaching o'er !  
 Sweet Spirit, yield me all Thy truth  
 And lend me all Thy lore !

1883.

CXCv.

*FAITHFUL UTTERANCE.*

*" Hitherto I have declared Thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power unto every one that is to come."*

LORD ! was it sweet Thy voice to hear,  
 Thy glory to discern,  
 Thy Holy Name to love and fear,  
 Thy blessed lore to learn ?

Not less the sweetness to bestow  
 The lore thus sweetly learned,  
 To speak the name I knew, to show  
 The glory I discerned.

I have not hidden, Lord, Thy lore,  
 Thy glory forth have showed ;  
 The joy wherewith my soul ran o'er  
 Hath in my song o'erflowed.

Each truth it pleased Thee to impart  
 Still from my lips would break ;  
 The word Thou puttest in my heart  
 I still have striven to speak.

Wilt Thou no more Thy truth unfold  
Now when my hairs are grey?  
Wilt Thou from me Thy word withhold,  
Thy Spirit take away?

Still lend me, Lord, that lore of Thine,  
Still as of old inspire!  
Still mingle with these songs of mine  
Thy holy, heavenly fire!

Still would I wisdom of Thee win  
And tell the world its worth;  
Still would I take Thy glory in  
And give Thy glory forth.

This yearning soul of mine upraise  
Thy nearness to express,  
To teach these doubting, drooping days  
The Eternal Righteousness;

This fainting, faltering time to tell  
What might Thy Spirit wakes;  
Its sadness and its gloom to quell,  
With mirth Thy Spirit makes;

To point its unslaked thirst once more  
Unto the Spirit's springs,  
And bid its shrinking soul upsoar  
Upon the Spirit's wings;

The rites, the forms to thrust away  
Wherewith men shun Thy light,  
And pour upon them the full day  
Of Thine own Presence Bright.

Speak through me, Lord, nor only now—  
 Lift up, bear on my song !  
 A long-abiding life bestow—  
 A far-off flight prolong !

May after-time this strain repeat  
 In witness of Thy might,  
 Yes, gladlier, Lord, Thy glory greet,  
 Because of my delight.

1884.

## CXCVI.

*THE TRUE SERVANT.*

*“ O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.”*

O ! NOT to fill the mouth of fame  
 My longing soul is stirred ;  
 O give me a diviner name :  
 Call me Thy servant, Lord !

Sweet title that delighteth me—  
 Rank earnestly implored ;  
 O ! what can reach the dignity  
 Of Thy true servants, Lord ?

No longer would my soul be known  
 As self-sustained and free ;  
 O ! not mine own, O ! not mine own,  
 Lord ! I belong to Thee !

In each aspiring burst of prayer  
 Sweet leave my soul would ask  
 Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,  
 To do Thine every task.

For ever, Lord, Thy servant choose,—  
 Nought of Thy claim abate !  
 The glorious name I would not lose,  
 Nor change the sweet estate.

In life, in death, on Earth, in Heaven  
 No other name for me !  
 The same sweet style and title given  
 Through all eternity.

1849.

CXCVII.

THE GREAT TASKMASTER.

*"As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."*

MILTON.

ALAS this travail sore !  
 Alas this weary road !  
 Fain would I give the labour o'er  
 And drop the heavy load.

How soon this toil doth tire !  
 How slack these hands of mine !  
 Great Taskmaster, Thine own require !  
 Is not the work divine ?

Thy bidding finds me slack ;  
 Thy business I delay :  
 Upon Thine errands I turn back :  
 I loiter on Thy way.

'Tis Thou the call dost send ;  
 'Tis Thou the task dost set :  
 Thou wilt bring forth the happy end ;  
 Thou wilt the glory get.

Thy weakling clothe with might,  
 Thy sluggard, Lord; upstir !  
 Thy trembler furnish for the fight ;  
 Constrain Thy loiterer !

I faint ; but Thou art nigh :  
 I fail ; but Thou art true :  
 I hail my great Taskmaster's eye  
 And straight Thy work pursue.

The work to Thee I bring  
 Bowed down with shame and fear ;  
 Thou smilest on mine offering :  
 Thou sendest down Thy cheer.

Still let Thy strength be given !  
 Still let Thy smile be won !  
 Then in the hearing of all Heaven  
 Thy voice will cry, " Well done."

There, there Thou wilt be still  
 My Taskmaster Divine,  
 And smile as glad some I fulfil  
 Each sweet behest of Thine.

1868.

## CXCVIII.

*ABIDING WORK.*

*" Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the  
 work of our hands establish Thou it."*

AH mortals who so soon decay !  
 Ah mourners who such sorrow know !  
 Ah beauty only for a day !  
 Ah strength that cometh but to go !



Ah weaklings from whom all things glide,  
In whose faint grasp abideth nought !  
Yet, Lord, Thou makest to abide  
Some work these very hands have wrought.

These very weaklings not in vain  
May spend their strength, may bring their best ;  
Of these poor earthlings may remain  
Some lowly toil, some witness blest.

These mortals may some work bequeath  
Too fair and too divine to die,  
That blessedness o'er earth will breathe  
And glory bring to Thee, Most High.

Dear Lord ! we would no longer mourn  
Our life so short, our joys so fleet :  
O ! may Thy servants only yearn  
To lay some labour at Thy feet !

No stinted tasks would we implore ;  
But leave us not to toil in vain !  
Spare us, dear Lord, no travail sore,  
But grant our labour to remain.

Thy beauty with our business blend !  
Thy wisdom mingle with our lore !  
Each work of ours the glory lend  
To bring Thee glory evermore.

## CXCIX.

*THE LORD'S BATTLE.*

EACH mighty power of Evil  
How doth the Lord assail ?  
'Gainst world and flesh and devil  
How doth the Lord prevail ?  
How doth the Strength Supernal  
Come down into the fight ?  
How dost Thou, King Eternal,  
Win victory for the Right ?

Hast Thou not been fulfilling  
On earth a work divine ?  
Hath not a people willing,  
A good, Old Cause been Thine ?  
Hast Thou not champions movèd  
To uphold Thy righteous laws,  
Thy people greatly provèd  
In service of Thy Cause ?

Some mighty man Thou fillest  
With holy hate of wrong ;  
Some tender soul Thou thrillest  
With yearnings sweet and strong ;  
This woe he must diminish,  
This wrong he must o'erthrow  
This warfare he must finish,  
This evil power lay low.

Aglow with Light Eternal  
He flashes on the night ;  
Arrayed in Strength Supernal  
He mingles in the fight.

Thy voice in his foredoometh ;  
 Thy might in him subdues ;  
 Thy fire in him consumeth ;  
 Thy light in him renews.

The strength by Thee conferrèd  
 To others he imparts ;  
 The fire within him stirrèd  
 Doth kindle other hearts.  
 By glowing souls attended  
 He rushes on the foe ;  
 The Right is well defended,  
 The evil power laid low.

That army, Lord, Thou ledest,  
 That warfare Thou dost share ;  
 That victory Thou speedest ;  
 The Lord of Hosts is there.  
 With faithful souls and fervent  
 The Voice Divine ne'er fails ;  
 Still hearkeneth each true servant,  
 And still Thy Cause prevails.

1881.

cc.

*THE LORD'S HELPERS.*

*"Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty."*

BEHOLD this sore oppression !  
 How groan these helpless slaves !  
 How Falsehood holds possession  
 While Truth doth lurk in caves !  
 How Wrong the sceptre beareth  
 While Right doth wear the chain !  
 How Superstition glareth !  
 What Heathen gloom doth reign !

Shall not these woes be lightened ?  
Up, steadfast souls and true !  
Shall not this gloom be brightened ?  
The Lord hath kindled you.  
His might within you dwelleth ;  
His love within you burns :  
His wrath within you swelleth ;  
His ruth within you yearns.

The Lord in love who sought you  
His people's love would task ;  
He who deliverance brought you  
His people's help doth ask.  
His arms are round about you ;  
His strength in you is stored ;  
He would not win without you,  
Your own Almighty Lord.

Through you He would deliver ;  
Through you He would uplift ;  
Through you would the Great Giver  
Bestow each glorious gift.  
Uprise when He doth waken !  
Go forth with Him along !  
Shake every power unshaken  
Of Falsehood and of Wrong !

Yield Him each nobler passion,  
Each power of each true soul—  
Help Him anew to fashion  
The ages as they roll !  
God-loving and God-fearing  
March foremost in His train !  
Hasten His bright appearing,  
His everlasting reign !

Help Him to take possession—  
 Help Him to bring in peace—  
 Help Him to break oppression—  
 And righteousness increase !  
 Help Him to make the story  
 Of Earth more glad and bright ;  
 Then pass into His glory  
 And mingle with His light !

1881.

CCI.

LIGHT-BEARERS.

*“ Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.”*

DEAR Lord ! Thy light Thou dost not hide :  
 Thy glory will not stay at home :  
 With us Thy glory may abide ;  
 Thy precious things to us may come.

But they are given us not to hoard ;  
 Thy light may not be all our own ;  
 Thou meanest not Thy glory, Lord,  
 To cheer one dwelling-place alone.

Thou lightest souls to beam around ;  
 Thou settest them to shine on high ;  
 Thy children in Thy work abound  
 And still their Father glorify.

O sweet the Father's smile to win !  
 What joy, dear Lord, to shine with Thee,  
 Thy precious things to welcome in  
 And entertain Thy radiancy !

But O more sweet for Thee to shine,  
To pass Thy smile, Thy blessing on,  
To bear about the light divine,  
And shine as the dear Saviour shone !

In us Thy beauty may be seen ;  
By us may be proclaimed Thy love ;  
Thy light in us may wanderers win :  
Thy grace to us may rebels move.

Lord ! Thou hast given, and yet we hoard ;  
Thy glory half in vain has come ;  
Thy light so lovingly outpoured  
We loveless niggards keep at home.

Father ! still shine on us from Heaven  
And make us for Thy glory shine ;  
We would not keep one gift ungiven,  
We would not hide one beam of Thine.

1855.

## CCII.

*WE ARE SEEKING THE LORD.*

O SAINTS of old ! not yours alone  
These words most high shall be :  
We take the glory for our own ;  
Lord ! we are seeking Thee.

Not only when ascends the song,  
And soundeth sweet the Word ;  
Not only 'midst the Sabbath throng  
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng  
And other words we speak :  
To other business we belong :  
But still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task  
Without our God repair,  
But in the world Thy presence ask,  
And seek Thy glory there.

Would we against some wrong be bold  
And break some yoke abhorred ?  
Amidst the strife and stir behold  
The seekers of the Lord.

Yes, we who every yoke would break,  
Who every soul would free ;  
The world our calling doth mistake :  
Lord ! we are seeking Thee.

O ! mean may seem the work we do  
And vile the name we earn :  
But Thou hast eyes to look us through :  
Thy seekers, Lord, discern !

We lose, we lack that men may gain :  
We suffer and we smile ;  
But why this joy amidst the pain ?  
We seek our Lord the while.

As on Thy glorious works we gaze,  
Behold Thy Seekers there !  
Our gladness in their beauty raise  
To joy in Thee, First Fair !

Yes, everywhere, yes, every day,  
 Thy grace is still outpoured ;  
 We work, we watch, we strive, we pray :  
 Behold Thy Seekers, Lord !  
 1848.

## CCIII.

*"Ye are a Royal Priesthood."*

YE people of the Lord, draw near  
 In all your dignity divine ;  
 Before your Father ye appear :  
 Beneath your Saviour's smile ye shine.

He made you priests, He made you kings :  
 These robes He wrought, these crowns He wove ;  
 He gave you all these glorious things,  
 Himself, the great High Priest above.

For all, the bars of brass He rent,  
 For all, He opes the shining doors,  
 For all, the spotless robes He meant ;  
 On all, the holy oil He pours.

Come gladsome in the robes He wrought !  
 Come glorious with the crowns He wove !  
 Ne'er from your high estate be brought—  
 Ne'er from His full embrace remove !

Yield up to no usurping priest  
 One gift that cost the Lord so dear :  
 Enjoy the fulness of His feast !  
 Make at His table gladsome cheer.



In all your dignity appear  
 While ye show forth its awful price :  
 O priests of God, draw near, draw near !  
 Make of yourselves sweet sacrifice !

Your bodies yield, your store present,  
 Your souls bestow, your spirits bring.  
 All odorous with the incense lent  
 By the High Priest's one offering !

1855.

CCIV.

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

*"Having so great a cloud of witnesses set around us, let  
 us run with patience the race set before us."*

LORD ! wax Thy lovers cold ?  
 Lord ! grow Thy servants slack ?  
 Dost Thou Thy strength withhold ?  
 Do they Thy presence lack ?  
 Doth Faith decay ?  
 Doth valour fail ?  
 Doth sloth bear sway ?  
 Doth fear prevail ?

With wonders wrought of old  
 Our fainting souls possess—  
 Along our path unfold  
 The Cloud of Witnesses !  
 Recall each deed  
 That Faith hath done—  
 Display the meed  
 That Faith hath won !

With gladsome awe that throng,  
Ye faint, sad souls, behold—  
That feeble folk made strong—  
That fearful flock made bold !  
Look back and catch  
Their strength divine !  
Look up and watch  
How bright they shine !

They set their hearts above,  
Their Unseen Guide they hailed :  
They trusted and they strove ;  
They prayed and they prevailed.  
What foes they fought !  
What toils they bore !  
What deeds they wrought !  
What spoils they wore !

They shame our clinging fear ;  
They chide our halting feet ;  
Our fainting hearts they cheer ;  
Our yearning souls they greet.  
What help they bear !  
What news they bring !  
What bliss they share !  
What beams they fling !

Their glorious wounds they show ;  
Their noble shame they boast ;  
They gather and they glow  
Among the Heavenly Host.  
How bright the prize !  
How sweet the home !  
They bid us rise !  
They bid us come !

Come, join that striving throng !  
Go, swell that shining train !  
As those strong souls be strong—  
With those glad victors reign !  
Forbear no toil—  
No glory miss !  
Divide the spoil—  
Partake the bliss !

1886.

CCV.

*“ Looking off unto Jesus.”*

WHAT joy to gaze upon that shining throng !  
What help that Cloud of Witnesses to hail !  
To borrow of the strength that made them strong—  
To grasp the faith that gave them to prevail !

Yet, pilgrims, fix not here too long your gaze ;  
Look off ! the Leader of the host survey !  
Your earnest eyes to Faith’s Inspirer raise—  
Your fainting souls on Faith’s Fulfiller stay !

Turn from these bearers of deep woe, sore shame,  
That Sufferer Supreme with awe to greet !  
From valiant souls that somewhat overcame  
Look off, and hail that Conqueror complete !

They waxed and waned, they fell and rose anew :  
Not theirs His still sustained, surpassing height :  
They loved us well, those tender souls and true,  
But not like Him, that Lover Infinite.

Look off from Love that much endured and dared  
 To that dear Love the Cross which underwent :  
 Their toils, their deeds the power of Faith declared ;  
 In Him behold that Faith omnipotent !

Look off from virtue not without a stain,  
 On purity whereto no spot doth cling :  
 Turn from the tarnished lustre of the train  
 To greet the unclouded brightness of the King !

On Faith's Fulfiller leans each faithful soul ;  
 The glorious Leader dims the shining host.  
 Lord, even us in that bright host enrol !  
 Lord, let our lowly beams in Thine be lost !  
 1886.

## CCVI.

*" More than Conquerors through Him that loved us."*

LORD ! in this awful fight with Sin  
 I would not just prevail ;  
 Against each lust so strong within  
 I would not almost fail.  
 Full, gladsome, glorious victory  
 Should crown the Holy War ;  
 Lord ! I would triumph well—would be  
 A more than conqueror.

I would not just the world o'ercome,  
 Prevail, then weary lie,  
 Nor helplessly regain my home  
 Half slain by victory.

I would o'ercome and still be strong ;  
Would still have strength to spare,  
Yes, raise my shout Thy host among,  
A more than conqueror.

From sorrow's stroke I would not rise  
And mournfully pass on,  
Not lone my heart, not sad mine eyes,  
As though my God were gone :  
His pilgrim would be glad and strong  
All through the Vale of Tears ;  
Yes ! set each sorrow to a song  
Meet for glad angel-ears.

Shall this divinely urgèd heart  
Half towards its glory move ?  
What ! shall I love in part, in part  
Yield to the Lord of Love ?  
O sweetest freedom, Lord, to be  
Thy love's full prisoner !  
Take me all captive—make of me  
A more than conqueror !

I would not just to Heaven rise up,  
Nor scarce to glory come ;  
I would not half a stranger droop  
In the sweet Heavenly Home :  
I would not eyes half-shut and dim  
Unto the glory bring,  
Nor feebly help the Seraphim  
The Eternal Song to sing.

Who would be nearer, Lord, to Thee  
Of all the Heavenly Host ?  
What Shining One more lowly  
Would in Thy light be lost ?

What angel-wing more swift would bear  
 Each message sweet of Thine ?  
 Whose palm would be more green and fair ?  
 Whose robe more white would shine ?

My joy would make more rapturous  
 The People of the Skies ;  
 For my poor voice more glorious  
 The Eternal Song should rise.  
 My heart would with its humble glow  
 In flame their burning love ;  
 O more than conqueror below !  
 O gladdest saint above !

1851.

CCVII.

*THE PEOPLE OF GOD.*

*"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."*

WE come unto our fathers' God :  
 Their Rock is our Salvation :  
 The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,  
 We make our habitation :  
 We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought ;  
 We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought  
 In every generation.

Unto Thy people we belong,  
 Elect, redeemed, renewèd ;  
 We join the blessed pilgrim throng  
 With Thine own strength enduèd  
 Our hands their tasks divine essay :  
 Our feet pursue the heavenly way  
 Their steadfast feet pursuèd.

The Fire Divine, their steps that led,  
Still goeth bright before us ;  
The Heavenly Shield, around them spread,  
Is still high holden o'er us :  
The grace those sinners that subdued,  
The strength those weaklings that renewed,  
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

The cleaving sins that brought them low  
Are still our souls oppressing ;  
The tears that from their eyes did flow  
Fall fast, our shame confessing ;  
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,  
So our strong prayer ascends on high  
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

Their precious things on us bestowed  
The same dear Lord discover ;  
The joy wherewith their souls o'erflowed  
Makes our glad hearts run over :  
Their fire of love in us doth burn :  
As yearned their hearts, our hearts do yearn  
After the Heavenly Lover

Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;  
Their song to us descendeth :  
The Spirit who in them did sing  
To us His music lendeth.  
His song in them, in us, is one ;  
We raise it high, we send it on—  
The song that never endeth !

Ye saints to come, take up the strain—  
 The same sweet theme endeavour !  
 Unbroken be the Golden Chain !  
 Keep on the song for ever !  
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,  
 Rich with the same eternal grace,  
 Bless the same boundless Giver !

1868.

## CCVIII.

*“Of the household of God.”*

WHAT guerdon hast Thou, Lord, for those  
 Who spend their all on Thee ?  
 What grace, what glory should compose  
 Thy servants' dignity ?

They find their glory in their task,  
 Their gladness in their care ;  
 What grace, what guerdon need they ask  
 Who of Thy household are ?

Thy voice their daily task commands ;  
 Thy works their hands employ :  
 How sweetly toil their happy hands !  
 What labour and what joy !

No weariness o'ercomes their feet ;  
 For Thee they go and come :  
 Their painful pilgrimage how sweet !  
 Still, still, they are at home.

With mingled joy and shame oppressed  
 Their work to Thee they bring ;  
 How full their welcome ! what sweet rest  
 Falls on them 'neath Thy wing !



Lord ! may I call this bliss my own,  
This nearness sweet to Thee ?  
May I, poor weakling, wanderer lone,  
Of Thine own household be ?

O ! all my tasks wilt Thou assign ?  
Thou all my journeys guide ?  
Near me may sound those strains divine,  
That fiery pillar glide ?

For Thee my hands would toil ; for Thee  
My feet would go and come ;  
Still of Thy household I would be,  
On Earth, in Heaven—at home.

1851.

CCIX.

*IN THE WORLD, NOT OF IT.*

LORD ! 'Thou hast set Thy people here  
In this vain world and wide ;  
O make the souls that hold Thee dear  
Fast in that love abide !

A watch-tower in the world they win  
But not their portion make ;  
Thy people needs must dwell herein  
But not hereof partake.

They weigh its wares, they know its wiles,  
But walk not in its ways,  
Nor set their heart upon its smiles,  
Nor greatly heed its praise.

They do its tasks if smiles thereon  
Their Taskmaster Divine ;  
The sunshine of its grace they shun  
Wherein He doth not shine.

Each speeding chance they gladly miss  
Their Lord they may not tell ;  
Nor linger in a bower of bliss  
Wherein He may not dwell.

Not from its gloom their sorrows spring,  
Not from its wrath their fear ;  
Their peace, their joy it doth not bring ;  
It cannot mar their cheer :

They rise to fulness of delight  
When it is most afar ;  
And mix rejoicing in the fight  
When with its powers at war.

When in the world their stay is o'er,  
Then their true life doth come :  
To their own Fatherland they soar ;  
There, there they are at home !

1889.

CCX.

*CHRIST'S BLESSED ONES.*

THOU King of kings, Thou Lord of lords !  
For whom are kept Thy kindest words ?  
Whom holdest Thou for most Thine own  
And settest nearest to Thy throne ?

With Thee do mighty kings find grace ?  
Do lordly priests win chiefest place ?  
Thy heart do gifted sages hold,  
Or statesmen wise, or warriors bold ?

Ye simple souls whose lives express  
The sovereign sway of lowliness,  
The King doth set you near His throne ;  
The heavenly kingdom is your own.

Ye stricken hearts that meetly mourn  
And heavenward 'midst your sorrow turn,  
The Comforter will heal your woe,  
On you His special smile bestow.

Ye righteous souls who onward press  
And pant for fuller righteousness,  
Your thirst divine shall be supplied,  
Your holy hunger satisfied.

Ye merciful, with boldness meet  
Draw nigh unto the mercy-seat !  
The fulness of your need will prove  
The fulness of God's pitying love.

What bliss supreme, ye pure in heart,  
What power doth purity impart !  
Your longing eyes it will upraise  
For ever on your God to gaze.

Blest souls, your gracious work pursue !  
Quench wrath and strife—sweet peace renew !  
Sublime the rank on you bestowed ;  
The peacemakers are sons of God.

Ye faithful souls who all things dare  
 For Jesu's sake, who all things bear ;  
 Ye share His cross, will share His throne ;  
 The heavenly kingdom is your own.

Dear Lord ! are these Thy blessed folk ?  
 May we this grace, this bliss invoke ?  
 In us disciples like possess—  
 In us unfold their blessedness !

1891.

## CCXI.

*"Partakers of His Holiness."*

WHAT glory of the All-Glorious God  
 Lifts our adoring thoughts most high ?  
 When feel our souls most sweetly bowed  
 Beneath the Heavenly Majesty ?

Lord ! Thy most glorious name we speak  
 When to the Holy One we cry :  
 Most glorious on our eyes doth break  
 The vision of Thy purity.

Yet will the Holy Ghost descend  
 And dwell in every contrite heart :  
 This very name the Lord will lend,  
 This very majesty impart.

We, we may with the glory shine  
 That makes the Awful One most bright ;  
 His robe of holiness divine  
 May be our very raiment white.

His saints their Lord's own name do bear ;  
 His saints their Lord's own glory show :  
 The People with the Monarch share  
 But still in dust and ashes bow.

Yes, as we more our Lord express,  
 With lowlier yearnings we adore :  
 More glorious grows His holiness  
 As our glad souls partake the more.  
 1851.

CCXII.

*"The glorious liberty of the children of God."*

THOU biddest, Lord, Thy sons be bold :  
 Thy First Born set us free ;  
 The dear adoption fast we hold,  
 The glorious liberty.  
 Thou Majesty Divine ! we cling  
 To Thine eternal throne ;  
 Almighty Taskmaster ! we bring  
 Our work to Thee alone.

Before our Father we appear,  
 No mortal priest between ;  
 Our Great High Priest hath brought us near,  
 And cast away each screen.  
 Thy Spirit's fulness we embrace ;  
 Away with man's poor dole !  
 The sweetest visit of Thy grace  
 Asks but an open soul.

Full feels this prayerful company  
 The sweet celestial air ;  
 In humble joy we lay on Thee  
 The loving clasp of prayer.

We mingle now our inmost fires,  
 A glowing, yearning throng :  
 All free and strong of wing aspires  
 The gladness of our song.

Men's statutes do not wake our fear ;  
 Men frown ; yet smile we still ;  
 For us the Holy Spirit's cheer !  
 For us the Eternal Will !  
 Thine own we are, Almighty One,  
 Thine own would ever be :  
 Endless Thy dear dominion,  
 Our glorious liberty

1846.

## CCXIII.

*THE EXCHANGE OF GIFTS.*

SPEAKS not the heart of friend to friend  
 By gracious gifts expressed ?  
 Yes, sweetly earthlings fond contend  
 Whose gift shall be the best.

Full gladsome of their best they bring,  
 A dear exchange would make ;  
 Yes, each would give some precious thing,  
 Some precious thing would take.

O Heavenly Lover ! with Thy grace  
 What contest can there be ?  
 O boundless Giver ! is there place  
 For gifts 'twixt us and Thee ?

Thou who hast given each precious thing,  
What gift to Thee can fall ?  
What can the mortal weaklings bring  
Unto the Lord of all ?

Thou who hast given Thyself away  
To vanquish death and hell,  
Wherewith can sinners e'er repay  
The gift unspeakable ?

Yet with the sinners an exchange  
The Holy One would make ;  
The Lord of all (O sweetness strange !)  
A gift of us would take.

Of me Thou camest, Lord, in quest ;  
With me Thou ne'er wouldst part ;  
Thyself, Thyself Thou offerest  
For this unworthy heart.

Unworthy heart ! dost thou delay  
To make this glory thine,  
To give thy stained self away  
For Him, the Lord Divine ?

O clasp the outstretched hand of Heaven !  
Haste thy poor self to give !  
Already hath the Saviour given ;  
He waiteth to receive.

Lord ! ne'er this gift of gifts recall,  
Thy Spirit ne'er reclaim :  
O ne'er give back this ransomed thrall  
To his own sin and shame.

For ever Thine own self bestow,  
 This soul for ever keep !  
 For ever all my want and woe  
 In Thine own glory steep !

1856.

CCXIV.

*ABIDING WITH GOD.*

*“ Child, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is  
 thine.”*

THRICE blessed soul, who still hath made  
 The Father's house his own ;  
 Nor far from that dear home hath strayed,  
 Nor parted portion known ;

Who in no land far off hath sought  
 A bower of bliss more fair,  
 But near Thee, Lord, hath humbly wrought  
 And found all gladness there !

Thy tender voice his work commands ;  
 Thy tasks are his delight ;  
 For Thee, for Thee those toiling hands !  
 For him that Presence Bright !

He still Thy biddings sweet doth find ;  
 With Thee his work hath praise ;  
 He knoweth all His Father's mind :  
 Thou guidest all his ways.

In all Thou hast he hath a share,  
 Thy glory makes him bright ;  
 Nought of Thy treasure wilt Thou spare,  
 Thy treasure infinite !



Freely he taketh of Thy store,  
The peace that passeth thought,  
The joy that stayeth evermore,  
The love that changeth not.

Thrice blessed, best beloved he  
Who wins these words divine :  
“ Child, thou dost ever dwell with Me,  
All that I have is thine.” <sup>1</sup>

1853.

CCXV.

THE UNBROKEN ASCENT OF FAITH.

*“ I am Thy servant and the son of Thy handmaid.”*

WE bless Thee, Lord, for each dear link  
That binds our souls to Thee ;  
How sweet on all Thy grace to think  
Bestowed so variously—

Of godly forefathers to know  
And elder saints discern ;  
With hymns inspired of yore to glow,  
From olden books to learn !

We thank Thee that a mother's love  
Unfolded Love Divine ;  
How tenderly Thy handmaid strove  
To make us early Thine !

<sup>1</sup> In Luke xv. 31 the elder son is tenderly addressed as “ Child ”  
(Τέκνον).

We bless Thee that a mother's voice  
First prompted ours to pray,  
And still in the sweet songs rejoice  
She bade our lips essay.

Thine early grace our thanks doth raise  
That bade us Heavenward yearn,  
That made us glad to sing Thy praise  
And glad Thy ways to learn.

We bless the tender pains that sought  
Our young, soft souls to win  
Until Thy Spirit strongly wrought  
And sweetly reigned within

Thou callest Thine own servants, Lord,  
With Thine own Voice Divine :  
Their souls are by Thy Spirit stirred ;  
Thy Spirit makes them Thine.

They bless this fulness of Thy grace ;  
They look, they long for more :  
And yet they tenderly retrace  
That early household lore.

Thrice blessed who that lore have won,  
Who Thine own fulness know !  
Dear Master, may each handmaid's son  
Into Thy servant grow !

CCXVI.

*MY GOD.*

ST. DAVID'S.

*"O God, Thou art my God."*

MY God ! my Majesty Divine !  
My very Presence Bright !  
Thou life, Thou light, Thou love of mine !  
My soul's own Infinite !

Art Thou not mine ? for my poor sake  
Dost Thou not wondrously ?  
Dost Thou not of Thy glory take  
And give it unto me ?

Feels not mine inmost self Thy watch ?  
Dost Thou not teach Thine own—  
Yes, quicken my rapt soul to catch  
Thy Spirit's still, deep tone ?

Are not my sins the witnesses  
That Thou art not at home ?  
Doth not my penitence express  
That Thou again wilt come ?

And when I sorely strive with sin,  
Art Thou not strong for me ?  
Dost Thou not fight my fight, yes, win  
Mine every victory ?

Waits not my soul for Thee to show  
The work it must fulfil ?  
Art Thou not hidden in my woe ?  
And there how gracious still !

When fulness of delight is mine,  
 Stands not Thy glory by  
 And helps each happy hour to shine  
 With wondrous radiancy ?

Thou God of mine, eternal be  
 This fulness of Thy grace !  
 Still, still be pleased to shine in me !  
 Keep, keep Thy dwelling-place !

1845.

CCXVII.

*GRACE.*

*" By the grace of God I am what I am."*

SWEET, sweet these joys that throng me so—  
 Bright, bright this dwelling-place ;  
 But sweeter, Lord, these joys may grow—  
 These visits of Thy Grace !

O ! sweet each gracious soul that lends  
 My soul its dear embrace ;  
 But, Lord, what heights the love ascends  
 That feels itself Thy Grace !

This glowing heart must sorrow learn,—  
 Tears these glad smiles replace ;  
 But O ! these tears to smiles may turn,  
 And grief may end in Grace.

My Father ! each delightful hour  
 Unveils Thy smiling Face ;  
 I gather every glorious flower  
 And thank my God of Grace.

At home I breathe the quiet air—  
I cast my soul abroad—  
I do the work—I lift the prayer—  
Still, still my Gracious God !

Each step, each look, each thought of mine  
My gracious God lets in ;  
All, all my joys are Gifts Divine—  
All, all is Grace I win !

No other glory I possess,  
No other joy I own ;  
On earth, in Heaven I still will bless  
Thy Grace, Thy Grace alone.

1849.

CCXVIII.

*“ The peace that passeth all understanding.”*

LORD ! shall this weak world sore wound us,  
When such balm Thy grace doth pour ?  
Lord ! shall want and woe confound us,  
When Thou givest of Thy store,  
When Thou offerest  
Perfect Peace for evermore ?

In Thy secret place it hideth,  
Yet each soul may come and take ;  
With Thy glory it abideth,  
Yet bright visits here will make :  
On our sadness  
Sweet the heavenly peace will break.

Yet the foolish world pretendeth  
God's own glory to bestow ;  
On its own, brave gifts it spendeth,  
Perfect peace they sure must know :  
Wherefore grieve they ?  
Wherefore droop its darlings so ?

Thou alone Thine own grace lendest ;  
Lord ! from Thee this peace of Thine :  
Secretly Thy peace Thou sendest,  
Softly seekest some meet shrine,  
Sweetly makest  
Some sad, striving soul divine.

Of the raging world they hear not  
Whom Thy sweet peace singeth to ;  
Warfare with the world they fear not  
Whom Thy strong peace doth renew :  
Mighty meek ones !  
Perfect peace exalteth you.

Highest thought this Peace transcendeth ;  
Sages here have nought to tell ;  
Yea, the awful glory blendeth  
With the things ineffable :  
Seraphs speak not  
The deep peace they know full well.

Yet this Peace that thought confoundeth  
Is of simplest souls possessed ;  
Yet this glorious grace aboundeth  
With Thy least and lowliest :  
Meanest mansion  
Boasteth oft the Heavenly Guest.

O this sweet and sure possession !  
O this thought-o'erwhelming deep !  
Seraphs hail the widening vision ;  
Feeble saints the comfort keep :  
Lord ! we crave it :  
In Thy Peace our spirits steep !

1850.

CCXIX.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

*“ As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the  
Lord round about His people from henceforth even for  
ever.”*

[WRITTEN IN SWITZERLAND.]

YE tower, majestic hills, ye tower  
Eternal, unremovèd :  
Full many a land your guardian power  
In peril sore hath provèd :  
It safe abides, each hill-girt land ;  
Even so the Lord Himself doth stand  
Around His own belovèd.

O yes ! with bands more strong, more fast  
Eternal love hath bound them ;  
More closely, tenderly are cast  
The Heavenly Arms around them ;  
Within those arms secure they dwell :  
Nor sin, nor death, nor earth, nor hell  
Is mighty to confound them.

Behind their hills they joy to think  
 Thou dost more surely cover ;  
 Beside their streams of Thee they drink,  
 The Well that runneth over.  
 Still to the Heavenly Hills they turn  
 Whereon to dwell with Thee they yearn,  
 Their Everlasting Lover.

1864.

CCXX.

*ETERNAL LOVE.*

*" I have loved thee with everlasting love ; with loving-kind-  
 ness have I drawn thee."*

FATHER ! hast Thou not on me  
 Set Thy love eternal ?  
 Mean'st Thou not my place to be  
 'Midst the throng supernal ?  
 Dost Thou not my lot ordain ?  
 Wilt Thou not within me reign  
 And Thy right to me maintain  
 'Gainst the foe infernal ?

Saviour ! from Thy throne above  
 Camest Thou not for me ?  
 To the eternal arms of love  
 Wouldst Thou not restore me ?  
 In the desert, with the Foe,  
 Through all want and through all woe,  
 'Neath the scourge, the scoff, the blow,  
 Yearned'st Thou not o'er me ?



Hanging on the accursed tree,  
Ah ! my shame Thou wearest ;  
In the load that lay on Thee,  
Ah ! my sin Thou bearest ;  
Hark ! Thou criest my bitter cry,  
In my very room wilt die,  
In my darksome bed wilt lie,  
Holiest, Mightiest, Fairest !

Hast Thou not, death's Vanquisher,  
Vanquished mine oppressor ?  
Dost Thou not in Heaven still bear  
Love to this transgressor ?  
Dost Thou not my prayers present,  
Sweet with fragrance by Thee lent,  
With Thy breath prevailing blent,  
Heavenly Intercessor ?

Mighty Quickener, Spirit Blest,  
Who to life didst wake me !  
Wilt Thou not become my guest,  
For Thy dwelling take me,  
Strong and sweet in me abide,  
To all truth become my guide,  
And for spirits glorified  
Meet companion make me ?

Lord ! along this earthly way  
Thou Thy pilgrim greetest ;  
To Thy thankful child each day  
Thou Thy love repeatest ;  
Thou dost bid me weep no more,  
Thou dost teach this song to soar,  
Thou dost all the sweetness pour  
When my life is sweetest.

Yet the revealing Spirit keeps  
More truth, more grace in store :  
Sublimier heights, diviner deeps  
He biddeth you explore.

Ye bless the love that did redeem,  
The love that did renew :  
But farther on the heavenly stream  
Of love ye still pursue.

In sweet amazement still ye mount ;  
The stream divine ye trace  
High up unto its very fount,  
The Father's endless grace.

Who spared not that Son Divine ?  
Who sent that Spirit sweet ?  
Father ! the work of love is Thine,  
The wonder is complete !

The Father willed you His to be,  
He chose you in His Son ;  
He loved you from eternity,  
And still He loveth on.

Nor will He through eternity  
To love His own give o'er :  
And ye now love again, and ye  
Shall love Him evermore.

Thrice blessed souls, by Heavenly Love  
Elect, redeemed, renewed ;  
Through endless years, below, above,  
By Heavenly Love pursued !

Lord ! wouldst Thou set Thy love on me  
And choose me in Thy Son ?  
Lord ! hath my heart been given to Thee ?  
Hath love in me begun ?

Ne'er let Thy smile from me depart,  
My heart from Thee remove !  
Eternal Lover ! teach my heart  
Thine own eternal love.

As on the endless ages roll  
Let my glad song still be :  
" For ever hast Thou loved my soul ;  
Lord ! Thou hast chosen me."

1867.

CCXXIII.

*HOLY DILIGENCE.*

*" Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure."*

YE souls, the Father's very own,  
Ye people of His choice,  
Not only wonder, not alone  
In His dear love rejoice.

He calleth, but He bids you still  
Make the high calling sure :  
He chooseth you to work His will  
And thus the crown secure.

He means for you a glorious part  
In conflict as in grace :  
He wills you to be pure in heart  
And thus to see His face.

What gladness in their smile beams forth  
In whom their Lord's own light doth shine !  
What mirth is like their heaven-born mirth !  
What songs are like their songs divine !

Thus while they evermore rejoice,  
They bear sweet witness to Thy grace  
The witness of a cheerful voice,  
The witness of a smiling face.

To the dear Master they allure  
Who gladdens and uplifts them so :  
Of the bright kingdom they assure  
Whence such full streams of gladness flow.

Still joyful, Lord, Thy people make,  
Their mirth thus blessedly employ,  
Till Thou shalt call them to partake  
The eternal fulness of Thy joy !

1867.

CCXXV.

*" Rejoice evermore."*

LORD ! comes this bidding strange to us ?  
How may this wonder be ?  
What ! ever glad and rapturous,  
These weary pilgrims, we !

May we with joy be ever filled  
Whom sorrows never fail ?  
Yes, here a Bower of Bliss up-build,  
Here in the weeping Vale ?

Lord ! in each stricken, bleeding heart  
    May endless joy arise,  
And none but tears of gladness start  
    From these oft-drownèd eyes ?

Our eyes may rain ; yet shineth clear  
    The brightness of Thy Face :  
Our hearts may faint ; yet still is near  
    Our mighty God of Grace.

O then the eyes may overflow  
    Nor yet the soul be sad ;  
The heart may heavy be with woe  
    And yet in Thee be glad.

Yes, close beside the Fount of Tears  
    The Fount of Joy doth spring ;  
Our very pains, our very fears  
    The Helper near do bring.

O mighty joy of sorrow born !  
    Grief's holy, happy store !  
O blessèd tears to smiles that turn !  
    O gladness evermore !

But, Lord ! not always must we mourn  
    Ere joy divine be given ;  
Not hardly won, not sorrow-born  
    The dear delights of Heaven.

There bliss doth all the region fill,  
    There joy from joy doth rise ;  
The Vision Beatific still !  
    The happy harmonies !

We turn to Thee a smiling face :  
 Thou sendest us the smile again :  
 Our joy, the fulness of Thy grace :  
 Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

Thou God of joy ! our souls do well  
 The life hereafter to forestall ;  
 We go with Happy Ones to dwell,  
 To help the Joy Celestial !  
 1846-68.

## CCXXVIII.

*"I will play before the Lord."*

I WILL be glad before Thee,  
 Thou Lord of my delight !  
 My God ! I will adore Thee  
 With all my heart and might ;  
 Each member Thou didst fashion,  
 Each organ Thou didst frame,  
 Mine every power and passion  
 Shall glorify Thy name.

My rapture runneth over,  
 My flesh is glad in Thee ;  
 Look down, Thou Heavenly Lover !  
 Thy mirthful seeker see !  
 Aglow with holy pleasure,  
 I leap, I shout, I sing ;  
 I triumph without measure ;  
 I play before the King.

Amidst Thine earth's full beauty

I send my raptures forth ;

I teach the birds their duty ;

My mirth exceeds their mirth.

Amidst Thy new creation

I glow, I sing, I soar ;

The joy of Thy salvation

Uplifts me more and more.

My joy I will not cover,

I will not hide my love ;

Mine own Eternal Lover !

Thou, Thou wilt not reprove.

The foolish world may ponder

My mirth in dull amaze ;

May speak its scornful wonder,

May fix its scornful gaze.

Not to its scoff I hearken ;

Its frown I do not fear ;

My light it cannot darken ;

It shall not stint my cheer.

My thanks I will not mutter,

Nor keep my gladness low ;

But loud Thy love will utter,

But full my joy will show.

Yes ! happy angels yonder

These transports will approve,

Will share this thankful wonder,

Will help this yearning love.

With me the Throng Supernal

Before the Lord will play :

And He the mirth eternal

With smiling eye survey.



Our eager youth for glory burned,  
Yet dear we held Thy grace ;  
Towards Thy bright creatures, Lord, we yearned,  
Yet still we sought Thy face.

Full many a day would sorrow bring,  
Yet still Thy praise was brought ;  
And sin oft clogged the spirit's wing,  
Yet still Thy Heaven we sought.

We came in tears, we knelt in shame,  
We feared the Awful Eye—  
We blushed to name the Holy Name—  
Yet upward went the cry.

The glory of each golden hour  
Ne'er quenched the light of prayer ;  
We lingered in our Blissful Bower,  
But made Thee welcome there.

O ! gladsome days for us have been,  
And days of gloom and care,  
And days of peace and days of sin ;  
But all were days of prayer.

Lord ! shall not all our days in store  
Thus sweetly linkèd be ?  
Shall not each morning Heavenward soar,  
Each evening sing to Thee ?

O yes ! the bond of Thy dear praise  
Shall ne'er for us be riven ;  
'Twill stretch through all these mortal days,  
All those bright years of Heaven.



O song sublime of Seraphim  
Linked unto lispèd lays !  
O sweet, undying, deepening hymn !  
O Golden Chain of Praise !

1855.

CCXXXI.

*THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.*

*"All live in Him."*

LORD ! if our dwelling-place Thou art,  
With all Thine own we dwell ;  
O never may those lovers part  
Who love the Lord full well.

Death has no bidding to divide  
The souls that dwell in Thee :  
Yes, all who in the Lord abide  
Are of one family.

They mingle still their songs, their prayers ;  
Thy people, Lord, are one,  
Thy people in the Vale of Tears,  
Thy people near the Throne.

The souls most precious to us here  
May from this home have fled ;  
But still we make one household dear ;  
One Lord is still our head.

Midst cherubim and seraphim  
They mind their Lord's affairs ;  
O ! if we bring our work to Him,  
Our work is one with theirs.

## CCXXXIII.

*"Our Citizenship is in Heaven."*

WE triumph in the glorious grace  
That set us in this English land,  
And welcome the high earthly place  
Wherein our God hath made us stand.<sup>1</sup>

While service to our land we bring,  
The Lord's own glory we would show ;  
And wait upon our Heavenly King  
In this our Commonwealth below.

But O ! to us a grace more great,  
A dignity more dear is given :  
He links us to a nobler State ;  
He makes us citizens of Heaven.

Yes, mightily our hearts are bound  
This goodly Father-Land to love ;  
But more our own Emmanuel's ground,  
That better, dearer land above.

Our land's good laws we proudly praise,  
Our land's great tale with triumph tell ;  
But O ! what majesty arrays  
The People of Emmanuel !

<sup>1</sup> I mean the English land on both sides of the Atlantic, New England as well as Old England. This strain includes the citizens of the great Republic as well as the subjects of the mighty Monarchy.

Their glorious freedom how complete !  
How absolute His holy will !  
What tasks divine, what tribute sweet  
Their spirits bring, their hands fulfil !

Dear fellow-citizens they greet  
Of every age, of every clime ;  
Far dwellers in one City meet ;  
Strange voices raise one song sublime.

Do our fond, faithful hearts partake  
The Father-Land's sore wounds and woe ?  
Ah ! mourn we for the storms that break  
Upon our Commonwealth below ?

Those storms, our peace they may not whelm ;  
They cannot reach our true abode,  
O sweetness of that Upper Realm !  
O peaceful City of our God !

Ah ! seemeth it so sad to leave  
Our Commonwealth and Country dear ?  
Poor sojourners—we wrongly grieve ;  
Our Father-Land—it lies not here.

O City where God's People dwell !  
O Home where no sweet bonds are riven !  
O Country of Emmanuel !  
The only Father-Land is Heaven.

Joy ! Joy ! our King doth never die ;  
Our City doth for ever stand ;  
We serve the Eternal Majesty  
And hold the Heavenly Father-Land.

CCXXXV.

## THE MOURNER'S HEAVEN.

ST. MARY'S.

*"Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil."*

HOW bright they bloom, those Heavenly Bowers,  
For all Thy people, Lord !  
What sweetness from the unfading flowers  
O'er all their path is poured !

That Heavenly Home—what joy is there  
For hearts with love that beat !  
That Better Land, that Holy Air,  
For seeking souls how sweet !

But brightest, Lord, on weeping eyes  
The Happy Fields do break ;  
Those golden gates, those smiling skies  
Thy mourners gladdest make.

Rejoicing to the Realm of Rest  
Thy weary pilgrims come ;  
What hearts, like hearts forlorn, are blest  
In the sweet Heavenly Home !

Who wave those palms so passing green ?  
Who wear those robes so white ?  
Whose forms doth the celestial sheen  
Make most divinely bright ?

Thy martyrs, Lord, who welcome made  
All sorrow and all shame,  
On whom Thine own dear cross was laid,  
Who hailed Thee through the flame.

O Vision Beatific ! shine  
Full on the sages sad ;  
The spirits mournfully divine,  
Lord, make divinely glad !

These tears, these pains—what bliss they wake  
The Happy Fields among !  
How sweet, how rapturous they make  
The everlasting song !

The memory of these mournful years  
The heavenly joy fulfils ;  
More sad and lone the Vale of Tears,  
More bright the Eternal Hills.

1852.

CCXXXVI.

*LOVE YEARNING FOR REUNION.*

LORD, may it be ? will Love regain  
Its vanished ones at last,  
Nor idly in its heaven retain  
That sweetness of the Past ?

Will that unbounded realm of Light  
Yield a familiar glow ?  
Shall I among those Angels bright  
Mine own Belovèd know ?

And sometimes on our yearning gaze  
 The splendour stealeth through ;  
 We seem to catch those heavenly rays,  
 Those shining shapes to view.

Nay, wait : the veil is kindly set ;  
 The fulness of that light  
 For our weak, sinful souls as yet  
 Doth beam too strong and bright.

O then the lifting of that veil,  
 Lord, hallow us to bear,  
 The unfolded radiancy to hail,  
 The unbounded bliss to share !

With love yet heightened to embrace  
 Those glad forerunners sweet,  
 And with them gazing face to face  
 The great Forerunner greet !

1889.

CCXXXVIII.

*SHINING ONES.*

NOT always here below shine forth  
 The souls to Heaven most near ;  
 Not always best beloved on earth  
 The men to God most dear.

Not with the eye may we discern  
 His servants and His sons ;  
 Not much from face and form we learn  
 Of His own Shining Ones.

The deeds wherewith their warfare teems  
Reveal His men of might ;  
Their gifts and graces are the beams  
Sent forth from souls of light.

Our souls discern those spirits bright,  
Enjoy those beams divine :  
The guiding splendour of that light  
Along our path doth shine.

But there beyond Death's dark, deep stream  
Unveiled those spirits dwell :  
The inner light without doth beam  
In splendour visible.

Their faith, their love, their holiness  
Those Shining Ones forth show ;  
Their Lord's own beauty they express,  
With His own brightness glow.

How oft their radiance bears aloft  
His fainting pilgrims here !  
Unto His Hidden Ones how oft  
His Shining Ones appear !

Lord, sometimes with that vision bright  
Our faint endeavours bless  
To rise into the love and light  
Thy Shining Ones express !

The fulness of that light bestow,  
The fulness of that love ;  
And make Thy Hidden Ones below  
Thy Shining Ones above !

CCXXXIX.

*THE SPIRITS OF JUST MEN MADE  
PERFECT.*

WE bless the godly men of might  
Who here Heaven's work pursuèd,  
The righteous souls who strove for Right,  
And evil still eschewèd ;  
Who won the fight without, within,  
Who vanquished soul-defiling Sin,  
World-wasting Wrong subduèd !

They braved each evil, earthborn power,  
Defied each foe infernal,  
In life's most glad, most gloomy hour  
Held fast the Law Eternal ;  
In their upturnèd eyes still beamed,  
From their aspiring souls still streamed  
The Holy Light Supernal.

With wonder and with love aglow  
We read their kindling story ;  
Their deeds, their words, their names bestow  
No rapture transitory ;  
Deep in our inmost souls they dwell ;  
Their breath we breathe, their tale we tell ;  
We hail, we spread their glory.

From Earth they helped and glorified  
To Heaven have they ascended :  
There stronger, brighter, they abide,  
By frailty unattended :  
Their purity unspotted glows,  
Their strength expands, their goodness grows ;  
Their lustre is more splendid.



Their righteousness, perfected there,  
Is joyfully expressed ;  
In all the light and bliss they share  
By happy Heaven possessèd ;  
They swell the rapture they partake ;  
The Fair Abode more fair they make,  
The Blissful Home more blessèd.

Lord, help us here their path to tread  
Of holy, high endeavour,  
Like them to fullest life upled,  
To goodness waning never !  
Grant us, the joys of Heaven among,  
To greet that bright, perfected throng,  
And shine with them for ever !

1894.

CCXL.

*HEAVEN OUR HOLY LAND.*

" There to fulfil Thy sweet commands  
Our speedy feet shall move,  
Nor Sin shall clog our wingèd zeal  
Nor cool our burning love."

WATTS.

THE Happy Fields, the Heavenly Host,  
The Realm of Rest above,  
Do make us gladsome, Lord ; but most  
The Holy Land we love.

O ! bright those golden gates must shine  
That let no evil in !  
That boundless region how divine  
That hath no room for sin !

Sweet Holy Land ! sweet with the throng  
Of souls divinely pure—  
Where Holy, Happy Ones among  
Thy pilgrims smile secure :

No more to weep o'er lustre lent,  
O'er grace outpoured in vain ;  
No more in anguish to repent  
And then offend again !

But gloriously to spend that grace  
They boundlessly receive,  
Nor once Thine image to deface,  
Nor once Thy Spirit grieve !

Oh ! here Thy servants soon give o'er,  
But half Thy work fulfil :  
How faint their zeal ! their strife how sore  
To climb the Heavenly Hill !

But there upon Thine errands sweet  
With what glad speed they run !  
What smiling service ! how complete  
The work divinely done !

No Tempter there our souls shall stop  
Upon the sacred road,  
Nor win our weak desires to drop  
From glory and from God.

But angels kind their raptures blend,  
As our rapt souls aspire ;  
Our wingèd zeal their wings they lend,  
Our burning love their fire.

Still, Lord, with Sorrow and with Sin  
Wars here Thy Pilgrim Band ;  
Yet blest the warfare that shall win  
Thy Heaven, our Holy Land.

1848.

## CCXLI.

*THE DEBT OF HEAVEN TO EARTH.*

LORD ! leadeth not this desert land  
To our bright home with Thee ?  
Dost Thou not mean Thy pilgrim band  
The Golden Gates to see ?

Yet may we carry to our home  
Gifts in the desert given ;  
Thou wouldst not have Thy pilgrims come  
All empty to Thy heaven.

Bright Angels ! on your store alone  
We shall not need to live :  
We bring you something of our own,  
Our God's dear gifts we give.

We bring the strength by Him conferred  
Unto the Heavenly Host ;  
We bring the shame for Him incurred  
To be our endless boast.

We bring the wounds on earth that bled  
To have sweet healing given ;  
We bring the tears on earth we shed  
To find them smiles in Heaven.

Your burning love the flame we lend  
That here so humbly burned ;  
And with your awful lore we blend  
The lore on earth we learned.

We bring you each endeavour fair  
That made earth's darkness shine ;  
Each triumph o'er the foe ye share,  
Each victory divine.

Each precious, pure delight that made  
The Vale of Tears less sad,  
Doth help the joys that never fade,  
Doth make the angels glad.

O happy Golden Hours below !  
Your glory hath not gone :  
The grateful years eternal flow  
More bright because ye shone.

On earth we sing our heavenly songs,  
With holy fire we burn ;  
O Golden Harps ! O angel tongues !  
Our strains ye too may learn.

Dear Lord ! whose grace on earth we taste  
Whose glory down doth come,  
Thou meanest not these gifts for waste ;  
May we not bear them home ?

May we not, richly-laden, make  
The wealth of Heaven the more,  
And bringing gifts divine, partake  
The sweet celestial store ?

CCXLII.

*THE WITNESS OF EARTH TO HEAVEN.*

WHAT sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell !  
How precious, Lord, these gifts of Thine !  
Yet sweeter messages they tell,  
These earnest of delights divine.

Yes ! glory out of glory breaks,  
More than the gift itself is given :  
Each gift a glorious promise makes ;  
Thine Earth doth prophesy of Heaven.

These mighty hills we joy to climb,  
These happy streams we wander by,  
Reveal the Eternal Hills sublime,—  
Of God's own river prophesy.

These odours blest, these gracious flowers,  
These sweet sounds that around us rise,  
Give tidings of the Heavenly Bowers,  
Prelude the Angelic Harmonies.

These vernal hours—what news they bring !  
What tidings these bright summers tell !  
They fore-announce the Eternal Spring,  
Foreshow the Light Ineffable.

And in these gracious ones so dear,  
These just souls that our souls make strong,  
We feel the holy angels near,  
We mingle with the Blissful Throng.

O mercies kindly incomplete !  
 Dear joys our hearts that may not fill !  
 Strange grace ! that in Thy gifts most sweet  
 We read of gifts diviner still.

Lord ! from Thy gifts to Thee we rise ;  
 But with more strength we soar above  
 Upon these glorious prophecies,  
 These earnest of Thy dearer love.

1850.

CCXLIII.

*NEW JERUSALEM.*

*" Behold, I make all things new."*

EMBRACE your full salvation !  
 Ye saints, no longer sigh !  
 Let the old tribulation  
 In the new glory die !  
 O'er each old sin victorious  
 Your Holy City view,  
 Jerusalem the glorious,  
 Jerusalem the New !

Right from God's throne descendeth  
 That city fair and bright ;  
 No earthly splendour blendeth  
 Its dimness with that light :  
 New gleams the pavement golden,  
 New flasheth each rich gem :  
 There glimmers nothing olden  
 In New Jerusalem.

No temple witness beareth  
Where God Himself doth shine ;  
No priestly pomp impaireth  
The Majesty Divine.  
The Lord His people guideth ;  
Their Monarch beams on them ;  
The King of kings abideth  
In New Jerusalem.

'Those happy Courts Eternal  
Each ancient foe forbid ;  
Amidst the Flowers Supernal  
The old serpent lies not hid :  
No bird of night may venture  
Those pearly portals through ;  
No evil beast may enter  
Jerusalem the New.

O City sevenfold glorious,  
Where Sin doth never come,  
Where Wrong is ne'er victorious !  
Glad saints, enjoy your home :  
Your foes are crushed beneath you,  
Your hearts no more condemn ;  
Ye bring no darkness with you  
To New Jerusalem :

No more beneath the oppressor  
Ye fear and faint and groan ;  
Your tender Intercessor  
Smiles on the eternal throne.  
No spoiler may devour you ;  
No unjust judge condemn ;  
The righteous King rules o'er you  
In New Jerusalem.

*There* is no grief, no crying ;  
Each burden down ye lay :  
*There* is no pain, no dying ;  
Old things have passed away :  
Within the blissful City  
No eye with tears is dim ;  
There is no place for pity  
In New Jerusalem.

Hark ! what a glad song streameth  
The blissful City through !  
How that new song beseemeth  
Jerusalem the New !  
Still of new joy it telleth,  
That everlasting hymn ;  
Still new the song that swelleth  
Through New Jerusalem.

Lord ! with what fresh fruition  
Thy people on Thee gaze !  
More glorious grows the vision ;  
More rapturous swells the praise.  
New love, new bliss Thou wakest  
As beams Thy smile on them ;  
Yes, all things new Thou makest  
In New Jerusalem.



CCXLIV.

CHRIST OUR HEAVEN.

*"It doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know  
that when He doth appear we shall be like Him ; for  
we shall see Him as He is."*

OH ! beams there, Lord, upon Thine own  
Of that bright Heaven no vision clear ?  
Oh ! stays the glory all unknown  
Thou keepest for Thy children dear ?

Ah ! mourn we that no tidings come,  
That no foretelling gleam is given—  
And faintly hail that distant home  
And vainly woo that veiled Heaven ?

Lord ! Thou hast shown that Son of Thine ;  
No more we seek, no more we sigh :  
On earth hath beamed His Face Divine,  
'Twill make our blessedness on high.

Ye heavenly joys, remain unknown !  
Ye splendours, cease not to be dim !  
Our Brother shines amidst the throne :  
Our Brother sways the Seraphim.

We ask not what the joy will be,  
Secure to find our Saviour there ;  
O Heaven of Heavens His face to see !  
O bliss past thought His smile to share !

We tread His Heaven, our earth who trod ;  
 We wear His robes, our flesh who wore :  
 O Son of Man ! O Son of God,  
 Thou art our own : we ask no more.

1853.

## CCXLV.

*OUR EVERLASTING PORTION.*

*"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and whom on earth  
 do I desire in comparison with Thee ?"*

I HAIL you not, Mansions Divine,  
 Because ye are peaceful and fair ;  
 Your Builder, your Master is mine ;  
 My Father, my Saviour is there.  
 I cleave not to you, angels bright,  
 But to Him who filleth the throne ;  
 In Thee, Lord, in Thee I delight,  
 Thou, Thou art mine All, art mine own !

Yes, Lover Divine, Thou art loved,  
 Yes, Lord of my heart, Thou art dear ;  
 Even now this cold bosom is moved ;  
 Thy presence is sweet even here ;  
 Still, still through the long mortal years  
 Thou makest with me Thine abode,  
 And still this dark Valley of Tears  
 Is bright with the smile of my God.

My friends true and tender have been,  
 But only in Thee am I blest :  
 'Tis sweet on their bosoms to lean,  
 'Tis sweetest to lean on Thy breast.

From creatures most gracious and bright  
 To Thee, Brightest Presence, I turn ;  
 In fulness of earthly delight  
 For Thee, Heavenly Lover, I yearn.

My God ! art Thou dear even now ?  
 My Sun ! dost Thou shine even here ?  
 Then how will my joy in Thee grow  
 When Thou dost in glory appear ;  
 When close to Thy brightness I come,  
 And set my rapt gaze on Thy face,  
 And sweetly enjoy Thee at home  
 And glow in Thine endless embrace !

For ever that Presence of Thine  
 Makes blissful the Heavenly Abode ;  
 Thy saints and Thy seraphim shine,  
 But only with light from my God.  
 Thy beauty in them will be sweet ;  
 Thy glory will link them to me :  
 And still my glad soul will repeat  
 " Whom have I in Heaven but Thee ? "

1866.

CCXLVI.

*" In My Father's house are many mansions. "*

O ! WHEN did lips such grace declare ?  
 The Father's house hath room ;  
 Yes, many are the mansions fair ;  
 Thy people all may come.

The heavenly glory may not part  
 Thy lovers, Lord, from Thee :  
 O Saviour sweet, where'er Thou art  
 There all Thine own shall be.

Full welcome to the heavenly land  
Thy lowly lovers win ;  
The golden gates all open stand  
To let Thy mourners in.

Thou bringest home Thy shining ones  
In Thine own light to shine :  
Thou settest high on glorious thrones  
Those hidden ones of Thine.

Room for Thy weaklings Thou dost make  
Among Thy men of might ;  
Those fadeless palms Thy martyrs take  
And wear that raiment white.

For each Thou hast a portion meet ;  
On all doth wait Thy love ;  
Thy brethren dear make yet more sweet  
The Father's house above.

Dear Lord ! hast Thou my white robe wrought ?  
Wilt Thou my place prepare ?  
Hast Thou for me a tender thought,  
For me a mansion fair ?

Yes, in the Father's house divine  
Find room, dear Lord, for me,  
And grant this longing soul of mine  
An endless home with Thee.

CCXLVII.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

*"The city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."*

BRIGHT sun! thou dost blessedly shine;  
 Fair earth doth rejoice in thy light;  
 She draweth her beauty from thine:  
 Thou makest her gladsome and bright.  
 We bless thy strong splendour at noon,  
 We bless thy sweet radiance at even,  
 And welcome the soft-shining moon  
 When earth to her bright sway is given.

But fairer, but fuller the light  
 Through the Heavenly City that streams;  
 Jerusalem shineth all bright,  
 But not with the sun's golden beams;  
 Your smile, sun and moon, she can spare;  
 Ye bear in her glory no part:  
 Thou only, dear Lord, beamest there,  
 Her glory, her sunshine Thou art.

Her smile from Thy beams she doth take;  
 Her light in Thy light she doth see;  
 Her music and mirth Thou dost make;  
 Her beauty she borrows from Thee.  
 All bathed in the Glory Divine  
 Still, still she abides in Thy light;  
 Her Sun never ceaseth to shine,  
 Her day never yieldeth to night.

Here bright are the beams of Thy sun :  
Here sweet are the rays of Thy grace :  
But there both the glories are one,  
Are one in the light of Thy face.  
The Sun in their souls that did glow  
Now bright on Thy saints doth arise ;  
The joy of their hearts here below  
Becomes the delight of their eyes.

They look on the Lord of their love,  
The Lamb that was slain they behold ;  
He maketh the glory above ;  
He lighteth the city of gold.  
They gaze on their Sun and grow bright ;  
His beauty, His splendour they wear ;  
They see the ineffable sight :  
The unspeakable glory they share.

Lord ! here in my heart dost Thou shine ?  
Art Thou my soul's sunlight below ?  
O then in that City Divine  
Full, full on mine eyes Thou wilt glow.  
For me as for all the glad throng  
Thou makest Jerusalem bright ;  
And still the glad stream of our song  
Flows on midst the bliss of Thy light.

CCXLVIII.

*THE BETTER LAND.*

*“ They shall behold the land that is very far off.”*

THE vale of tears your footsteps press,  
Ye pilgrims worn and weak ;  
Ye journey through the wilderness  
The heavenly land who seek.

What mountains tower ! what foes assail !  
How long, how drear the road !  
What clouds forbid your eyes to hail  
The City of your God !

Ye look, ye listen eagerly  
Of the far land to learn,  
And dimly from some mountain high  
The glory ye discern.

Yet will ye find the vision true  
And reach the far-off land ;  
The Heavenly City will for you  
Its pearly gates expand.

The Golden City ye shall tread  
That faintly ye discerned,  
And up the Eternal Hills be led  
Whose distance dim ye mourned.

Amidst the glory ye shall walk  
With glad, familiar feet ;  
With saints and angels shall ye talk  
And each forerunner greet.

The Great Forerunner's smile divine  
Your gladness will fulfil ;  
Before your eyes He full will shine  
And lead His people still.

Lord ! shall I tread that far-off land  
And reach that bright abode ?  
Unite me to Thy pilgrim-band !  
Uphold me on the road !

Help me each terror to defy,  
Each hindrance to o'ercome ;  
Through thickest clouds on mountains high  
Fix, fix my gaze on home !

Then shall I with familiar feet  
The land far off explore,  
And there the Great Forerunner greet,  
The Heavenly King adore.

186—.

CCXLIX.

*THE VISION BEATIFIC.*

*" Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."*

NOT yet, ye people of His grace,  
Ye see your Saviour face to face ;  
Not yet enamoured eyes ye bring  
Unto the glory of your King.

Ye follow in His steps below,  
Along His thorny way ye go,  
Ye stand His bitter cross beside,  
Ye cling to Him, the Crucified.



Upon His grace ye banquet here :  
Ye know Him true, ye feel Him near ;  
The balm of His dear blood ye bless ;  
Ye wear His robe of righteousness.

His might and mercy well ye know ;  
His power and glory forth ye show ;  
On His dear love ye wondering dwell ;  
Of His dear love ye gladsome tell.

But greater shall the wonder grow,  
But mightier shall the joy o'erflow ;  
Upon your Lord ye yet shall gaze  
And look your love and sweet amaze.

The King on your enamoured eyes  
In all His beauty will arise,  
And make the people of His grace  
Glad with the glory of His face.

Still will He grant you the delight  
Of that eternal vision bright,  
And still your mounting bliss advance  
With beamings from His countenance.

As glory from His face doth stream,  
Beneath the splendour ye shall gleam,  
And gazing on for evermore  
Glow with the beauty ye adore.

Lord ! with Thy people shall I raise  
To Thee mine own enamoured gaze ?  
Lord ! shall Thy loveliness divine  
Break sweetly on these eyes of mine ?

O make me meet for joy like this !  
 O ! grant me grace to bear the bliss,  
 To set my heart on Thee below  
 Nor other lord or love to know.

Then shall I set mine eyes on Thee,  
 The King in all His beauty see,  
 And gazing on for evermore  
 Glow with the beauty I adore.

1865.

CCL.

*MIRRORED GLORY.*

*" Reflecting as in a glass the glory of the Lord."*

SWEET Saviour, did Thy soul divine  
 A body fair possess ?  
 Did an illustrious shape enshrine  
 Thine inward loveliness ?

We know not, Holiest One, nor care ;  
 Our light, our joy Thou art :  
 With heavenly love and beauty fair  
 Thou fillest each true heart.

Thou askest but an open soul  
 Wherein to dwell and shine :  
 Thy people inly beautiful  
 Reflect their King Divine.

The form uncomely that we deem  
 May veil Thy Presence Bright ;  
 The homely face may catch a gleam  
 Of Thine in-shining light :

No outward lustre need they boast  
Who in their Lord have part ;  
The temples of the Holy Ghost  
Surpass all earthly art.

But in that heavenly land where dwells  
Nor discord nor disguise ;  
Where always Form of Spirit tells  
Nor virtue veiled lies ;

Where only holiness is known  
And only beauty seen ;  
Where inner loveliness alone  
Weaves the celestial sheen :

Will not each fair, bright soul divine  
A form harmonious win ;  
And through revealing Beauty shine  
The Purity within ?

According to the holiness  
Will not the lustre be ?  
Will not transcendent bloom express  
Transcendent sanctity ?

Will not the glory there bestowed  
The rank of souls declare ?  
Yes, will not the All-Holy God  
Beam forth in the First Fair ?

O Thou amidst our sins and cares  
Most holy, inly bright !  
"Thou Fairest of Ten Thousand Fairs"  
In Thine own realm of light !

Thy saints on earth most like to Thee  
Will keep the likeness there :  
Here pure with Thine own purity,  
There with Thy beauty fair.

Still of their Lord their all they win ;  
As shonest Thou, they shine ;  
And beautiful without, within  
Reflect their King Divine !

# ALPHABETICAL TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

## HYMN

AH ! mightily we weaklings crave	...	...	...	...	48
Ah mortals who so soon decay	...	...	...	...	198
Ah tremblers fainting and forlorn	...	...	...	...	169
Ah ! wherefore fall my tears so fast	...	...	...	...	187
Alas these pilgrims faint and worn	...	...	...	...	115
Alas this travail sore	...	...	...	...	197
Alas ! with troubled tenderness	...	...	...	...	49
Almighty, whose might in true souls appears	...	...	...	...	39
Alone with Thee, with Thee alone	...	...	...	...	29
And didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take	...	...	...	...	51
Angels bright, in strength excelling	...	...	...	...	46
As on green hill-tops Day divinely dawns	...	...	...	...	18
As panting pilgrim faileth	...	...	...	...	129
BEHOLD the Everlasting Son	...	...	...	...	53
Behold this sore oppression	...	...	...	...	200
Blest soul that cleaveth, Lord, to Thee	...	...	...	...	128
Break, New-born Year, on glad eyes break	...	...	...	...	157
Bright Presence ! may my soul have part	...	...	...	...	109
Bright sun ! thou dost blessedly shine	...	...	...	...	247
Bright the eye of Israel beamèd	...	...	...	...	73
Bright Thy presence when it breaketh	...	...	...	...	30
CAN spirit-cheer more sweetness yield	...	...	...	...	11
DAY divine ! when sudden streaming	...	...	...	...	106
Dear Lord and Master mine	...	...	...	...	183

372 *Alphabetical Table of First Lines.*

	HYMN			
Dear Lord! Thou art not sorry ... ..	...	...	...	60
Dear Lord! Thou bringest back the morn ... ..	...	...	...	159
Dear Lord! Thy light Thou dost not hide ... ..	...	...	...	201
Dear Saviour, how completely ... ..	...	...	...	37
Did not Thy rising, Saviour sweet ... ..	...	...	...	64
Do we only give Thee heed ... ..	...	...	...	226
Doth not the soul with most delight ... ..	...	...	...	68
Doth the Heavenly Country seem ... ..	...	...	...	62
EACH gift, dear Lord, by Thee bestowed ... ..	...	...	...	184
Each mighty power of Evil ... ..	...	...	...	199
Early, my God, I felt Thee near ... ..	...	...	...	168
Earthly lords so brief in sway ... ..	...	...	...	86
Embrace your full salvation ... ..	...	...	...	243
England, stint not thankful wonder ... ..	...	...	...	100
Everlasting! Changing never ... ..	...	...	...	89
FAIN would I well employ my heart's poor treasure ...	...	...	...	177
Faint not along the heavenly road ... ..	...	...	...	1
Farewell, delightful day ... ..	...	...	...	35
Father, glorious with all splendour ... ..	...	...	...	4
Father! hast Thou not on me ... ..	...	...	...	220
For us the Lord doth mightily ... ..	...	...	...	15
Freemen of Christ, be glad this day ... ..	...	...	...	102
From what a depth to what a height ... ..	...	...	...	43
Full many a smile, full many a song ... ..	...	...	...	10
GRIEVES it, Lord, Thy longing lovers ... ..	...	...	...	85
HAST Thou not oft, Most High, redeemed our nation ...	...	...	...	99
Hast Thou not wrought Thy best on me ... ..	...	...	...	147
High up the eternal hills among ... ..	...	...	...	21
Holy Spirit! dwell with me ... ..	...	...	...	108
How bitter, Lord, these tears I shed ... ..	...	...	...	93
How bright they bloom, those Heavenly Bowers ... ..	...	...	...	235
How can I, Lord, abide with Thee ... ..	...	...	...	191

HYMN

How closely do Thy people cling	...	...	...	...	74
How eagerly my heart hath sought	...	...	...	...	143
How great the joy of bloodless rites	...	...	...	...	42
How hard Thy holy law to keep	...	...	...	...	144
How, Lord, shall vows of ours be sweet	...	...	...	...	2
How mournfully the voice of Time	...	...	...	...	156
How Thy saints rejoice before Thee	...	...	...	...	104
I CANNOT, Lord, the time recall	...	...	...	...	194
I hail you not, Mansions Divine	...	...	...	...	245
I will be glad before Thee	...	...	...	...	228
Is Earth too fair, is youth too bright	...	...	...	...	167
Is not my spirit filled with Thine	...	...	...	...	27
JESUS, holiest, tenderest, dearest	...	...	...	...	80
LEAVE me not, leave me not alone	...	...	...	...	120
Let bolder hearts the strife require	...	...	...	...	137
Lift Thy song among the nations	...	...	...	...	90
Long, long have men lip-homage spent	...	...	...	...	82
Look not before, look not behind	...	...	...	...	20
Lord! am I precious in Thy sight	...	...	...	...	111
Lord! come too many gifts from Thee	...	...	...	...	181
Lord! comes this bidding strange to us	...	...	...	...	225
Lord! dost Thou ne'er Thy servants bless	...	...	...	...	221
Lord! from these trembling souls of ours	...	...	...	...	3
Lord God! by whom all change is wrought	...	...	...	...	124
Lord God! of old who wentest	...	...	...	...	36
Lord God! one blessing ever	...	...	...	...	96
Lord! hath our work depended	...	...	...	...	150
Lord! have I walked with Thee to-day	...	...	...	...	160
Lord! how the world Thou dost o'ercome	...	...	...	...	33
Lord! I am Thine—but scarce a gift	...	...	...	...	135
Lord! I love Thee! Sin and Sorrow	...	...	...	...	171
Lord! if our dwelling-place Thou art	...	...	...	...	231
Lord! in each weak endeavour	...	...	...	...	151

	HYMN			
Lord ! in this awful fight with Sin	...	...	...	206
Lord ! in Thy people dost Thou dwell	...	...	...	57
Lord ! is it ours to entertain	...	...	...	130
Lord ! is it so ? art Thou indeed	...	...	...	116
Lord ! leadeth not this desert land	...	...	...	241
Lord ! may it be ? will Love regain	...	...	...	236
Lord ! may not wrath within me rise	...	...	...	132
Lord ! may the thirst of hunted deer	...	...	...	146
Lord ! shall this weak world sore wound us	...	...	...	218
Lord ! Thou delightest meetly	...	...	...	12
Lord ! Thou hast been our dwelling-place	...	...	...	95
Lord ! Thou hast set Thy people here	...	...	...	209
Lord ! Thou wouldst bring us nigh to Thee	...	...	...	145
Lord ! Thy Bright Presence doth not know	...	...	...	164
Lord ! Thy gracious voice hath spoken	...	...	...	87
Lord ! Thy presence dear delighteth	...	...	...	24
Lord ! to Thy works so grand, so fair	...	...	...	26
Lord ! was it sweet Thy voice to hear	...	...	...	195
Lord ! wax Thy lovers cold	...	...	...	204
Lord ! we would praise Thee gloriously	...	...	...	180
Lord ! what harmonious praise doth break	...	...	...	23
Lord ! when I all things would possess	...	...	...	182
Lord ! when we come at Thy dear call	...	...	...	114
Lord ! who Thy people hast pursued	...	...	...	224
May Love exulting meetly cry	...	...	...	176
May one who oft all earthward yearns	..	...	...	170
May we not, Father, meetly mourn	...	...	...	232
Methinks the glory of my God	...	...	...	173
Methought my soul had learned to love	...	...	...	185
Mine own Redeemer ! dost Thou ask	...	...	...	70
My God ! I do not flee from Thee	...	...	...	22
My God ! my Majesty Divine	...	...	...	216
My God ! who all this happy while	...	...	...	141



HYMN

No gazers dazed, no tremblers faint ... ..	69
No more may souls of worth ... ..	17
Not always here below shine forth ... ..	238
Not faintly, Lord, delight we take ... ..	166
Not, Lord, its own dear joys alone ... ..	9
Not, Lord, Thine ancient works alone ... ..	19
Not only, Lord, a helper true ... ..	14
Not ours the song that needs must soar ... ..	31
Not ours to breathe that early air ... ..	61
Not ours to dwell in sloth and sin ... ..	178
Not yet I love my God ... ..	140
Not yet, ye people of His grace... ..	249
Now to the one Almighty King ... ..	105
O AWFUL hour, when all alone ... ..	186
O beaming sun ! O solemn stars ... ..	28
O ! beams there, Lord, upon Thine own ... ..	244
O days that low'r, O days that beam ... ..	230
O height that doth all height excel ... ..	25
O Holy Ghost who down dost come ... ..	118
O Love Divine that passeth thought ... ..	52
O ! mean may seem this house of clay ... ..	55
O mystery of Love Divine ... ..	56
O ! never from that Voice Divine ... ..	75
O ! not to fill the mouth of fame ... ..	196
O ! not upon our waiting eyes ... ..	50
O saints of old ! not yours alone ... ..	202
O smitten soul that cares and conflicts wring ... ..	122
O Spirit sweet and pure ... ..	131
O Thou, the Father's only Son ... ..	71
O Time ! ne'er resteth thy swift wing ... ..	154
O ! when did lips such grace declare ... ..	246
O ! wherefore hath my spirit leave ... ..	138
O ! wherefore, Lord, doth Thy dear praise ... ..	45

	HYMN			
O'er fulness of grace, blest Britain, rejoice	...	...	...	97
Of Angels do we not divinely deem	...	...	...	47
Offerer of the one oblation	...	...	...	72
Once more doth Earth her smile resume	...	...	...	165
Our fainting souls revive	...	...	...	94
Our fathers—how divinely they discernèd	...	...	...	92
Our fulness, Lord, Thou askest	...	...	...	125
Our God! our God! Thou shinest here	...	...	...	88
Our lives, dear Lord, may bless Thee	...	...	...	7
Our years—they come and go	...	...	...	155
QUELLER of pride, of wrath, of wrong	...	...	...	119
REJOICE in your King, ye people of God	...	...	...	58
SAD soul! doth fear confound thee	...	...	...	149
Saviour, in grace complete	...	...	...	83
Saviour! needs the world no longer	...	...	...	54
Saviour! what a glorious yearning	...	...	...	84
Saviour! who from Death didst take	...	...	...	152
Shall not I seek Thee sorrowing	...	...	...	190
Sore the burdens, Lord, we bear	...	...	...	189
Speak, Lord, unto Thy people speak	...	...	...	193
Speak to me, Lord, and I will speak	...	...	...	38
Speaks not the heart of friend to friend	...	...	...	213
Sweet Saviour, did Thy soul divine	...	...	...	250
Sweet Spirit, Bringer of best things	...	...	...	117
Sweet Spirit! in our various need	...	...	...	121
Sweet Spirit! would Thy Breath Divine	...	...	...	113
Sweet, sweet these joys that throng me so	...	...	...	217
TELL of your Redeemer's passion	...	...	...	66
That all-renewing work of Thine	...	...	...	126
The barriers will not always stay	...	...	...	77

HYMN

The glory of the spring how sweet	...	...	...	123
The Happy Fields, the Heavenly Host	...	...	...	240
The harmonies above	...	...	...	6
The light of morn, of noon, of even	...	...	...	163
The Lord sends forth His dooming voice	...	...	...	103
The New Year, Lord, we welcome make	...	...	...	158
The prayers, the songs we bring Thee, Lord	...	...	...	44
The vale of tears your footsteps press	...	...	...	248
The wonders of thy story	...	...	...	98
These bodies frail that toil o'erpowers	...	...	...	127
They sought Thy tomb, Thou Saviour sweet	...	...	...	63
This manifold, full Life to know	...	...	...	179
Thou biddest, Lord, Thy sons be bold	...	...	...	212
Thou dost not, Lord, Thy folk forsake	...	...	...	76
Thou kindest, Lord, Thy souls of light	...	...	...	101
Thou King of kings, Thou Lord of lords	...	...	...	210
Thou tarriest with the Father	...	...	...	79
Thou, who didst suffer and didst save	...	...	...	59
Thou workest on, Eternal God	...	...	...	8
Thrice blessed, Lord, the godly dread	...	...	...	174
Thrice blessed soul, who still hath made	...	...	...	214
Thy happy ones a strain begin	...	...	...	227
To glory back Thou goest	...	...	...	65
To Heaven each nation lendeth	...	...	...	91
Too dearly, Lord, hast Thou redeemed	...	...	...	153
Unto thy rest return	...	...	...	148
Uprisen Lord! this day is Thine	...	...	...	34
VAIN, Lord, Thy servant's strong desire	...	...	...	32
Variouly our God would win us	...	...	...	16
We bless the godly men of might	...	...	...	239
We bless Thee, Lord, for each dear link	...	...	...	215

	HYMN
We bow before no altar ... ..	67
We come unto our fathers' God ... ..	207
We triumph in the glorious grace ... ..	233
What glory of the all-glorious God ... ..	211
What guerdon hast Thou, Lord, for those ... ..	208
What joy in spirits pure and high ... ..	112
What joy to gaze upon that shining throng ... ..	205
What stream but Love Divine is won ... ..	229
What sweet peace those souls possesseth ... ..	175
What sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell ... ..	242
What though a pilgrim faint and worn ... ..	188
When doth the soul so sweetly soar ... ..	161
When shall I, Lord, a journey take ... ..	133
Whence this flaming joy that maketh ... ..	134
Wherefore faint and fearful ever ... ..	13
Wherefore, Lord, abides no might ... ..	136
Who, Lord of Glory, will partake ... ..	234
Why hasteth on this pilgrim throng ... ..	110
Why should the fulness of Thy grace ... ..	139
With sin I would not make abode ... ..	172
With what delight mine eye pursues ... ..	162
With what delight we name the name ... ..	78
Within our souls Thou dwellest, Lord ... ..	237
Wonders, Lord, Thy Church victorious ... ..	81
Would I not, Lord, for evermore ... ..	142
Would not Thy people, Lord ... ..	41
Would the Spirit more completely ... ..	107
YE children of the Father ... ..	40
Ye of the Father loved ... ..	5
Ye people of the Lord, draw near ... ..	203
Ye souls for whom the Son did die ... ..	222
Ye souls, the Father's very own ... ..	223
Ye tower, majestic hills, ye tower ... ..	219

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